

THE  
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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- ART. I.—1. *Report of the First General Meeting of Members of the National Education League, held at Birmingham on Tuesday and Wednesday, October 12th and 13th, 1869.*  
London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.
2. *National Education Union. Report of the Educational Congress, held in the Town Hall, Manchester, on Wednesday and Thursday, November 3rd and 4th, 1869.*  
London: Longman and Co.

THE Birmingham League has made a great noise, and might be supposed to have begun a new movement, or to have at least something new and original about it; if not, why are so many thousands of pounds subscribed in lumps of a thousand each, and why is a protracted agitation threatened? In fact, however, if the Birmingham League is to be interpreted by the declarations of its chairman, Mr. Dixon, or of Mr. Edmund Potter, or the Hon. Mr. Auberon Herbert, or the Hon. Mr. Brodrick,\* or even of Mr. Fawcett, notwithstanding certain warlike phrases employed by the latter, it aims at doing little if anything more than was previously contemplated by Messrs. Bruce, Forster, and Algernon Egerton, in their well-known Bill, viz., to supplement the existing educational system by a provision of locally managed and rate-supported unsectarian schools, in which the Bible may or may not be used, according to local circumstances

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\* See the speeches of the gentlemen named above in the Report of the Birmingham League, pp. 66-7, 124, 165-6, 181, 53-4. It is true that Mr. George Dawson and Mr. Chamberlayne, with one or two others, speak in a different tone. But the gentlemen we have named, all of whom are either senators or candidates for senatorial honours, and of whom one is the Chairman of the League, must perforce be accepted as its authoritative representatives.

and feelings. Many members of the Manchester Educational Union, including of course and especially Mr. Algernon Egerton, one of its Vice-Presidents, would be prepared to consider attentively and candidly, even favourably, any proposals having such a scope as this. There is nothing in the programme of the Union itself at all opposed to such proposals.

There can be no doubt, however, that owing to the tone of assault and defiance indulged in by many of the League speakers when referring to denominational education, to their announcement in general, that they are determined to agitate for a system of education which shall be compulsory, free, unsectarian, and rate-supported, and to their demand for an agitation fund of £50,000, a predominant impression has gone widely forth, that the League is pledged to bring about at any cost, and without delay, the subversion of the existing system of schools in this country.

It is safe to predict that, as organised upon its present basis, the Birmingham League will be a failure; it will disappoint most grievously its most "advanced" friends. Mr. Dawson, Mr. Holyoake, Mr. Huxley, and the editor of the *Weekly Dispatch*, will not find it answer to their expectations; while, at the same time, Mr. Dixon and other Church of England philanthropists will be held responsible for many sayings and doings of which they cannot but disapprove. The basis of the League is vague and unpractical;\* the motives which animate its leaders are incoherent, if not

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\* The following is the basis of the League given verbatim. To no point of detail has the League committed itself.

#### OBJECT.

The establishment of a system which shall secure the education of every child in England and Wales.

#### MEANS.

1. Local authorities shall be compelled by law to see that sufficient school accommodation is provided for every child in their district.
2. The cost of founding and maintaining such schools as may be required shall be provided out of the Local Rates, supplemented by Government Grants.
3. All Schools aided by Local Rates shall be under the management of Local Authorities and subject to Government Inspection.
4. All Schools aided by Local Rates shall be unsectarian.
5. To all Schools aided by Local Rates admission shall be free.
6. School accommodation being provided, the State or the Local Authorities shall have power to compel the attendance of children of suitable age not otherwise receiving education.

contradictory; the constituency of members is altogether heterogeneous. At the same time it may be taken as the public embodiment and expression of four powerful feelings which have taken hold, more or less widely and deeply, of the popular mind: and, as such, the statesman and philanthropist may in some measure be guided by its indications. The first of these feelings which we name, and, as we are persuaded, the deepest, most prevalent, and most powerful, is a conviction that a great and pressing work of education needs to be done, which present agencies are incompetent to undertake: the second is an impression that nothing short of actual compulsion will bring education home to every child: the third is a feeling of distrust and distaste amounting in many instances to antipathy, as respects the denominational system of education which at present prevails—strong Protestant Dissenters, theoretical anti-State-and-Churchmen, sceptics or secularists, and rigid political economists, mostly agree in this feeling: the fourth is a dread lest, on the basis of English denominationalism, Cullen and the Ultramontanes of Ireland should succeed in securing for themselves a congenially denominational system (*i.e.*, a priestly and Ultramontane system) of schools and colleges in Ireland. There is truth and reason at the bottom of all these feelings, however distorted or exaggerated may be the ideas with which, in the minds of many, they are connected. We do not think they justify the programme of the Birmingham League; we are convinced that the rude, vague proposals put forth by the League, will never light the way to the specific measures by which the truth which lies at the foundation of these proposals is to be satisfied. But still it is needful that these feelings should be recognised, and that so far as they are founded in truth and reality, they should be fully respected in any legislation which may be adopted. We will consider them in the order in which we have stated them.

I. The Birmingham League is only the latest, the loudest, and the most notorious of many public testimonies which have been borne during the last few years as to the conviction which has at length fixed and settled its hold upon the national mind, that a great and pressing work of education needs to be done, which present agencies are incompetent to accomplish. The same conviction has found emphatic utterance at every annual assembly of the Social Science Congress; the Manchester Educational Congress of two years ago owed its existence to this conviction. Parliament has often echoed to the voice of influential educationists—the

veteran Russell, the staunch Sir John, with Mr. Bruce, Mr. Forster, and not a few besides of eminence and authority, who have insisted that the want of education is wide, profound, deplorable. Parliament, however, has been deeply leavened with indifference upon this subject; the need of school learning for the children of peasants and poor day-labourers has by many not been greatly felt; it has been thought that over-doing in education would be a greater evil than under-doing, and that it was an evil of which there was greater danger; neither have the people generally been really alive to the meaning and claims of education, otherwise the temptation to make money by their children's labour would not have induced so many parents of the labouring classes, who were in the receipt of good wages, to take their children from school at so sadly early an age, and even in some instances to keep them almost entirely without any rudiments of school learning. But now the balance seems to be fairly turned. Parliament is thoroughly in earnest on the subject; it is conceived that "the masses" must be educated if the commonwealth is to be safe. The reign of politic indifference and prejudiced reluctance is at an end. Real enlightenment, too, is rapidly spreading throughout the ranks of all who have the capacity to conceive a sentiment and to make their feelings understood. So much of education as has been given—the educational progress, however inadequate, which has already been made good—has paved the way for future progress far in advance, for education much more thorough and comprehensive and more widely diffused. The penny newspaper press has proved itself to be a mighty educational force, disseminating knowledge and creating intelligent unity of feeling and purpose among the myriads, whilst it has, by sapping and by battering, broken down, to a large extent, the narrow and oppressive prejudices of those who conceived that education was proper only for the few. At last the demand for education has come to the front. Education should have preceded enfranchisement; it will be well for it to follow at the shortest possible interval.

It is no longer denied that this country is at a grievous disadvantage because of the uneducated condition of the vast majority of its people. It suffers, for want of education, in manners, in morals, in science and art, in its manufacturing interests, in wealth, credit, influence, enjoyment, in all that makes the well-being of a nation. It has a basis of government and a root of national life, it has a history and a people, a religion, a literature, and a position in the world,

it has natural wealth and internal resources, and it has an empire in the midst of the nations and continents, such as ought to place it in all great points of well-being, far in advance of almost every other country. And yet other nations are rapidly coming up to its level in most respects; in some respects it seems as if one or two had already gone beyond it. England is the wealthiest and one of the most religious nations in Europe; its religion is Protestant and its race is Anglo-Saxon; and yet for drunkenness, for brutal vice, for squalid poverty, for consuming and deepening pauperism, England has an unhappy pre-eminence among the nations of Europe. In this wealthy, privileged country there are a million of paupers; and the corrosive taint of hereditary pauperism has eaten deep into the classes which verge towards the pauper line. All this is true; and much of this terrible evil is doubtless due to the want of education. Hence people cry out, and it is well they should cry out, for national education.

School education, indeed, is not the only education which is needed. The education afforded by institutions, by opportunities, by motives and means near to hand in life, is yet more important, more potent, more vital than any which can be got in childhood from books or from the lips of a school-teacher. There are other "school and schoolmasters," as Hugh Miller teaches, than those which are commonly designated by the name; mere education, let it be never so amply provided, never so stringently enforced, will not prove to be a radical cure for the pauperism of England. This is a truth which has again and again been expounded in this Journal. It is a fundamental principle to be regarded in all statesmanship and all political economy. The character of a people, for thrift and self-reliance, depends in every case ultimately on the relations of the staple classes of the nation to the land. This is a truth capable of as many illustrations as there are nations. No country has ever been thoroughly renovated unless attention has been paid to this principle. The statesmen through whose sagacity and patriotism the Germanic nation was renovated, saw clearly the worth of this principle, and they reconstituted the relations of the people to the land at the same time that they reconstituted the educational system. It is the relation of the people to the land which makes the prosperity of the United States; it is the relation of the people to the land which has determined the prosperity or the failure of every province, colony, or possession which has belonged to the

empire of Great Britain, and to every other empire. We do not, therefore, regard school education as the one thing needful to depauperise and elevate the people of England. It is, however, one of the two things needful, and if it were more widely and thoroughly given it would soon lead the way to the discernment, the demand, and the possession of what besides is necessary.

It is important, however, to understand wherein precisely the present educational deficiency consists, and what is its extent. Some of the speakers at Birmingham hazarded the monstrous assertion that two millions of the children of England are growing up without any education. This, in fact, is the cry which has been caught up. On the other hand, an eminent clergyman at Manchester conducted an argument unfalteringly to the wonderful conclusion that England is the best educated country in the world, decidedly in advance of either the United States or even Prussia. Both these extremes are equally wide of the mark. Lord Robert Montagu, at Manchester, brought forward carefully prepared official statistics to prove that there are not more than 333,000 children in England who are not sent to school.\* From the statistics which we print at the foot of this page,†

\* This really valuable address has been since published by Messrs. Longman and Co., under the title, "*What is Education?*"—See p. 13.

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| † Population of England and Wales, 1868—estimate corrected   | 21,732,866 |
| Children between 5 and 13—1 in 6·21  | 3,499,656  |
| In 1858—321,768 were receiving Superior Education.   |            |
| Same proportion, 1868  | 358,000    |
| Children on Registers of Inspected and Aided Schools   | 1,438,872  |
| (Average attendance of Evening Scholars not included above—55,154)   | 1,702,744  |
| Children to be accounted for   | 1,671,600  |
| In Schools under Simple Inspection   | 35,987     |
| In Poor Law Board—Union and District Schools   | 39,850     |
| In Unaided Schools under Government Inspectors   | 75,837     |
| In Church Schools Uninspected by Government—returns 1866, simple Inspection  | 578,168    |
| Ragged School Union, in and around London (Day only)   | 33,260     |
| (Evening Scholars 15,239)  |            |
| Reformatory and Industrial Schools, actual number under 16.—R. 1,314; I. 1,456: estimated number between 10 and 13 | 1,290      |
|  | 688,555    |
| Number of Children not in Public Schools   | 1,014,219  |
| In private Schools for Children of Poor in 1858 there were 573,436; and supposing the same proportion              |            |

and which have been drawn up from official sources by the Rev. G. W. Olver, the Secretary of the Wesleyan Education Committee, it would appear that there ought to be, according to the estimate of the Royal Commission, 3,499,656 children under education; that in superior and in State-aided public schools there are 1,796,872; in unaided inspected schools, in uninspected Church schools, in ragged schools, and reformatory and industrial schools, 688,555; in private schools for the children of the poor, 638,107; leaving a balance of 376,112 children not at school, of whom more than one-third are the children of paupers receiving out-door relief.

In the figures furnished by Mr. Olver there is only one item which is liable to question. In 1858 there were, according to the returns obtained by the Royal Commission, 573,436 children of the poor in private schools. Mr. Olver, estimating for the increase of population in ten years, sets down the number for the present time as 638,107. We think it likely, however, that during the ten years, notwithstanding the check put upon the extension of public schools by the new code, a proportion of the private schools has been absorbed by public schools (inspected schools) set up in the same neighbourhood, and therefore that the proportion of children in private schools for the poor to the whole population may probably be less now than in 1858. If we allow for this consideration, 400,000 may be set down as the number of children not at school.

Of these it is likely that a considerable proportion belong to the out-door pauper class, of whom it will be seen that there are 164,000 children, very few of them being sent to school. Others, no doubt, may be found in the small and remote villages in which there is no day school; while

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| is maintained, there would be in such Schools in<br>1868 . . . . .  | 376,112 |
| Children not on any School Register . . .   | 313,938 |
| There are in England and Wales 319,979 Pauper Children under 16; the proportion between 5 and 13 being . . . . .      | 164,873 |
| Number of known Thieves and suspected persons within the Metropolitan Police District under 16 years of age . . . . . | 983     |

No estimate, it will be seen, is attempted for the properly criminal juvenile population of England. The last item, referring only to the Metropolitan Police District, was furnished to Mr. Olver by Colonel Henderson. The City Returns since obtained will not bring the number up to 1,000.

another portion doubtless represents the Arab class of the streets. If there were an imperative, and not merely a permissive, enactment for sending the children of out-door paupers to school, it seems tolerably certain that the number of uneducated children would be reduced to about 250,000. But then the question will have to be asked, "What sort of an education do many of the children receive whose names are on school registers of one class or other; and what is its worth and permanent result?"

In connection with this subject the question arises as to the ages between which the children go, or ought to go, to school. The Royal Commissioners reckon the school age to be from five to thirteen; as a matter of fact, however, the school age for the children of the poorer classes begins very frequently at from three to four, and extends but seldom beyond eleven. In order to form a close estimate of the proportion of children who go to school from among the children of the working classes, what we should need would be to ascertain first the total number of children *belonging to such classes between the ages of four and eleven*, and then the number of the children of the same classes whose names are on any school register. The sum of the latter compared with the former amount would exhibit very nearly the proportion required. On the whole, it is easy to see that the result of such a comparison would be rather more favourable than the conclusion arrived at from the statistics we have been quoting. It would certainly not show a final residuum of more than from three to four hundred thousand children totally uneducated.

The result, on the whole, is that after the age of four the immense majority of working-class children have their names on the books of some school until they go to work. There are not more than 400,000 children who are not so far sent to school as to be reckoned from week to week and year to year as among the number of scholars. If the education which the children whose names are on school registers actually obtained was a really good and abiding education, the educational deficiency of the nation would not be formidable. The total number of what has been spoken of as the *residuum*, the children who are left quite without schooling, is not one-fifth of the number which has been wildly talked about by rash declaimers who have never really studied the question; and, if the children of out-door paupers were dealt with as they obviously ought to be and might be, the final residue would be little more than 200,000.

Merely to meet the case of such a residue of exceptionally circumstanced children, no sane man would propose an educational revolution.

But unhappily the gravity of our educational deficiency is to be found, not so much in the case of the tens of thousands of children who receive no education as in that of the hundreds of thousands whose names, for years together, stand on the books of schools where they are supposed to receive a sufficient education. Considerably more than two millions of the children of the working classes go to school, but of these probably not one-third receive an education worthy of the name. It is the ignorance of this momentous fact which makes the demonstrations of clergymen like the Rev. James Bardsley so valueless, and which invalidates the conclusion that would otherwise follow from the statistics of Lord Robert Montagu. From four to ten nearly all the children of the working classes go to school with more or less regularity. But they do not go with sufficient regularity even during this period. Many odd days they are kept away from school to run an errand, to mind the house or the baby, or in some small way to help; and not a few whole weeks they lose in a year. If Monday is lost, much more if Monday and Tuesday are both lost, from whatever cause, the whole week must be lost; because the parents paying their weekly pence at the beginning of the week, do not wish to pay for a broken week. The Government regulations require a minimum of two hundred half-day attendances in the year on the part of the children who are to be presented for examination. This seems a very low requirement; and yet in every school of any size there are many who cannot be presented because they have not attended with sufficient regularity. So that the education received is injured by continual interruptions. Then at ten years the labour market comes into competition with the claims of education. The child can bring its parent some money, and that parent is often poor. Of late years the demand for the labour of young children has been continually increasing. At the same time, through the thorough training and efficiency of the teachers, many children at ten are able to read decently—the parents would say beautifully—and to write a little—the parents, knowing nothing of spelling or of composition, and imagining that what has been learnt will not be forgotten, but rather improved upon, think the writing as wonderful as the reading, and quite sufficient to set their children up in life;—so that the ignorant parents imagine that they have done their duty to their children, and

have no compunction in sending them off to labour. From the operation of these causes children have, during the last ten years, been taken from school at a continually earlier age. A dozen years ago it was common for them to be kept at school till eleven; it is now customary for them to leave at ten. The consequence is that they leave school so imperfectly educated as very soon to forget all they have learnt. If they were four years older, imperfect as their education might be, they would probably contrive to keep it up in some fashion. A boy at fourteen would spell out the newspaper, and would want to write a letter sometimes; but a young child of ten, who leaves school to go to the field, or the mine, or the workshop, there to be surrounded with a press of duties such as shut out all thoughts and memories of school learning, who, with its young limbs and faculties wearied with overlong days, can do nothing in the evening, after its supper, but make haste to bed—who in a new sphere forgets its old acquirements with a facility which is the counterpart of its power of acquiring new ideas and habits, and who has no such interest in public affairs or in private correspondence as to induce it to plod bunglingly through the newspaper, or to employ its weariness in writing letters—such a child is very little likely to retain any traces of school learning at fourteen, when its schooling is four years behind it. The child's apprehension will no doubt be quicker, its faculties will be to some extent disciplined; it will also retain some little tincture of knowledge; some ideas will have entered into its consciousness; the benefits of the schooling will not be all lost; we may trust especially that it will have been to some extent moralised, humanised, refined; but it will have forgotten how to write, and will only have retained any power to read in virtue of such practice in reading as may have been kept up at the Sunday-school.

Let us remember how little reading power many children of the better classes have acquired by the time they are ten, and to how few of such children at that age writing is anything but a wearisome, irksome, even painful process, to say nothing of spelling or composition; and then let us remember how much of the education of the better classes is gained insensibly at home, how much knowledge, how many ideas, how much faculty of expression, how much of the best and most penetrating culture,—while the children of the poorer classes have to gain at the school not only the hard rudiments of school learning, but almost all their educational ideas, their current knowledge, their refinement, the beneficial

influences, so to speak, which constitute the educational atmosphere, and are indeed the better part of the education of thought, feeling, and character. It will then be felt how cruel a wrong it is for such children to be removed from school at ten; and that the wonder is not that, being so removed, they should soon lose most of what they had acquired, but rather that, at so early an age and under such disadvantages, they could ever have been made intelligently capable of what their teachers were the means of imparting to them.

Here, then, is the grand failure of our primary education. It is not in our methods and our training of teachers; these, as a whole, are admirable; it is not in our provision of schools,—if all our day schools were filled, to provide the comparatively few wanting for the children not as yet provided for, would not be a difficult problem: it is that children who have not, like American children, or the children of our own middle and upper classes, the advantages of intelligent and civilised home ideas and surroundings, nor the incentives to reading, writing, and civil and social culture perpetually playing upon them, that children whose all of culture depends upon the school, attend school much too irregularly during the period they profess ordinarily to attend, and are removed from school lamentably early. The cure of this one evil would revolutionise the educational condition of England. If all the children who now attend after some sort from four to ten and a half years of age were to attend from four to twelve, and to attend regularly, the immediate effect would be largely to increase the number on the books of all the schools, and much more largely to increase the average attendance. Most of the non-inspected public schools would at once be brought under inspection, and be taught by a higher class of teachers. The private schools for the poor still remaining would many of them give way to inspected public schools; and those which after all were left would be better attended, taught by better teachers—teachers better paid, with better hopes and with better assistance—than at present, while the extension of the period of school attendance, and the improvement in the regularity of the attendance, would incalculably improve the results of the education given in all the schools. On an average, the staff of English teachers now, public and private, taking better and worse together, is probably not inferior in fitness and ability for the work which they have to do, to the teachers of the United States or our colonies. The superiority in the education actually obtained by Americans and by British colonists is due not to the superiority of schools and teachers,

but to the advantageous circumstances in which children grow up in the States or the colonies. And there can be no doubt that if the working classes were obliged to send all their children steadily to school from four to twelve or thirteen—or on a principle of half time from four to eleven,—to be followed for three years more by an education of half labour and half schooling—the effect would be to transform our English population into an educated people. Almost without any further enactment, any supplementary provision, this would suffice for all, except the pauperised and semi-criminal classes, for which, exceptional legislation would of course be necessary. At present, one-third of the men and women of England are unable to sign their names, although of that third a considerable proportion have attended inspected day schools. That is the terrible and conclusive fact which ought to silence the boastings of Mr. Bardsley, and to chasten the better-informed apologies of Lord Robert Montagu. The one cause of this is—not (as many persist in assuming) the want of schools, or even of efficient teachers—it is the want of steady and sufficiently prolonged attendance at school. We know that some educational authorities have imagined that even as schools are, children might and ought to be taught all that poor children need to know by the time they are ten or eleven. This was one of the assumptions underlying the new code. The idea, however, is simply preposterous. If the children were the children of gentry, it would not be expected; how cruelly absurd, then, to expect it of the children of the humbler classes.

II. The one thing, then, which in our judgment is essentially necessary in order to make sure of the education of the English people is to enforce attendance. Models, methods, training, and to a large extent (which might easily be much increased) school-rooms having been provided, this is now the one thing needed. Thirty years ago, mere compulsion to attend would by no means have sufficed; the prevalent methods were radically faulty; schools were not provided; there were no training colleges; there was no stream and supply of trained teachers. These necessities are now provided; the law of supply and demand can now be said to have been fairly established; better and longer attendance would stimulate the building of schools, augment the stipends of teachers, improve the financial condition, the prospects, the discipline, and the total efficiency of training colleges; greatly improve, both in number and quality, the supply of pupil teachers. Doubtless there are other improvements, which, by wise legislation, might be made in the exist-

ing system of primary education. All we mean is, that this, by itself, would either by its immediate effect, or by direct consequence, cure the great evil which at present reduces England to the condition of an uneducated people, and lead to the broad average result desired, however qualified in certain respects by incidental facts and influences.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that compulsion could ever be so applied as to force the children of the residuary classes into the same schools with those of the other classes. This is not done anywhere where such children are found; not in America, as at New York, where the children of the low residuum have to be dealt with apart, and on special principles; not in Germany, as for example at Berlin and Hamburg, as the history of Wichern and the Rauhe Haus and the German Inner Mission may serve to show.

Now this question of compulsion is the strong point of the platform on which the Birmingham League takes its stand. It is the only point on which all the members of the League seem to be firmly agreed. It is curious indeed to find that they regard compulsion as a characteristic part of their educational scheme, and as a sort of meritorious idea of their own; whereas it is plain that compulsion might, without any infringement of religious liberty, be associated with a system of schools partly denominational and partly undenominational, or partly State-controlled and partly voluntary, provided only that all the children educated were examined as to the quality and extent of the education they receive; or to a system of State-inspected schools resting entirely on a voluntary religious basis, provided that such schools were administered under a conscience clause and in a really unsectarian spirit. There is no patent-right about this compulsory principle. Sir Thomas Bazley was pledged to support it in connection with the Manchester Education Bill, and if the way can only be shown to devise and actually to apply and enforce a law of compulsion, it will be the greatest boon possible to the existing system, and would be hailed by its supporters as the one thing necessary to make it apparent to all that their system is a great success.

The principle of direct and universal compulsion must indeed imply that there must be some schools both free and undenominational (by which last word we by no means intend *irreligious*); but that it implies, either logically or practically, that all the public schools of the country must be undenominational and free, is a gratuitous assumption. In Germany, Mr. Mundella's model country for compulsory

education, the schools are neither undenominational nor, for the most part, free. In this country, indeed, where (as we are about to show) the application of *direct* compulsion must be restricted within very precise limits—where it cannot be universal as in police-regulated Germany—the provision of free schools for the poor may probably have to be restricted within the same limits, direct compulsion and free primary schools being made correlative.

On this point of the Birmingham charter we will quote some very sensible sentences from a letter to Mr. Dixon written by the Rev. W. Gover, Principal of the Sallley Training College, and published in the *Monthly Paper* of the National Society for November last:—

“With regard to compulsory and free education,” says Mr. Gover, “I shall be quite in accord with you in thinking that, so far as it is directly compulsory so far it must be free; but whilst you would make all education alike compulsory and free, I hold that the limits to which compulsion should be carried, and therefore the extent to which free education must be supplied, are definable and not wide. That, moreover, free education would involve a great economical folly, the surrender of the voluntary payments now made by parents, &c.”

Leaving, however, for the moment the point of free education, let us look at the point of compulsion. It is assumed by the Birmingham League and many ardent friends of education, that direct compulsion both can and ought at once to be applied to the case of education. Sanguine and inexperienced men see no difficulty whatever in the way. Practical educationists, however, are generally, if not universally, of another opinion; and their views may be taken to be expressed in a paper on the subject which was read by Dr. Rigg at the Manchester Conference of the Educational Union:—

“1. A law of direct compulsion,” argues Dr. Rigg, “must be impartial and universal for all classes. The higher classes of this country have been, in relation to the needs and responsibilities of their rank and position, as ill educated as the lower classes. The Earl of Clarendon’s Commission on the nine schools, with its portentous and humiliating disclosures, has settled that question. The education given to the middle classes, again, whilst not so negligent or inoperative on the whole, as that which was casually contracted rather than received by the majority of the scholars at the great public schools, has been pre-eminent for the hollowness and pretence, the ignorance and charlatany, which have prevailed in many of the schools. The injury which our country has sustained from the woful deficiencies in elementary and

practical education of our hereditary legislators and landowners—and from the want of such culture and such a character in the middle classes as befit those who claim to be citizens and electors—has probably been much greater than any which it has suffered hitherto even from the undisciplined ignorance of our working classes. And now, as a matter of fact, the *élite* of our operatives and artisans are much better informed than the classes immediately above them in the social scale, and their children better educated than the children of those classes. It is impossible, therefore, to define any class\* to which the application of a *direct law of compulsion* can be limited. It is impossible to separate the operative classes from the lower class of tradesmen, or tradesmen of a lower from those of a higher class, or shopkeepers from merchants, or dealers and merchants from manufacturers, or merchants and manufacturers from gentry and professional men, or gentry and professional men from the nobility. It will not be allowed for any class to look down on others, and to say, 'We really must, out of benevolence and patriotism, compel *them* to educate their children.'

"2. Direct compulsion, then, in the sense of the Birmingham scheme, must be direct compulsion for all classes. It will be well to consider further what this really means. For each sort of school a minimum number of school weeks and of school days in the year must be fixed; every parent must send each child of his between certain ages to an authorised school, taught by a certified master; a register of attendances must be kept, absence must be allowed only for certain reasons and on certain conditions, and all absences must be regularly inquired into and accounted for.—This must imply, besides the police registration of all children till past the school age, a return of attendances to be rendered by the teacher to some department of public service, in fact to some department of police; and that it shall be the duty of the magistrates and police to inquire into causes of absence and take cognisance of all cases of default, whether of peasant, artisan, operative, tradesman, or noble, that the legal fine may be enforced. In this country, as in the model countries of the Continent to which Mr. Mundella has referred, a gentleman will be as little at liberty to give his son a week's run, or a day's holiday, without a lawful reason and legal permission, as a working-class mother to keep her daughter from school for a day while she herself goes out to char, or because she wants her child to mind the baby. The same stern administration must sweep away all subterfuges, and compel a continuous and *bonâ fide* education for every child. To give the requisite permission in cases of real necessity some special authority must be constituted; some Prefect of Education must have discretion to sanction Mary Giles, under circumstances of necessity, in detaining her daughter at home, or the village squire in keeping his boy for a day from the grammar school in the

\* Dr. Rigg must be taken to mean any class of independent citizens—any besides the pauper and semi-criminal classes.

neighbouring town, to which he sends him. All this Mr. Mundella is bound to mean when he declares that nothing less will suffice than the Prussian or the Saxon system.

"I know that some will say that all they mean by compulsory education is that, on the whole, it shall be required of every parent that his child shall have been so many days at school during the year or the half-year under penalty of a fine if the number of days has not been made good. But does any one suppose that in this country, with the demand which there is for child labour, any fine which could be enforced—any fine which the parent could be expected to pay, and which would be imposed by an English magistrate—for the neglect of a parent to send his child to school so many days in the year or the half-year—a fine intended to punish the accumulated neglect of a year or of six months—would bear any proportion to the inducement perpetually operative day by day to violate the law? And would a labouring man be expected to keep count of the school days fulfilled, the number yet remaining to be made good, or the number of permissible free days yet remaining? And suppose the father, at his yearly or half-yearly reckoning with the magistrate, were unable or unwilling to pay the fine, where is the magistrate—let us say the county magistrate, himself a landowner or farmer—who would imprison in default of payment?

"I may be told that the law in some of the Swiss cantons is such as I have just supposed could never work in England. Precisely; and the illustration is in point. In all the cantons where such is the law, the law is a dead letter. What a compulsory law of education means in these Swiss cantons may be learnt from Mr. Arnold's report to the Duke of Newcastle's Commission, part of which is quoted in the final and official report of that commission.

"The only countries, in fact, in which compulsion is a reality, are those German countries to which Mr. Mundella refers as his instances, in which registration and police inquiry and action are continually at hand to enforce the law. Prussia, Saxony, Hanover, Württemberg, these countries, and other such German states, must be our models.

"3. We have historical evidence which makes it clear under what conditions alone a law of direct compulsion can be expected to be either serviceable or practicable. In the United States there is for some States a law of direct compulsion; but in most there is no such law. Where the law exists in any State it is only enforced in here and there a township; for the most part it is inoperative. There is, indeed, little need of any compulsory law in the Northern States of America, where there is, as a rule, no pauperised or degraded class, and where the education of the people is effected much more by natural circumstances and institutions than merely by schools and school teachers. But just where compulsion is needed, as in some of the older and larger towns, and especially in New York, any attempt at enforcing a law of direct compulsion is found to be abortive. In New York there is a truant law, but it is simply useless. 40,000 children in that city are growing up on the streets,

without any education but that which is evil. Mr. J. F. Gerard, an eminent educational philanthropist of New York, told Mr. Fraser (the English Commissioner) that 'his decided conviction was that the evil could only be reached by the voluntary philanthropic action of the religious bodies carried on in a missionary spirit, and organised on a much more extensive scale than anything which exists at present; and that many of the children would need to be partly clothed and fed, as well as taught.' Now of all the American cities New York is the only one which can fairly be compared with the large towns of this country; and the case of New York will afford no argument in favour of direct compulsion. In Massachusetts and Connecticut, the truant laws, the direct compulsory laws are, to some small extent, enforced. But it must not be forgotten that these laws, like those of Germany, had their origin from the ecclesiastical laws and discipline of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The Puritanism of New England laid the foundation of educational compulsion; Church discipline and authority prepared the way, in the good old parochial and patriarchal times, for State legislation. Nevertheless, even in New England, direct compulsion has been obliged to succumb to circumstances; it does but linger here and there.

"The Swiss are a nation of peasant proprietors; and, though with differences of degree, seem all to value and obtain education. The compulsory laws are vague and loose in the highest degree, admit of indefinite evasion and numberless exceptions, and are, in fact, neither needed nor enforced. Holland is perhaps the best educated country in Europe; and in Holland there is no compulsory law, except in here and there a municipality. In the German States compulsion is the rule; but before any conclusion can be drawn from the case of Germany to that of England the history of education in that country must be borne in mind.

"In Germany, as in New England, and, I believe, also anciently in Scotland, there was a law of compulsion enforced upon the people by the authority of the clergy, and by the discipline of ecclesiastical courts. This *ecclesiastical compulsion* dates from the days of the Reformers, from the 'ages of faith,' using this phrase in a Protestant sense. It was rooted originally in the religious convictions of the community, and was enforced by Church authority in the days when Churches had authority. When, therefore, the great Prussian statesmen, Stein and Hardenberg, sixty years ago, made education compulsory by State law, and when Germany, State after State, followed their lead in this matter, State sanction and enforcement were but given to what before had the authority of ancient usage and of religious sanction. Besides which, the German peasants had been serfs up to that date. To enforce a compulsory law on a nation of German serfs, only just being constituted into freemen, was an easy task; to enforce a similar law on the English nation would not be easy. Nor was this all. At the same time that the great Prussian statesmen reorganised the national system of education, and made education compulsory, they enacted measures by which a nation of serfs was transformed into a nation of

peasant proprietors. Such a nation, thus transformed, and with such a history, was likely to accept a law of compulsory education from such hands as a boon; and following generations might be expected to prize and be proud of their system of national education, as uniting the venerableness of ancient and traditional sanction with the authority of the wisest and most beneficent modern legislation, as identified with their national emancipation, and as the foundation of their nation's modern development and greatness.

"It must here be remembered that the German systems of *primary education* are predominantly *confessional* or *denominational*, while the *secondary* and the *higher education* is *undenominational*: a difference which, I venture to think, has its reason in the nature of things, however incongruous it may appear to superficial critics. And there can be no doubt that the fact that the system of primary education has been denominational has greatly contributed to ensure its universal acceptance by the people. Universality, compelled by law, has become a possibility for primary education, because the clergy and the congregations had made the soil in which the schools grew a congenial soil, and very often had themselves planted the schools. The Government did little more than sanction and protect what had already grown into acceptance by the people.

"The general conclusion from the whole of this historical survey seems to be that we have no reason whatever to expect that a compulsory enactment to enforce attendance on a set of new and secular schools, which have grown up by no natural law, which have no ancient rooting in the regard and confidence of the people, which are received with disfavour by those persons who have the largest amount of moral influence over the population, and who have been the best friends and promoters of education in the past—viz., the clergy and the leading denominational philanthropists—we have no reason to expect that such a compulsory enactment, even if the Legislature could be induced to pass it, could ever be enforced, would ever be more than a dead letter in the country at large.

"4. When we come to look into the details which must form a part of any law of direct compulsion, practical difficulties rise to view which seem to me to be insurmountable. In a quiet, pastoral, German land, like Württemberg, or Saxony, or East Prussia, where the machinery of police registration has long been continually and perfectly at work, and where everything is done, suffered, reported, in accordance with minute regulations, under the eye of universal *surveillance*, in telegraphic connection with a *bureau*, where a resident who gives a night's lodging to a friend without informing the police is liable to a fine and is pretty sure to have to pay it, the law of direct compulsion may easily be enforced. Perhaps even in this country, in quiet, lethargic, South Saxon and Wessex villages, where the people are stationary and passive, all the needful registration might be accomplished, and the police find themselves—if the Parliament should ever pass the law—able to extract the information they require as to the weekly and daily attendance of the children. But how would the police fare in the great towns, where,

most of all, a compulsory power seems to be needed to bring the children under education? In those towns—especially our great manufacturing towns and London—the population which it is desired to reach and educate is migratory almost beyond belief. At any whim they are off to other lodgings or to another poor cottage in a low neighbourhood. Six months is a good while—a year is a long period—for them to remain in one spot. Hence the perpetual flux and change in the schools which are attended by the children of such classes. Even in inspected schools, which are not filled from the lowest classes of the operative population, it is very common, in manufacturing towns, for more than as many children to pass into and out of the school in a year as have ever at one time been in attendance at the school. In such a population how could registration be carried out? How could the law of attendance be enforced? Yet more, does any one dream that Parliament would attempt to force a law of police registration and inquiry upon such populations? Yet these are the very populations on behalf of whom the aid of a direct law of compulsion is invoked.”\*

The only reply to these arguments which has come to our knowledge is to the effect that a law of compulsory education, even although it could not be systematically enforced, would be very valuable, because it could be appealed to by magistrates, clergymen, extensive employers, &c., and that the onus of proof that any child not at school was not of school age might be left on the parents.

But it must not be forgotten that the evil we have to cure—the master evil—is not non-attendance, but irregular attendance. The non-attendant children, those who go to no school, belong to the residuum, and are, as we think, to be dealt with by direct compulsion. But this class is comparatively small. The ignorance of England arises from irregular and inadequate attendance. This could not be cured or diminished by occasional appeals to a magistrate; the answer to the magistrate would be that the child is sent to school. To discover the degree of irregularity, to restrain and remedy it, nothing could in any measure suffice but such *surveillance* as is described in the extract we have quoted. Constant vigilance and the continual pressure of authority could alone compel, against all contrary inducements, the regular attendance of the scholar.

For these reasons we feel that only to indirect compulsion can we look for the pressure by means of which the great body of the working-class children may be obliged to be educated. The principle of indirect compulsion has

\* Abridged from Dr. Rigg's Paper as printed in the Report of the Union Conference at Manchester, pp. 158-169.

been in many ways sanctioned by the Legislature, and is founded on manifest reasons of justice to the child, reasons similar in their nature to those which have dictated the laws for the regulation of the labour of children. We agree with an overwhelming preponderance of opinion on the part of experienced educationists in thinking that the principles of the Factory, the Factory Extension, and the Workshops' Regulations Acts should be extended to all classes of children, whether in towns or in country parishes; that these Acts should be made thoroughly effective; and that, in addition, no child or young person should be allowed to go to work, either for half time or for full time, without having passed an appropriate examination before her Majesty's Inspector. These measures would be thoroughly enforceable, would be in harmony with the principles of our legislation and the feelings of the people, and would, in our judgment, produce great results, while any measure of direct compulsion, as to the classes of which we now speak, would be inoperative.

At the same time, it cannot but be felt that, before even indirect compulsion can be fairly applied and applied to any great advantage, the schools available for the working classes must be made efficient. At present 600,000 children, or thereabouts, attend private schools for the poor, while as many more attend uninspected national schools. The education given in some of these schools is honest and good, if humble, and the moral influence sound and Christian. But a large proportion of them are good for very little. There is, in our judgment, a very obvious means, advocated at Bristol by that veteran and most able educationist, Canon Moseley, by which these schools may be very greatly improved. We would have payment for results, as ascertained by official inspectors, extended to all schools of primary instruction conducted by uncertificated teachers, but otherwise conforming to the regulations of the Government Code. Of course the capitation grant would not be paid in these schools, and the scale of payment for results might be graduated in proportion to certain general conditions of efficiency in the schools. We have no doubt that the effect of such a provision as we have now indicated, would be immensely to extend the area of effective primary instruction; and when once a wholesome competition, attended by an effective system of inspection and examination, had begun to tell upon these schools, the whole class would begin rapidly to rise. Teachers would be increasingly desirous, would

become properly ambitious, to earn for themselves certificates, and such certificates, prudently graduated, might be placed within view of the whole class.

All this would constitute a natural course of development and means of elevation for our primary education. It would leave to the nation a large variety of schools; it would interfere as little as possible with freedom and competition in the education market; it would leave the proud English artisan the private and select school which he often prizes so highly. We confess we think this a desirable result. The experience of America has by no means convinced us that the best thing for England is to do away with all private schools.

From what we have said, it will be understood that we do not believe in free schools for the working population of England. Where, as in the United States, speaking generally, all are virtually of one class, schools may all be common and free—indeed, *must*, for large breadths of the population, be common and free, as the only means of providing education for the people on the great scale. But he has read the evidence carelessly who does not know that the free community of the American schools, whilst it is a necessary arrangement for that country, is attended by many, and not seldom by serious, incidental disadvantages, and we are sure that in this country a system of free schools would be thoroughly distasteful to the people at large. The select school and the school of higher fees is the school which the English working man prefers, if he can but find the means of paying the fees. The social gradations of England, the facts of English life, necessarily produce this result, and for our part, educational republicans that we are, we do not desire to see any violence done to this principle.

There is, indeed, the case of the extremely poor to be considered. When, however, the cost of education is compared with the cost of maintenance and clothing, we cannot consider that the man who is not regarded as too poor to live without the pauper's dole, apart from education, can well be regarded as too poor to pay for his children's school. He will seldom need to have more than four of his children at school together. At twopence each this would be eightpence a week. The man that needs this to be found for him, ought to have it found, found out of the poor's rate;—he must be very poor to require it, and to such a one there can be no sense of degradation in receiving aid for such an object from the rates. Alas! that there should be any honest workers poor enough to be unable to pay such a quota. This is not a condition which

should be regarded as normal, or likely to be perpetual. It is a disgrace to our national pride, which, please God, must pass away; it is to be looked on as temporary, anomalous, altogether evil. When the average standard of the poor labourer's wages has risen to what is needful to place him in the position of a free and hopeful Englishman, his school expenses will be comparatively but a very small charge, even if the cost of a good education per child should be estimated at threepence or fourpence weekly. Let the cost of a good education for three children be compared with the weekly outlay in beer, and it will be seen how trifling it is. Besides which, on the system we advocate, at ten or eleven, the labourer's child would begin to work as well as go to school, on some principle of half-time, so that he would much more than pay for his own education. He would be the better and more valuable at work for his previous regular attendance at school, and for his continuing half-time at school, and would presently command proportionately higher wages. It would only therefore be the children under ten whose school-pence could be regarded as a charge on the wages of their parents.

To organise a free system for the labourers' children, means to destroy his choice of schools, the choice of the higher as well as of the poorer labourer, to do away with church schools of all denominations, with here and there an exception, to do away with private schools, to force all children of all working men promiscuously into the same "secular" school; this at least would be the result on the principles advocated by the Birmingham League, and which they desire to prevail in the country.

Such a result appears to us to be altogether undesirable—to savour, indeed, of oppression. Government examination being secured, we think it far more in accordance with the better genius of England that there should be freedom and variety in the provision of schools. Voluntaryism has undoubtedly pushed its pretensions mischievously far within the domain of national education; but we shrink with positive fear, almost with horror, from proposals whose scope is to drive voluntaryism out of the field altogether. But for voluntaryism, Christian voluntaryism, we must even add denominational voluntaryism, where would the cause of education in England be at this moment? With the image of David Stowe in our mind and the remembrance before us of his life, his work, his system, the methods, growing directly from the root of voluntary devotion, and which nothing but Christian voluntaryism could have inspired and brought into

view and into power, by means of which, as an angel of educational light and blessing, he filled the country with a new spirit, sympathy, and intelligence, and with new and most potent forms, ideas, energies of beneficent influence and organisation, we cannot bring ourselves to consent to planing down the educational surface of the country to a *tabula rasa*, that it may be covered with a mechanical arrangement of secular schools, out of which all the energy, the inspiration, the sympathy and zeal of Christian voluntarism and of properly Christian teaching is to be excluded. Manifold forms, rich variety, church activities, municipal and parochial organisation, individual energy and enterprise, all combined and harmonised under national guards and oversight, and constituting collectively a national unity—such an aggregate of educational forms and life seems to us better suited to the general character, to the faculties and habits, to the means and opportunities, and, we do not scruple to add, to the necessities of the great and manifold English nation than any uniform State system could be.\*

There is, however, one class of the population for which, as we have already intimated, it will be necessary to have free schools and compulsory education. The same class which loads the streets of New York with tens of thousands of ragged, or vagrant, or criminal children, is, of course, found in crowds in London and every large British town. No system of State schools, whether free or not, which is intended for the use of the children of the honest and industrious operative, will meet the case of this class. The common schools of New York leave them far below their range; and where, as is the case here and there in the States, a few of these children stray for a season, or are forced by the "truant law," into the common school, they degrade and defile it, and bring with them cruel contamination to the children of honest and decent people. As to this point, we cannot do better than commend to the attention of our readers the following "Note on Education of Pauper and Vagrant Children," which has been published by the Manchester Union:—

"Vagrant and pauper children, being thrown upon the State for their education, require a treatment quite separate from the children of independent wage-earning labourers.

\* A number of the chief names in the Birmingham League,—Professor Fawcett, Mr. Miall, the Rev. R. W. Dale, among others, object to free primary education. The experience of Europe, and of our own colonies, if not of the States, is against the principle.

"It is not only the moral duty, but also the economical policy of the State to provide for their education. As they are homeless, or as good as homeless, this can only be provided by *boarding schools*.

"Thus while the State encourages and aids day schools for the independent poor, it provides *boarding schools* for the dependent poor,—standing to their children *in loco parentis*. This is the first distinction.

"A second distinction is this: that whereas it has never yet been the policy of this nation to cast the burden of supporting the schools for the independent poor upon the *rates*, our Legislature has repeatedly sanctioned the principle that schools for pauper and vagrant children may and ought to be charged on local rates.

"A third distinction is, that, whereas schools for the independent class of children come within the purview of the Committee of Council on Education, the schools for these dependent classes have since 1860 been transferred entirely to the Home Office and Poor Law Board.

"Thus the distinction between these two provinces of the field of National Education is broad and well defined.

"Confining our attention to the children of the *dependent* class, they may be divided into three groups:—1. The Children of In-door Paupers. 2. The Children of Out-door Paupers. 3. Vagrant Children.

"The Legislature has of late years attempted to deal with all these three groups.

"(1) *For children of in-door paupers*, the Acts of 7 and 8 Vict. c. 101, and 11 and 12 Vict. c. 82 were passed, empowering Guardians to draft their workhouse children into district schools.

"(2) *For children of out-door paupers*, Mr. Evelyn Denison's Act of 18 and 19 Vict. c. 34 was passed, enabling Guardians, if they think proper, to pay out of the rates for the education of such children in ordinary day schools.

"(3) *For vagrant children*, Mr. Adderley's Industrial Schools' Act of (1857) 20 and 21 Vict. c. 48, and 23 and 24 Vict. c. 108 were passed, allowing magistrates to commit vagrant children to such industrial schools as benevolent people might have founded, and got certified for the purposes of these Acts.

"Reviewing these three groups of Acts, the Union is of opinion that *if they were all made compulsory*, the education of this dependent class of children would be admirably and completely provided for.

"At present they are unhappily *permissive* merely, and in consequence well nigh inoperative. A few excellent district union schools (about six) have been established. A few no less excellent industrial schools (about 20) have been certified. A very few Unions are paying for out-door paupers' children in parish schools. The time seems clearly to have come when all these Acts should be rendered compulsory.

"1.—*All in-door pauper children* should be removed from the unwholesome influences of the union workhouse into district schools.

"2.—*All out-door paupers* should be obliged to send their children of

suitable age to school, as a condition of relief, such children's school fees being paid out of the rates.

"3.—All counties ought to have certified industrial schools; and the vagrant children of our streets and lanes ought to be swept into them by the police.

"Thus while we deprecate as strongly as possible *rate aid* and *compulsion* for children of our independent labourers, we would apply both to the 'dangerous classes' below them."

III. The third point on which the Birmingham League may teach us a lesson is, that there is widely diffused a feeling of distaste and distrust, amounting in many instances to antipathy, as respects the system of education on a voluntary, and to a large extent denominational, basis which at present prevails. Many causes have concurred to produce this feeling. The fashionable scepticism decries all dogma, and prevails equally among Leaguers of the class of Huxley or of Holyoake, and many speculative working men, such as were ably represented at Birmingham; the theoretical anti-State-and-Church man naturally dislikes anything which looks like a subsidising of clerical instruction; the strong Dissenter dislikes all the more a system in which the Anglican clergy hold so predominant a position; this last feeling has been greatly aggravated, and the feelings of the Methodist body in particular have been kindled into indignation, by numerous instances of clerical oppression in the management of schools, and especially by the enforcement of a rule requiring children who go to the National day-school to attend the Church Sunday-school. Protestants of all denominations recoil from sustaining a system by means of which Roman Catholic day schools, in fulness of superstitious symbol and dogma, are to a considerable extent supported out of the national revenues.

We cannot but admit that there is much to be said against the denominational system. It is by no means an ideal system. But it must not be forgotten that, a quarter of a century since, it was the only possible system for England. The denominations objected to every other; one after another they accepted this. We must remember, too, that by no other system could religious conviction, zeal, sympathy, energy, have been applied to meet the necessities of the country, which above all things needed then, and, we venture to think, needs still, for the classes whose wants we have to supply by special legislation, religious teaching and influence combined with all the matter and routine of education. We must not forget, moreover, that with all the objections incidental to the denominational system, the system has very special merits.

It is only on the denominational system, with its voluntary energies, that the Churches can act with simple directness of aim, and with full organic power. It is only on this system that a perfect harmony between the State, the Church, and the parents, in regard to the education of the children of the nation can be secured. Above all, it is only on the denominational system that it is possible to train a succession of teachers religiously consecrated to the work of teaching, as a duty which they owe at once to the nation, to the Church, and to Christ.

It must not be forgotten, furthermore, that if Roman Catholics receive a share of public money for educational purposes, they also pay their share of the national taxes, and still further that a child educated in an inspected school can hardly fail to grow up less superstitious, less entirely at the mercy of his priest, and more valuable to society, than one left uneducated to graduate merely in the streets and at the meanest work. It may be granted, indeed, at once and fully, that an education in an efficient secular school would be much better for a Romanist child on his own account and on the nation's, than in a Roman Catholic school. The priest may be trusted to keep his young people pretty well instructed in his and their religion, and they may easily have an over-dose of it. But then we must not violate the principle of religious liberty, even to antagonise the Roman priesthood. It was a strong temptation to the Pope to take away the Jewish child from his parents; he honestly and consistently believed it to be lawful, right, religious, and benevolent so to do. Yet the world cried shame upon him and his bigoted faith. So it is a strong temptation to us to force Roman Catholic children into undenominational schools. But we must ask how far we have any right to do this, whether without the Bible, or (here the question becomes sharper) with the Bible? We cannot but doubt whether the case of the Roman Catholic population will not prove too strong for any uniform undenominational system. Even in America there are signs that the common school system is beginning to give way before the Roman Catholic difficulty. In the great city of Cincinnati it has just been determined, in consequence of the remonstrances of the Roman Catholics, to remove the Bible out of the common schools. In New York the same difficulty has been disposed of by adopting the denominational system. The municipality has voted 300,000 dollars towards the support of Roman Catholic schools.

Finally, it must not be forgotten that, by means of voluntary

and denominational education, the methods and spirit of school instruction have in one generation been revolutionised, and a million and a half of children gathered, notwithstanding all difficulties, into the schools. If an effective system of compulsory laws, partly direct but chiefly indirect, had been in operation, so that all the children on the books had been obliged to remain steadily at school from four years of age, the schools would all have been full, a large number of additional schools would have been built, and an education would have been given so clear and good and well grounded, that it would not have washed out. The educational dyeing would have been done in fast colours. Denominational education would of itself have developed to the extent of the national needs, and instead of being stigmatised as a failure, would have been universally acknowledged to be a grand success.

IV. Perhaps, however, the most serious difficulty in the way of maintaining the existing system as the predominant and characteristic system of education for England, is to be found in the bearing which it is supposed to have upon the question of national education for Ireland. It is argued that unless denominationalism be superseded in England, a denominational system cannot be refused to Ireland. For many years the demand of the Roman Catholics—at least the priest party—in Ireland has been for a denominational system. Till within a few years past the cry of Protestant Episcopalians in Ireland was also for denominationalism. The Protestants have become wiser; their cry has nearly ceased. But the Roman clamour increases. The friends of the existing system look with terror upon the prospect of education in Ireland being handed over to the clergy. Rather than see such a consummation, they would have denominationalism in England sacrificed, though it were needful to pluck it up by the roots. Their fear of late has been greatly aggravated by the knowledge that the Commission on Primary Education for Ireland, appointed by the late Government, was likely to report in favour of more or less concession to the hierarchical party on this point, and that some members of the present Government are not unfriendly to the same policy.

Here, however, there are some things which ought to be noted. It must not be forgotten that the Irish national system is already a predominantly and in part a very intensely denominational system. The model schools, which are under the management of the general Board, are very few indeed and very far between. The vested schools, although

professedly under the direction of the Board, are yet immediately under the control of patrons, most of whom are religious partisans, many of whom are priests. The non-vested schools, which are to the vested in the proportion of two to one, are distinctly denominational; some Episcopalian, some Presbyterian, a few Methodist, a large number Roman Catholic, under the management of the priests, a considerable and increasing number convent or monastery schools in which the guards against extreme sectarianism, which are maintained in the other non-vested Roman Catholic schools, are entirely surrendered, and the schools are intensely imbued with the character and colouring of Roman Catholic symbolism and superstition. In effect, therefore, the Protestant denominations of England are asked to surrender their denominational education, with its prestige and its fruits, in order that the Irish system, already predominantly denominational, may not be made more intensely and pervasively denominational.

It should also be remembered that without subverting and abolishing the denominationalism of England, so far as this has made good its footing, it is yet possible to return a logical and effective denial to the educational demands of the Ultramontane party in Ireland. Denominationalism in England may, with advantage, be made less intensely denominational than it is. The denominational schools in any district might be correlated to a general district board. The rights of conscience might be rigidly enforced on behalf of parents and children in every school. Denominational inspection might be done away. All non-denominational schools might be admitted, on condition of inspection, to equal advantages with denominational or British schools. In a word, the existing system might be disdenominationalised to the utmost extent compatible with the maintenance of denominational interest and energy in the conduct of the schools, and provision made for the development of all varieties of effective education in the future, on the common platform of a nationalism combining variety of form and mode with unity of purpose and effect, so far as the essentials of an education proper to British citizenship are concerned. If this were done in England, and it were the avowed policy of the Government to chasten the intensity of denominational dogma and separatism by a regard to the demands of national unity, to maintain this unity under the denominational diversity and multiplicity, and to recognise only the national element in the school, and, above all, to suffer no ecclesiastical power to

take out of its hands the right of effectively overseeing the education of the people, and securing that this shall, as a fundamental condition, be such as is proper to the citizenship of the free British Empire, we think her Majesty's Ministers would be in a position to return a solid, conclusive, effective denial to the Ultramontane demands. Denominationalism the Roman Catholics of Ireland have already—a more intense and sectarian denominationalism in part than has ever been allowed in this country; the absolute control of education they can have no right to demand. Government is prepared to abate denominationalism in this country; it is entitled, and will be well and easily able, to refuse to increase and aggravate it in Ireland. Austria was constrained ten years ago by Jesuit influence to concede what Cullen now demands in Ireland, but that Roman Catholic power has cancelled its concession and concordat. There is no nation in Europe now which would grant what Cullen claims for his order in Ireland. Surely a Liberal Government, engaged in doing costly and unstinting justice to Ireland, can afford to say no to the malapert Cardinal.

We have certainly no right to refuse to Ireland the same consideration in all respects which is granted to England on any such ground merely as that the nation is Romanist. Roman Catholics who pay taxes like others, and constitute the bulk of a nation, have a title to be treated with equal civil justice. In such matters as national education for Ireland we cannot legislate as Protestants, on theological grounds. But we are bound to legislate as Englishmen, as citizens of a free commonwealth; and as such, we have not merely a right, we are bound, to separate equitable Roman Catholic claims from Ultramontane pretensions, and to refuse absolutely to give up the education of the people into the hands of the priesthood. In primary schools of national education, the supreme power is entitled to guard, control, condition all the management and working, taking oversight of books, methods, and teachers, and refusing to allow national buildings to be made the ordinary and permanent place of exhibition for sectarian symbols and the manifestoes of a faith and worship which the most distinguished "Catholics" in the world agree with Protestants in deeming irrational, superstitious, and degrading. There is a Roman Catholicism which is common to the Western Church called Catholic; and there is a Roman Catholicism which is merely Papal. There is a national "Catholicism," and a Catholic nationalism, which we are bound to respect, and which just

now begin to make themselves increasingly felt and apparent in Europe. As Englishmen we cannot refuse civil and educational rights to our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects. But we have a right to resent and spurn the dictation of a Cullen, and to refuse to regard his voice as the voice of the Irish people. That the Irish people sustain Cardinal Cullen's demands in regard to national education there is no proof; whatever evidence there is appears to lean in the other direction. But at all events, so long as the national revenue is charged with the establishment of the schools, and with five-sixths of the cost of maintaining them, it is evident that, whatever may be the character of the schools in Ireland, their management ought to be entirely out of priestly hands, and entirely in the hands of the National Board.

That the present Government, or any Government, will consent to a subversion of the national school system in Ireland we no more believe than that any Government will consent to the subversion of the educational institutions already set up by denominational effort in this country. There may be modifications of the one system as of the other; but in both countries alike we cannot but hope that the principles we have now indicated will be respected. Government, it is true, might interfere with the Irish system without the infringement of denominational rights, and without doing violence to the feelings of private benefactors, the Irish system not having been voluntary in its basis. But even in Ireland denominational rights have grown up, and, besides this, nearly forty years of working have built up a system with which it would be extreme folly rudely to interfere.

No doubt it would be desirable, if it were possible, to reduce the educational system of the empire under one common principle. But we see only one conceivable way of doing that, and, although conceivable, and, indeed, attractive as an ideal, we cannot imagine that the way of which we are thinking can ever be realised. The ideal element in the Irish system is the model school. Of such schools there may be a score or less in Ireland. The non-vested schools are alien grafts on the Irish system. The vested schools are vitiated by the system of personal patronage. Now if it were possible to do away with the non-vested schools, to let the vested die out, to multiply and extend the model schools over the whole country; and at the same time, discouraging and providing for the transfer or transformation of English denominational schools, to fill England with schools after the pattern of the Irish model, the ideal views of some men of high character would be satis-

fied. We perceive that this is the dream which is floating before the minds of some admirable men. We are obliged to say, however, that we see no likelihood of its being fulfilled.

It must be remembered that the principle of the model school is separate secular and combined religious instruction, with the reading either of the Scriptures or of a collection of Scripture extracts. Against this plan in England would be combined all the influence of the denominationalists and of the Birmingham secularists; while in Ireland the whole force of the priesthood, together with not an inconsiderable array of Protestant denominational influence, would be arrayed against it. The Report of the Irish Commission on Primary Education, which will no doubt exercise considerable influence with members of both parties in Parliament, goes in the direction exactly contrary to this idea.

We have said nothing of rates, or of management by local boards. These are points of detail; our desire has been to define landmarks of principle to be observed in legislation. In a sense, indeed, rating may be regarded as a point of principle. Looked at in the abstract, rating appears to us to be a right principle. So also local management seems to us to be a point to be embraced in the provisions of future legislation. Nor do we imagine that many would be found to oppose these concessions. But how provision may best be made for local management and for local rating—these are points of detail full of difficulty, and only to be determined after much consideration and calculation, and more or less from experimental induction. It seems to us evident that a municipal council, or an ordinary parochial board, would be about the most unlikely sort of committee that could have the management of municipal or parochial education. While we write, the names of Norwich, Bridgewater, Beverley, as boroughs, and of St. Pancras as a parish, rise to our recollection. So also the history of the common schools of America demonstrates, with a superabundance of evidence, that under a system of maintenance by local rates, whether municipal or parochial, niggardliness is certain, in very many places, to deform and degrade the schools. Besides which, it can never be proper that the whole charge of the schools (if justice is to be done to them) should fall as a rate upon the eighty or ninety millions of rateable annual value, and not upon the six hundred millions of personal income distributed throughout all classes of the nation. To us it appears that a certain proportion of the charge of schools established in virtue of purely national, or municipal,

or parochial action, should fall upon the locality in the form of rates ; and that some locally-constituted committee should have immediate oversight of such schools, but that the school rating should be kept separate from other local rating, should not be either municipal or parochial, and that the local management should be under the direction of a specially constituted board, not by any means of the town council or of a parish board. Neither have we spoken expressly on the subject of secular schools. We do not believe that secular schools will be generally desired by the people. Secondary instruction may be secular, but primary education, in our judgment, ought to be religious and pervaded by a spirit of Christian sympathy. Nevertheless, we think the mere fact that a school is secular ought to be no bar to the receipt of Government grants for secular results. The way for testing the value of secular schools ought, in our judgment, to be left open.

There is still another point of the gravest importance, on which we have not even touched, that is the provision and training of teachers. The teacher makes the school ; as is the teacher, so is the school. The normal college is the factory where the teacher is fashioned and tempered for his work. The Birmingham League has nothing to say about normal colleges, or the training and qualifications of teachers. The omission is vital. On the basis of Christian conviction and Church organisation and influence, a large supply of admirable teachers from the normal colleges has now for some time been established. But where are the colleges for Birmingham secularism ; on what basis are the teachers to be trained and imbued with the right spirit ; by what organisation is the needful supply of the right quality of pupil teacher and of trained teacher to be procured ?

Meantime, we await with good hope the Government proposals, and we earnestly trust that nothing will prevent the passing of a measure in the next session. Only extreme agitators can wish for delay. Let the Government come forward with a measure at once conservative and liberal, building partly on the past, but yet extending the foundations in order to rear a broader and more truly national structure, sacrificing nothing good which has been gained, but opening the way for new ideas and fresh adaptations ; the Ministry of Mr. Gladstone and the Vice-Presidency of Mr. Forster will then have earned a special title to the respect and confidence of the English people.

- ART. II.—1. *Diary, Reminiscences and Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson, Barrister-at-Law, F.S.A.* Selected and Edited by THOMAS SADLER, Ph.D. In Three Vols. London: Macmillan.
2. *Walter Savage Landor. A Biography.* By JOHN FORSTER. Two Vols. London: Chapman and Hall.

NEARLY five years ago we offered to the readers of this Review our reminiscences of a writer who had just before died at the good old age of ninety. We mentioned in those reminiscences how the subject of them had declared of a certain friend of his that he was the best talker who ever lived. Both talker and writer have passed away, the first surviving the second a little over two years, and exceeding his long span of life by about the same interval. Both have been brought prominently before the public during the year just closed. Mr. John Forster has written the Life of Walter Savage Landor, Dr. Sadler has edited the Diary and the Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson. Of the first book we must content ourselves with saying a few words, inasmuch as it would not be desirable to tell again the story of that erratic life, which was made up of such opposing elements and led to such discordant results. We must not be thought to be bandying compliments, nor to be merely repaying the commendation which Mr. Forster has bestowed upon the article before mentioned, when we say that he has done his work well. Some of the critics have given a different opinion. But these could not have known Landor. He was simply one of the most impracticable of men. For that reason he was one of the most difficult of subjects to a biographer resolved to extenuate nothing, and to set down nought in malice. His quarrels with his wife, his friends, his tenantry, his neighbours, Mr. Forster has not overlooked, could not overlook if he were resolved to be a faithful biographer. Nevertheless, he has treated them with great delicacy. Nor can any one truly say that Landor's many good qualities have not been set forth. The impression which Mr. Forster's book will produce is that of a hot-tempered, irascible man, of a generous-hearted

man, abhorring every kind of meanness, grandly intolerant of tyranny and tyrants, and all forms of evil. That impression is a faithful one. It may be open to question if Mr. Forster has done wisely in devoting so large a space to criticism and analysis of Landor's works. One would like to have had more about the mornings at Gore House with Lady Blessington, more about the evenings at Naples and Florence with Sir William Gell, and less about *Gebir* and *Count Julian*. Yet it must be remembered that Landor's works are very little known. As we said on the former occasion, "there have been few men at once so many-sided and so crotchety, so much admired, and yet so little read, as Walter Savage Landor." Mr. Forster had, therefore, to introduce his readers not only to the man but to the author. If he should incite any one to study the *Imaginary Conversations*, he will have done a greater service to literature than by becoming Landor's biographer. These *Conversations* we hold to be the purest well of English undefiled in our literature. It would be well if the writers of to-day would draw from this source. Thereby they would save us from much turgid oratory and stagnant slip-slop.

We now pass from the writer to the talker, from Walter Savage Landor to Henry Crabb Robinson. The two friends were born in the same year, Landor on January 30th, and Robinson on May 15th, 1775. Both were contemporaries of Washington and of Grant, but the few months longer of life allotted to the second enabled him to say what the first could not have said, that he saw not only the first great American rebellion during the first month of its conflict, but the close of the second great rebellion with its tragic martyrdom. And this longevity was, in Robinson's case, accompanied by very little decay of mental power. During the closing years of his life he showed none of that irritability which so sorely tried the friends of Landor. He was calm, and placid, and full of kindness. After he had become a nonagenarian his readiness to help those who needed aid was as great as it was in his younger days. It was but a few months before his death (as we have reason to know) that, hearing of the pecuniary misfortunes of a young relative who had suffered during the panic, he set forth on an omnibus journey of some miles to visit her, and offer her substantial assistance. Almost to the last his breakfast parties were continued. Very pleasant parties they were. The bachelor host used to gather around him students from the medical schools, young Templars, and rising literati, and would tell them how he and Goethe had

talked together, or would read to them from his most interesting diary. The listeners heard enough to know that when this diary was published it would be one of the most readable books since James Boswell gave to the world his *Life of Samuel Johnson*. Between the *Life* and the *Diary* there is, however, little in common. In the first, a hero-worshipper sets down the sayings of the great talker of his time. In the second, the great talker of a later time deals with the doings of other men. The one book is a biographical *Æneid*, written to magnify a particular hero. The other is an autobiographical *Odyssey*, telling of many men and many lands. The one sets forth Johnson, the other sets forth not so much Robinson as Robinson's friends, who included all the great men of letters from Goethe to Tennyson. It is this very fact which makes these volumes such interesting reading, and which will make them two hundred years hence of value to the Macaulay who writes the history of the nineteenth century. In this way Robinson, who had the lowest possible opinion of his own literary powers, has conferred a benefit upon literature very far greater than he would have conferred if he had devoted to authorship the years which he gave to companionship. He himself was fully aware of this. He made one or two attempts at writing which were not successful. His intimacy with the greatest writers of the day made him intolerant of inferior work in himself, and so he abandoned it. He felt he could not equal Coleridge or Southey, Hallam or Grote, and therefore, rather than inflict upon the world mediocre writing, he determined to lay himself out for posthumous gratitude, by rendering the particulars of his friendship with all the celebrated men that he knew. This he did in his diary, begun in 1811, continued till 1867, and occupying thirty-five closely written volumes; in thirty volumes of journals of tours; in reminiscences, miscellaneous papers, and letters. He formed a just idea of the value of these records. He felt that though he might be unknown beyond the friends who gathered around his hospitable table in Russell-square, he would be remembered hereafter as the careful chronicler who had given to the world much precious information about its great men. This was the work of his life, this was the special duty to which he deemed himself called. And if there were any of his friends who thought that he was frittering away his time and his talents by talk, which, however good, was merely talk, his justification is now before them. These three bulky volumes are the *apologia pro suâ vitâ*. That such an apology existed must indeed have been well known to most of

his friends. Those morning gatherings around his breakfast-table, which they who had part in will never forget, used to be rendered more particularly memorable when the white-haired host would read aloud some portion of his reminiscences, and be in his own person the living link between the giants of German literature and the London undergraduate; between Goethe and the student of University College. There was an indescribable fascination in listening about the far-off times and men from the life of one who had been their contemporary. The fascination can hardly be enjoyed by the reader of the diary, for there is wanting the living voice which conversed with, the living eye which gazed on, those men. He, like them, has passed into the silent land; yet, though no written pages can wholly take the place of the spoken word, the present volumes do, in great measure, compensate for the difference. They would have done so still more had Robinson given us more of the conversation of his friends and less of the incidents of the day. The regret which he expresses at his inability to record the talk of Coleridge, for instance, will be shared by the readers of these volumes. While Robinson will be known to after generations as the most delightful of diarists, he is known to the present generation as the most copious of talkers. Samuel Rogers once said at a breakfast party in his own house, "If there is any one here who wishes to say anything, he had better say it at once, for Crabb Robinson is coming." When his strength was beginning to fail, a friend urged him to refrain from talking "more than two hours consecutively." Robinson took note of this advice in his diary, and appended the query, "Is this satire? It does not offend me." It did not offend him because he knew that he could talk well, because he knew that he did not bore his audience. In truth there was nothing of the bore or button-holder in him. On this point Professor de Morgan well says:—

"As a master of the art of conversation—that is, of power of conversation without art—Henry Crabb Robinson was a man of few rivals. He could take up the part of his friend Coleridge, whom Madame de Staël described to him as tremendous at monologue but incapable of dialogue. If any one chose to be a listener only, Henry Crabb Robinson was his man; he had always enough for two, and a bit over. And he appreciated a listener, and considered the faculty as positive, not negative, virtue. But this did not mean that he cared little whether he was talking to a man or a post, and only wanted something which either had no tongue to answer him, or would not use it. Coleridge, or some one like him, is said to have held a friend by the button until

the despairing listener cut it away and finished his walk. On his way back, he found his talking friend holding up the button in his hand, and still in the middle of his discourse. This would not have happened to Henry Crabb Robinson, who took note of his auditor. 'I consider —,' he said, 'as one of the most sensible young men I ever knew.' 'Why! he hardly says anything.' 'Ah! but I do not judge him by what he says, but by how he listens.' But Henry Crabb Robinson could and did converse. When he paused—and he did pause—there was room for answer, and the answer suggested the rejoinder. What you said lighted up some consequence, no matter what he had just been saying. To use the whist-phrase, he followed his partner's lead. . . . It should be remembered that conversation is to be distinguished from argument. There may indeed be conversational arguments, but there are no argumentative conversations. Henry Crabb Robinson was one of those who keep alive the knowledge that there is such a thing as conversation. What is it? In our day, what between the feuds of religion, politics, and social problems, and the writers who think that issuing a book is giving hostages to society never to be natural again, conversation is almost abandoned to children."—*Diary*, vol. iii. pp. 530, 531.

But we have been writing as though our readers knew Robinson, and did not need to be enlightened as to who he was. Yet some of them will want to learn about his origin and career. He himself has supplied the information. It was not till he was nearly seventy years old that he wrote the reminiscences which contain it. The diary, as we have stated, was begun in 1811, when he was thirty-six, and he continued it until within a few hours of his death. If the reminiscences want some of the vividness of the diary, they have the advantage of being Robinson's own condensation, and therefore needing none of the selection and sifting which the diary has required. Henry Crabb Robinson was the youngest son of Henry Robinson, a tanner, of Bury St. Edmunds, and Jemima Crabb. When the husband and the wife were married, they were said to be the handsomest pair ever known to have lived in Bury. Their son, Henry, scarcely inherited their good looks. He was born May 13th, 1775, and his earliest recollection was the illumination of Bury in honour of Admiral Keppel, which event took place when the child was three years and nine months old. A little later his grandmother died, and he remarked, "I shall know my grandmother in heaven by the green ribbon round her cap." His first schoolmaster was Mr. Blomfield, grandfather of the late Bishop Blomfield. The religious teaching which he received from his parents, who were Dissenters, was of the Calvinist

school, and he was early impressed with the sternest of their dogmas. Sunday was a dreary day to him. He used to be taken twice to "Meeting," to spend the afternoon in listening to Matthew Henry, with an occasional diversion in the turning of an apple-pie, as it was being baked in a Dutch oven. At school he was noted for his power of telling anecdotes, and many a night he would keep his schoolfellows awake listening to his tales of wonder and terror. Strangely enough, that faculty wholly left him after he attained to manhood. Another, the "gift of prayer," he certainly did not cultivate, except at school, although, as a schoolboy, he prided himself on extempore supplication and despised "book prayers." Just after he left school the French Revolution broke out, and every one of the young schoolboy's contemporaries rejoiced at what then seemed a beneficent event, and the sure precursor of the downfall of Popery and absolute government. He was not consulted as to the choice of a profession. He was destined for the life of an attorney, and was articled to a solicitor at Colchester. At the Spring Assizes of 1791 he had the "high enjoyment" of hearing Erskine. The charm of Erskine's voice and the fascination of Erskine's eye were irresistible. Young Robinson found his "affection so completely won," that had the verdict been given against the great pleader, his youthful listener would have "burst out crying."

"I profited by Erskine. I remarked his great artifice, if I may call it so, and in a small way I afterwards practised it. It lay in his frequent repetitions. He had one or two leading arguments and main facts on which he was constantly dwelling. But then he had marvellous skill in varying his phraseology, so that no one was sensible of tautology in the expressions. Like the doubling of a hare, he was perpetually coming to his old place."—*Diary*, vol. i. p. 17.

Another great orator made an equally powerful impression upon Robinson:—

"It was, I believe, in October 1790, and not long before his death, that I heard John Wesley in the great, round Meeting-house at Colchester. He stood in a wide pulpit, and on each side of him stood a minister, and the two held him up, having their hands under his armpits. His feeble voice was barely audible. But his reverend countenance, especially his long, white locks, formed a picture never to be forgotten. There was a vast crowd of lovers and admirers. It was for the most part pantomime, but the pantomime went to the heart. Of the kind, I never saw anything comparable to it in after life."—P. 19.

This incident was never forgotten by Robinson. He often related it at his own table, with the addition, that so greatly was Wesley revered, that the people stood in a double line to see him as he passed through the streets on his way to the chapel. In a letter written at the time to one of his brothers, he gave the following particulars of the same occurrence :—

“ At another time, and not knowing the man, I should almost have ridiculed his figure. Far from it now. I look upon him with a respect bordering on enthusiasm. After the people had sung one verse of a hymn he arose and said, ‘ It gives me a great pleasure to find that you have not lost your singing. Neither men nor women—you have not forgot a single note. And I hope that by the assistance of the same God, who enables you to sing well, you may do all other things well.’ A universal ‘ Amen ’ followed. At the end of every head or division of his discourse, he finished by a kind of prayer, a momentary wish, as it were, not consisting of more than three or four words, which were always followed by a universal buzz. His discourse was short, the text I could not hear. After the last prayer he rose up and addressed the people upon liberality of sentiment, and spoke much against refusing to join with any congregation on account of difference of opinion. He said, ‘ If they do but fear God, work righteousness, and keep His commandments, we have nothing to object to.’ ”—*Diary*, vol. i. p. 20.

This catholicity would particularly please Robinson, because he was at that time catholic and something more. He was a great admirer of Priestley, and was angered because, at a meeting in favour of the repeal of the Test and Corporation Act, some one denied that Priestley was a Christian. In after life Robinson considered himself a Unitarian; yet not the less was he the friend of men of all creeds. While still in the first years of manhood his theological opinions brought him into collision with Robert Hall. He was told that Mr. Hall had said that it was disgraceful for Mr. Nash (a common friend) as a Christian to admit Robinson into the house. Thereupon Robinson wrote to Mr. Hall a long letter, defending both himself and the doctrines of William Godwin, for holding which he had been censured by his traducer. Robert Hall replied that he believed Robinson to be a professor of infidelity and pantheism, and therefore, as became him, he warned a Christian brother of the peril of intercourse with such a man. Each letter was excellent in its way, and when a little later the two correspondents met, Hall remarked to Robinson, respecting a person who thought himself aggrieved by the minister's strictures, “ He ought at once to have come forward, and in a manly way, as you did, made his complaint.”

In 1796 Robinson came to London, took a lodging in Drury-lane, and lived on a guinea a week. He did not find the law improve on further acquaintance. He became a conveyancing clerk, and drudged at copying during the whole of 1797, which is put down in his diary as "The Servitude Year." On New Year's Day, 1798, he was set free by the news of the death of an uncle who had left him about £100 a year. He was thus placed in a position which allowed him to deliberate if he would continue in his profession or devote himself to literature. His tastes inclined him to the latter pursuit. He had formed many literary friendships, among them one with William Taylor, of Norwich, the well-known German scholar. This gentleman imparted his love of German study to Robinson, who thereupon determined to visit Germany. In that country he remained five years, one of the most interesting periods of his life. It was a period of alternating war and peace, and on more than one occasion Robinson was in imminent danger of being arrested as a British subject by the French. He was greatly aided by his facility for acquiring languages. He studied to such good effect that he passed for a German among Germans. On one occasion some fellow-students passed him off upon the landlord of an hotel as Fichte. The host was delighted at being honoured by so illustrious a guest. The news of his presence spread far and wide, and among those who flocked to see the great man was a Roman Catholic priest, who begged for a few words in private:—

"I thought I might innocently indemnify myself by hearing something of his sentiments. 'Pray,' said I, 'now that the young people are away let us talk openly. Men of our character understand each other. How is it that a person of your philosophic turn of mind can submit to the slavery of the Roman Catholic system? How do you dare to think philosophy?' He assumed a look that Hogarth might have borrowed, and said, 'To tell you the truth, Herr Professor, there is not one of us who does not feel the yoke, and we envy you Protestants; but we are poor, and submit for the sake of a maintenance. But I assure you that we are more enlightened than you are aware of.' And then he said with a smile of conceit, 'Perhaps after all we do not believe so much even as you. In secret we are very enlightened.'"—*Diary*, vol. i. pp. 201, 202.

At Weimar, Robinson made the acquaintance of Wieland, and found him then (1801) shrunk into the old man. "His pale and delicate countenance was plain, and had something of the satyr in it. He wore a black skull-cap." He expressed

a low opinion of Christianity; considered that Jesus Christ and Apollonius of Tyana had alike made use of superstition in order to teach a beneficent morality, and admitted that his hopes of any great improvement in mankind were faint. He asserted that the Reformation had been a disastrous event, because it had retarded the progress of philosophy for centuries. After this interview Robinson had an opportunity of seeing a greater man than Wieland. He had expressed a wish to speak with Wieland—to look at Goethe; and he had his wish:—

“Goethe lived in a large and handsome house—that is, for Weimar. Before the door of his study was marked in mosaic, SALVE. On our entrance he rose, and with rather a cool and distant air beckoned us to take seats. As he fixed his burning eye on Seume, who took the lead, I had his profile before me, and this was the case during the whole of our twenty minutes’ stay. He was then about fifty-two years of age, and was beginning to be corpulent. He was, I think, one of the most oppressively handsome men I ever saw. My feeling of awe was heightened by an accident. The last play which I had seen in England was ‘Measure for Measure,’ in which one of the most remarkable moments was when Kemble (the Duke), disguised as a monk, had his hood pulled off by Lucio. On this Kemble, with an expression of wonderful dignity, ascended the throne and delivered judgment on the wrong-doers. Goethe sat in precisely the same attitude, and I had precisely the same view of his side-face. The conversation was quite insignificant. My companions talked about themselves—Seume about his youth of adversity and strange adventures. Goethe smiled, with, as I thought, the benignity of condescension. When we were dismissed, and I was in the open air, I felt as if a weight were removed from my breast, and exclaimed, ‘Gott sei Dank!’”—*Diary*, vol. i. p. 111.

But Robinson was to do something more than gaze upon the great philosopher of sweetness and light. One evening they met at the Weimar Theatre, and Goethe said smiling, “Do you know, Mr. Robinson, that you have affronted me?” “How is that possible, Herr Geheimerath?” “Why, you have visited everyone at Weimar excepting me.” Robinson blushed and replied, “You may imagine any cause but want of reverence.” Goethe smiled and said, “I shall be happy to see you at any time.” Robinson left his card, and there followed an invitation to dinner. The other guests were Schlegel, Tieck, the sculptor, and Riemer. Robinson was much struck by the difference between Goethe and Schlegel. “Nothing could exceed the repose of Goethe; whereas on Schlegel’s part there was an evident striving after pun and point.” This visit was made in 1804. Exactly a quarter of

a century later Robinson renewed the intercourse. Goethe was then an octogenarian, but his affections seem to have expanded with age. Comparing the two visits, Robinson writes in 1829 :—

“ I beheld the same eye, indeed, but the eyebrows were become thin, the cheeks were furrowed, the lips no longer curled with fearful compression, and the lofty, erect posture had sunk to a gentle stoop. *Then* he never honoured me with a look after the first haughty nod, *now* he was all courtesy. ‘ Well, you are come at last,’ he said; ‘ we have waited years for you.’ ”—*Diary*, vol. ii. p. 430.

They discoursed on Byron, whom Goethe lauded with a praise that to us seems extravagant. One remark was just. He said, “*Es sind keine Flickwörter im Gedichte*” (“There is no padding in his poetry”). He lamented that Byron had not dramatised the Old Testament. He admitted the grandeur of Milton’s *Samson Agonistes*, thought little of Coleridge, knew little of Burns. Writing to a friend he described his conversations with Robinson, and spoke of his visitor as a sort of missionary on behalf of English poetry. “He was not aware,” says Robinson, “that I had not the courage to name the poet to whom I was and am most attached—Wordsworth, for I knew that there were too many dissonances of character between them. As Southey remarked to me, ‘How many sympathies, how many dispathies do I feel with Goethe.’” Tieck, the author, Robinson found less grand than Goethe, but his company more enjoyable. With Schiller he was only slightly acquainted. He asked him one day if he did not know English. Schiller replied, “I have read Shakespeare in English, but on principle not much. My business is to write German, and I am convinced that a person cannot read much in foreign languages without losing that delicate tact in the perception of the power of words, which is essential to good writing.” On Friday, May 10th, 1805, Robinson was drinking tea with his friend Knebel at Jena :—

“ Whilst I was there some one came in with the news ‘*Schiller ist todt.*’ Knebel sprang up, and in a loud voice exclaimed, whilst he struck the table violently, ‘*Der Tod ist der einzige dumme Jung.*’ It was ridiculous and pathetic. Dear Knebel’s passions were always an odd combination of fury and tenderness. He loved Schiller, and gave to his feelings immediate and unconsidered expression. He had no other word for them now than the comic student word of offence, the prelude to a duel, ‘Death is the only fool.’ ”

The next day Robinson was at a party, and, referring to Schiller's death, greatly angered one of the grand ducal gentlemen of the bedchamber by saying, "The glory of Weimar is rapidly passing away." With a truly bedchamber estimate of poets and grand dukes the Kammer-herr replied, "All the poets might die, but the court of Weimar would still remain." The statement was true enough, yet not altogether relevant.

Robinson returned to England in the packet which brought the news of the fatal battle of Austerlitz. He spent a few months in England, making acquaintance with the Lambs, whom he loved tenderly, as every one who knew that admirable brother and sister did love them; and with Mrs. Barbauld, with whom he became a fast friend, and of whose admirable qualities he speaks again and again. To the first he was introduced by Mrs. Clarkson, wife of the slave-emancipator. He had known her under her maiden name of Catherine Buck, and in his *Reminiscences*, written when he was nearly seventy years old, he speaks of her as "the most eloquent woman I have ever known except Madame de Staël." He did not remain in England long. John Walter of the *Times* asked him to become correspondent of that paper at Altona. Robinson gladly assented, and the engagement led to a life-long friendship between the two. Hamburg was at that time in the possession of the French. Altona, on the opposite side of the Elbe, was a neutral territory. It soon became evident that the neutrality would not be observed long. First came the news of the overwhelming defeat of the Russians at Friedland. Then came the tidings of peace between Russia and France, and there could be little doubt but that Napoleon would next turn his arms against England. Then followed the bombardment of Copenhagen and the seizure of the Danish fleet by England, a proceeding of questionable morality—justifiable, if at all, only on the ground of extreme necessity. It may easily be imagined that the position of Englishmen on Danish territory was unpleasant. Nevertheless Robinson was personally so popular, and had made himself so many friends, that he received sufficient warning from the people of Altona to escape, and to secure the flight of his fellow-countrymen from impending capture and imprisonment. He paid a short visit to Sweden, and returned to England after nine months' absence. He was offered the post of foreign editor of the *Times*, and he filled it for six months, the happiest of his life. He used to go down to Printing-house-square, translate from the German papers,

and write on foreign subjects. Then he became editor, and was entrusted with the opening of all correspondence. While he was in his room, Mr. Walter was in his, and there the great leaders which used to be so much talked about were written. At this time the principal leader-writer was Peter Fraser, then a Fellow of Corpus, Cambridge, afterwards rector of Kegworth, in Leicestershire. He would probably have thought it a degradation to be known as editor or writer, and he always wrote in Walter's parlour. After he ceased to write he was a constant adviser. In vehemence of declamation he was equalled only by Admiral Sterling, the "Thunderer," father of John Sterling. Another of the *Times*' staff was no other than William Combe, author of *The Travels of Dr. Syntax*. At this time and until the end of his life he was an inhabitant of King's Bench Prison, and when he came to Printing-house-square it was only by virtue of a day rule. Walter offered to pay his debts, but Combe would not consent, inasmuch as he did not acknowledge the equity of the claim for which he was imprisoned. In the summer of 1808 Robinson undertook at Mr. Walter's request to be the Spanish correspondent of the *Times*. The revolution had just broken out, and of course the journal must have its representative on the spot. Robinson took up his quarters at Corunna, and remained there six months, when in consequence of the disastrous retreat of Sir John Moore the English had for a while to leave the Spaniards to their fate. During the short time Robinson was in Spain he thoroughly enjoyed himself, and, as was his wont, made many friends and mastered the language. After his return to London he ceased to be connected with the *Times*. The reason of his dismissal is not given, but Robinson says that Walter and himself remained as good friends as before. Indeed some eight years afterwards Walter commissioned Robinson to offer the editorship of the *Times* to Southey. The offer was unhesitatingly declined. Robinson then dabbled a little in magazine writing, and began keeping his terms at Middle Temple Hall. At this time he was leading the life of a dilettante. He had troops of friends, and those of the highest class intellectually. But he had not determined upon his career. As he said many years later to Mr. Macmillan, the publisher, "I early found that I had not the literary ability to give me such a place among English authors as I should have desired; but I thought that I had an opportunity of gaining a knowledge of many of the most distinguished men of the age, and that I might do some good by keeping a record of my interviews

with them." Yet though convinced that he was not to be an author, he could not make up his mind to study for the Bar seriously. For this indecision he incurred a rebuke which produced a good effect. A friend asked him to attend as a reporter for the State trials at York. Robinson declined on the ground of the objection taken to reporters being called to the Bar. Whereupon the friend said, "For a man who has the repute of having sense you act very like a fool. You decline reporting because that might be an obstacle to your being called to the Bar, and yet you take no steps towards being called to the Bar. Now do one or the other. Either take to newspaper employment, or study the law at once, and lose no more time." The result of this advice was announced by Robinson in a letter to his brother Thomas, written March 14, 1811: "I have at length (after hesitating only from twelve to thirteen years) made up my mind to abandon all my hobby-horsical and vain, idle, and empty literary pursuits, and devote myself to the law." A little more than two years later he was able to announce to the same relative that he had taken the oaths of allegiance, and that he dined with his friends, a party of twenty, and "after drinking about six bottles of humble port, claret was brought in, and we broke up at ten. What we had been doing in the meanwhile I shall be better able to tell when I have received the butler's bill." We may anticipate some years by saying that Robinson went the Norfolk circuit, was exceedingly successful, made a competency in a comparatively short time, and then retired in order to enjoy his literary friendships, which he then did with a clear conscience. Writing in 1847, when he was seventy-two years old, he said:—

"I have frequently asserted since my retirement, that the two wisest acts of my life were my going to the Bar when, according to the usual age at which men begin practice, I was already an old man, being thirty-eight; and my retiring from the Bar when, according to the same ordinary usage, I was still a young man, viz., fifty-three."—*Diary*, vol. i. p. 414.

In truth, Robinson did not value money for its own sake. When at the close of his second year at the Bar he found his fees increased from £219 to £321 he already seemed, in his own estimation, to be within reach of affluence, and, recording the fact, he added: "I hope I shall not contract habits of parsimony." His hope was fully realised. After he had retired from his profession he used to give away £500 a year in charity. Many were the gifts which came to struggling

authors, artists, and others from an unknown benefactor. To his friends he would say: "If you know of any case in which money would do good, come to me." He took great pains with his gifts. It was not merely money, but trouble which he gave. Yet he did not like to be much thanked. He felt humiliated by profuse gratitude. He would avoid this by a pretence that his present was amply compensated for by a copy or two of an author's works, or by a ticket to a lecturer's course.

Robinson's commencement at the Bar gave occasion to that best of punsters, Charles Lamb, to make one of his best jokes. Talking over Robinson's first brief, Elia asked, "Did you not say, 'Thou great first cause, least understood?'" Robinson's subsequent experience on circuit was marked by many interesting incidents. It was at the summer circuit of 1816 that Rolfe made his first appearance. Robinson at once recognised the ability of the new comer. "He is a very acceptable companion, but, I fear, a dangerous rival," was the entry in the diary. The rivalry did not destroy friendship. Years afterwards it was continued when Robinson was enjoying *otium cum dignitate* in Russell-square, and Rolfe was sustaining *labor cum dignitate* as Baron Cranworth and Lord High Chancellor of England. In the following year Robinson was present at Bedford during an action brought by the rector of Sutton against Sir Montagu Burgoyne, a parishioner, for not going to church. Damages were laid at £20. Baron Graham, before whom the case was tried, was fidgetty. He asked if the Act had not been repealed by the Toleration Act. Fortunately for the Church there was a good ground of defence on the facts. It was shown, for instance, that the defendant was a sincere Churchman, and that the church was frequently shut up, so a verdict was given in his favour and the point of law was not decided. A little later the plaintiff-rector was deprived of his living by his bishop for immorality. On Nov. 17, 1817, Robinson writes: "I witnessed to-day a scene which would have been a reproach to Turkey or the Emperor of Dahomey—a wager of battle in Westminster-hall." A man named Thornton was brought up for trial on appeal after acquittal for murder; the next of kin to the person murdered having the right to appeal for a trial, even after the accused had been acquitted by the Crown. Thornton, on being asked to plead, said, "Not guilty; and this I am ready to defend with my body." At the same time he threw a large glove or gauntlet into the Court. There was great astonishment. The judges looked embarrassed. The counsel

for the appellant protested against such an obsolete mode of answering a criminal charge, pointed out the physical disproportion between the appellant and Thornton, and declared it was a shocking thing that because the prisoner had murdered the sister he should murder also the brother. Lord Ellenborough would not admit that any practice sanctioned by the law could be murder. This case led to a long succession of pleadings, and after much black letter law had been cited, an Act was passed to repeal this monstrous statute, and Thornton was acquitted. A few days later Robinson, who was generally on the side of the defence, was retained to defend a man named Williams for selling Hone's famous parodies upon the Litany and the Athanasian Creed. Robinson complained of the harshness of proceeding against the minor offender before prosecuting the major, and, with regard to the Athanasian Creed, remarked that many persons believed in the doctrine who did not approve of the commentary. The result of the trial was that Williams was sentenced to eight months' imprisonment and a fine of £100 for the parody upon the Litany, and to four months' imprisonment for that upon the Creed. Hone himself was more fortunate than poor Williams. He was tried first on Dec. 18, 1817, before Abbott (afterwards Lord Tenterden), for a parody upon the Church Catechism. Hone made a long rambling speech of many hours, but it was very courageous, and, Abbott being no match for him, Hone was acquitted. The next day Hone was again put on his trial for a parody upon the Litany. This time Ellenborough presided:—

“Hone was evidently less master of himself before Ellenborough than before Abbott, and perhaps would have sunk in the conflict but for the aid he received from the former acquittal. He pursued exactly the same course as before. This charge was for publishing a parody on the Litany, and it was charged both as an anti-religious and a political libel; but the Attorney-General did not press the political count. After a couple of hours' flourishing on irrelevant matter, Hone renewed his perusal of old parodies. On this Lord Ellenborough said he should not suffer the giving them in evidence. This was said in such a way that it at first appeared he would not suffer them to be read. However, Hone said, if he could not proceed in his own way he would sit down, and Lord Ellenborough might send him to prison. He then went on as before. Several times he was stopped by the Chief Justice, but never to any purpose. Hone returned to the offensive topic, and did not quit it till he had effected his purpose, and the judge, baffled and worn out, yielded to the prisoner:—

An eagle, towering in the pride of place,  
Was by a moping owl hawk'd at and killed.

I came away to dinner, and returned to the Hall to hear the conclusion of the trial. Shepherd was feeble in his reply. But Lord Ellenborough was eloquent. In a grave and solemn style becoming a judge he declared his judgment that the parody was a profane libel. The jury retired, and were away so long that I left the court, but I anticipated the result."—*Diary*, vol. ii. p. 76.

With inconceivable folly the Government persisted in trying Hone a third time on the next day. The consequence was to be foreseen. He was again acquitted, after having carried his boldness to insolence. In his seven hours' speech he assumed almost a menacing tone. He drew a pathetic picture of his own poverty and sufferings. For the third time he was acquitted. Robinson, referring to this triple victory, wrote:—

"Lord Ellenborough is justly punished for his inhumanity to Hone on a former occasion, and this illiterate man has avenged all our injuries. Lord Ellenborough reigned over submissive subjects like a despot. Now he feels, and even the Bar may learn, that the fault is in them, and not in their stars, if they are underlings. Lord Ellenborough has sustained the severest shock he ever endured, and I really should not wonder if it shortened his life."—*Diary*, vol. ii. p. 78.

By 1818 Robinson's practice had increased, but his fees were still under £500 a year. Nevertheless he was looked upon as a rising man. In the Spring Term of that year Gurney, afterwards one of the Barons of the Exchequer, brought him a bag, for which the presenter received a guinea. This little formality was in accordance with an ancient custom by which no barrister, who was not a serjeant or king's counsel, could carry a bag in Westminster Hall until some king's counsel gave him one. Until then he was compelled to hold all his papers in his hand. The present of the bag indicated that the presentee was considered a rising man. This opinion was well founded in Robinson's case. Next year he wrote of the August Assizes at Norwich, "I was alarmed at the quantity of business there. It exceeded, in fact, anything I ever had before." The value of the fees was 134 guineas. Upon the strength of this increase he took Serjeant Frere's chambers in King's Bench-walk for fourteen years at 75 guineas per annum. The accumulation of property seems to have produced the usual effect, by rendering Robinson more conservative. His diary now contains constant remarks showing that he was dissatisfied with the revolutionary spirit which then so justly pervaded a people trampled upon by one of the worst Ministries that ever held the seals of office. He rejoices that

orator Hunt could not get a hearing at the Westminster election, and that Carlyle is convicted for blasphemy; he speaks of "seditious spirits," and though he does not go so far as to approve the Six Acts, he speaks of them mildly as objectionable. However, Robinson never became a Tory, but was always heartily attached to Liberal views in matters political.

In 1825 Robinson became, by the death of Henry Cooper, a leader on the Norfolk Circuit, and on the first occasion that he appeared in this capacity he held briefs in sixteen out of seventeen causes tried. Writing a quarter of a century later, he remarked of Thomson and of himself, "Still, however, with all his faults, and though he was as little of a lawyer almost as myself, his death caused a vacancy, which I was unable to fill."

Another character was the Irish Lord Chancellor Redesdale. He was very slow at taking a joke. In a will case tried before him he said, with reference to a remark of Plunkett's, "The learned counsellor talks of 'flying kites,' what does that mean? I recollect flying kites when I was a boy in England." "Oh, my lord," said Plunkett, "the difference is very great. The wind raised those kites your lordship speaks of—ours raise the wind." Every one laughed but the Chancellor, who did not comprehend the illustration. Had he lived to see the last panic, even he could not have remained ignorant of the meaning of kite-flying.

In 1828 Robinson retired from his profession. He thus records this step:—

"My object in being called to the Bar was to acquire a gentlemanly independence, such, at least, as would enable a bachelor, of no luxurious or expensive habits, to enjoy good society with leisure. And having about £200 per annum, with the prospect of something more, I was not afraid to make known to my friends that while I deemed it becoming in me to continue in the profession until I was fifty years of age, and until I had a net income of £500 per annum, I had made up my mind not to continue longer unless there were other inducements than those of mere money-making."—*Diary*, vol. ii. p. 398.

The truth is, Robinson never cared for the law. He spoke of it about this time in a letter to Goethe as an uncongenial profession; and his moderate success—he seems never to have made £700 a year—was no inducement to continue a pursuit which had no other attraction to him than the prospect of securing thereby an income sufficient to abandon it. Subsequently he became possessed of considerable fortune through the death of his brother, and was thus enabled to live in

affluence and to indulge in his favourite luxuries—a good library, the best literary society, and munificent acts of charity. Before this time, however, Robinson had become the friend of some of the best known men and women of the day. His account of them and his relations with them afford most interesting reading. At a comparatively early period he became acquainted with Madame de Staël, whom he considered the most eloquent woman he ever knew. He thus describes his introduction to her:—

“On the 28th of January, 1804, I first waited upon her. I was shown into her bedroom, for which, not knowing Parisian customs, I was unprepared. She was sitting, most decorously, in her bed, and writing. She had her nightcap on, and her face was not made up for the day. It was by no means a captivating spectacle, but I had a very cordial reception, and two bright black eyes smiled benignantly on me. After a warm expression of her pleasure at making my acquaintance, she dismissed me till three o'clock. On my return then I found a very different person—the accomplished Frenchwoman surrounded by admirers, some of whom were themselves distinguished. Among them was the aged Wieland. There was on this, and I believe on almost every other occasion, but one lady among the guests; in this instance Frau von Kalb. Madame de Staël did not affect to conceal her preference for the society of men to that of her own sex.”—*Diary*, vol. i. p. 174.

Nine years subsequently this eminent lady visited London, and Robinson, dining at her house, met Lady Mackintosh, Godwin, Curran, and many eminent Liberals. She spoke freely of her old foe Bonaparte. She declared he had a pleasure in being rude. He said he did not think women ought to write books. She answered, “It is not every woman who can gain distinction by an alliance with a General Bonaparte.” Bonaparte remarked to the widow of Condorcet, “I do not like women who meddle with politics.” She retorted, “Ah, mon Général, so long as you men take a fancy to cut off our heads now and then, we are interested in knowing why you do it.” On another occasion Bonaparte said to a party of ladies, “*Faites moi de conscrits.*” Whether or no they thought that their highest duty consisted in giving this insatiable man *chair à canon* is not recorded. Madame de Staël had the very highest idea of the English constitution, and considered it perfect. Even in the old bad days of Castle-reagh and Liverpool it was far superior to the Napoleonic autocracy.

With Wordsworth and Coleridge, Robinson was closely intimate. He was himself identified by the literary world with

the "Lakists." Moore, describing a dinner at which he, Coleridge, Rogers, Wordsworth, Charles Lamb, and Robinson were present, spoke sarcastically of the guests, and described the last as "a Mr. Robinson, one of the *minora sidera* of this constellation of the Lakes." Charles Lamb fared no better; he was "a clever fellow, certainly, but full of villanous and abortive puns, which he miscarries of every minute." It is amusing to read Lamb's account of the same dinner. Writing to Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet, he says:—

"I wished for you yesterday. I dined on Parnassus with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Rogers, and Tom Moore: half the poetry of England constellated in Gloucester-place! It was a delightful evening. Coleridge was in his first vein of talk—had all the talk; and let them talk as evilly as they do of the envy of poets, I am sure not one there but was content to be nothing but a listener. The Muses were dumb while Apollo lectured on his and their fine art. It is a lie that poets are envious. I have known the best of them, and can speak to it, that they give each other their merits, and are the kindest critics as well as the best authors."—*Diary*, vol. ii. p. 248.

Lamb was speaking out of the fullness of his own kind heart. Moore sneered at the "Lakists." Coleridge wrote to Robinson:—

"I have read two pages of *Lalla Rookh*, or whatever it is called. Merciful heaven! I dare read no more, that I may be able to answer at once to any questions, 'I have but just looked at the work.' Oh, Robinson! If I could, or if I dared, act and feel as Moore and his set do, what havoc could I not make amongst their crockery-ware! Why, there are not three lines together without some adulteration of common English."—*Diary*, vol. ii. p. 58.

Between Moore and Coleridge there was certainly not likely to be anything in common. But even between fellow "Lakists" there was not always peace. Eleven years before the above-mentioned dinner there was a serious misunderstanding between Wordsworth and Coleridge. The second resented some remarks which had been made upon him by Wordsworth to a third person. Lamb feared that a breach was inevitable. Robinson offered himself as mediator. He went repeatedly between them, and the feeling and eloquence of the one, and the integrity, piety, and delicacy of the other, made him the more regret the rupture, and the more hopeful of a restoration of friendship. He was successful. It was on a memorable evening that Robinson called at Coleridge's and found Lamb there, the two discussing the terrible news of Perceval's assassination, and it was then that Coleridge whispered to the peace-maker, "Wordsworth's letter has been

perfectly satisfactory, and I answered it immediately." It was about this time that Wordsworth declared to Robinson that the powers of Coleridge's mind were greater than those of any man he ever knew. His genius was great, but his talents were still greater. Robinson's admiration of Wordsworth, both as a man and a poet, was deep and intense. As we have seen, the first considered the second the greatest poet of his time. Robinson was a frequent visitor at Rydal Mount, and found himself fully repaid, by Wordsworth's society, for the drenching rain, which almost always befel him. Occasionally the two friends travelled together during the long vacation. Two memorable tours they made—one to Switzerland in 1820, the other to Italy in 1837. Robinson's accounts of these tours are about the least satisfactory portions of the diary. Wordsworth's account of his second tour he dedicated to his fellow-traveller. In later years Robinson used to visit Wordsworth during the winter, a season that one would not choose for seeing the lakes. But Robinson went to see his friend. He had the pressing invitation of Mrs. Wordsworth, who believed that Robinson's buoyant spirits would promote her husband's health. On these occasions he would take a lodging near Rydal Mount, but spend the day with the Wordsworths, and thus became known in the neighbourhood as one of the family. These yearly visits were anticipated with eagerness. "All look forward to your arrival," writes Quillinan (Wordsworth's son-in-law), "as to the holly branch, without which no Christmas will be genuine. I always sing the same song—no Crabb no Christmas."

The friendship between Robinson and Wordsworth lasted during fifty-five years. They were introduced to each other in 1795 by Catherine Buck, afterwards the wife of Thomas Clarkson, and on April 23rd, 1850, Robinson wrote in his diary, "This day will have a black mark in the annals of the age, for on this day died the greatest man I ever had the honour of calling friend—Wordsworth." Great as their friendship was, Robinson was not blind to Wordsworth's occasional defects as a poet. He lamented that Wordsworth so rigidly abstained from writing his poems on subjects interesting in themselves. He admitted that the author of the "Excursion" was sometimes too fond of digression, and apt to be wearying. He allowed that there were occasional baldnesses and trivialities. "Peter Bell" he considered would put its author back ten years in the public estimation, and, says Robinson, I could not venture to read aloud the line—

"Three feet long and two feet wide."

Wordsworth, however, was generally very obstinate with regard to his works. He rarely made any alteration. When a friend said that if he were permitted to omit about half-a-dozen poems, he would guarantee that Wordsworth should become the most popular poet of the day, Wordsworth replied that he preferred to be as he was. Sometimes his own estimate turned out correct. For instance, he was implored to leave out "We are Seven" as certain to damn the volume which contained it. As it became one of his most popular poems, its writer used to quote this as an answer to other objections made with better reason. We may remark in passing that the first four lines of "We are Seven" were written by Coleridge. In his later years Wordsworth became almost as great a Tory as Southey. In 1832 he wrote to Robinson a most melancholy letter, in which he spoke of leaving the country on account of the impending ruin which was to be brought about by the Reform Bill. If it be said that these alarming views were not surprising in a man of advanced years, who had nearly all his life lived in a remote part of the country secluded from men, we are met by the fact that Coleridge, who resided close to London, and was in constant communication with the leading spirits of the age, was quite as much a Tory as Wordsworth. Coleridge looked upon the Catholic Emancipation Act as not only a political blunder, but a national sin. With these opinions Robinson had no sympathy. He thought that the greatest danger for a nation lay in the refusal of the rulers to grant timely changes, and that religious disabilities were absolute wrongs, which no people with a spark of independence ought to endure. It was this conviction which made him the only Protestant member of the English Bar who signed the memorial in favour of Catholic Emancipation, and which made him assist in drawing up and urge through Parliament the Dissenters' Chapel Bill, one of the three good deeds of his life, as he used to say. Five and thirty years ago, when Wordsworth was apprehending mischief from that "dangerous" man Stanley (the late Lord Derby), Robinson was pointing out the gross injustice of the Irish Church Establishment, and censuring the Whigs for the hesitating manner in which they treated a subject whose settlement was inevitable; and though he did not live to see that settlement, he foresaw that it would be the logical and necessary sequence of the legislation of 1829 and 1832. Wordsworth vehemently deprecated it, and earnestly defended the Church Establishment. He even said he would shed his blood for it. Nor was he disconcerted by a laugh raised

against him on account of his having before confessed that he knew not when he had been in a church in his own country. "All our ministers are so vile," he said. Yet he thought that the mischief of allowing the clergy to depend on the caprice of the multitude more than outweighed all the evils of an establishment. Fortunately for the Lakist *habitantes in sicco* they were, many years after this little conversation, visited every summer by one of the most eminent of English clergymen, Arnold, of Rugby. With him Robinson had much converse on religious subjects, which led to great admiration for the divine on the part of the layman. The latter wrote in 1836:—

"The doctor certainly talked more freely than I ever heard a D.D. talk, and from the head-master of so great an establishment as Rugby this is a significant sign of the times. The doctor is to be one of the examiners in the London University. He has, however, required that he shall be at liberty to refer to Christianity as a system of Divine truth, not a mere scheme of philosophy. But, he says, Christianity shall be referred to in a way that shall offend no sect whatever."—*Diary*, vol. iii. p. 83.

Arnold and Robinson took walks together in the Lake District. The bad roads in the neighbourhood led the doctor to apply to them political epithets, very common about that time. The original road between Rydal and Keswick he named "Old Corruption," the first new road "Bit-by-bit Reform," and the beautiful road by the lake "Radical Reform." The two occasionally dined together, when they discussed the last new books, such as Gladstone *On the Relation of the Church to the State*, which they said would "delight the high-flying Anglo-Papist party at Oxford." It was at a brilliant party at Miss Coutts's that the sad news of Arnold's sudden death reached Robinson. Of Arnold, Mrs. Wordsworth said, that while not always judicious, he was a truly good man, who thirsted after holiness.

Robinson was introduced to Coleridge by the same friend that introduced him to Wordsworth and Lamb, Mrs. Clarkson. Robinson, as an accomplished talker, took stock of Coleridge, the talker *par excellence*, and thus describes him in a letter dated 1810:—

"Coleridge kept me on the stretch of attention and admiration from half-past three till twelve o'clock. On politics, metaphysics, and poetry, more especially on the Regency, Kant, and Shakespeare, he was astonishingly eloquent. But I cannot help remarking, that although he practises all sorts of delightful tricks, and shows admirable skill in riding his hobby, yet he may be easily unsaddled. I was surprised to

find how one may obtain from him concessions which lead to great inconsistencies. Though an incomparable declaimer and speech-maker, he had neither the readiness nor the acuteness required by a colloquial disputant, so that with a sense of inferiority, which makes one feel humble in his presence, I do not feel in the least afraid of him.' Robinson adds, 'This I wrote when I knew little of him : I used afterwards to compare him as a disputant to a serpent, easy to kill if you assume the offensive, but if you let him attack, his bite is mortal. Some years after this, when I saw Madame de Staël in London, I asked her what she thought of him. She replied, 'He is very great in monologue, but he has no idea of dialogue.'"—*Diary*, vol. i. pp. 313, 314.

In 1826 we find Robinson's admiration for Coleridge of the same high, but qualified, kind. Writing on June 15th, he says :—

"Coleridge, as usual, very eloquent, but, as usual, nothing remains now in my mind that I can venture to insert here. I never took a note of Coleridge's conversation which was not a *caput mortuum*. But still there is a *spirit*, and glorious spirit too, in what he says at all times."—*Diary*, vol. ii. p. 331.

Robinson was present at the first performance of Coleridge's tragedy *Remorse*. His "interest for the play was greater than in the play." In 1832 we find Robinson and Landor talking together to Coleridge at the Gilmans'. They found the old man eloquent, "horribly bent," and a great part of his conversation was abuse of the Ministry for taking away his pension, a piece of meanness on the part of Earl Grey which Landor denounced with his usual stormy vehemence. It was on July 25th, 1834, that Robinson heard of Coleridge's death, and mourned the loss which English literature had sustained.

With Southey, Robinson's acquaintance was less intimate than with Southey's fellow-Lakists. Robinson, as we have seen, was commissioned to offer Southey the editorship of the *Times*. This was the poet's reply :—

"Your letter may be answered without deliberation. No emolument, however great, would induce me to give up a country life and those pursuits in literature to which the studies of so many years have been directed. Indeed, I should consider that portion of my time which is given up to temporary politics grievously misspent if the interests at stake were less important. We are in danger of an insurrection of the Yahoos ; it is the fault of the Government that such a caste should exist in the midst of a civilised society, but till the breed can be mended it must be curbed, and that too with a strong hand."—*Diary*, vol. ii. p. 82.

Although we have no sympathy with Cobden's dictum, that a file of the *Times* is worth more than the whole of *Thucydides*, we may fairly take exception to Southey's estimate of contemporary politics, and of the position of the journalist. Southey wrote the history of Portugal in preference to writing leaders in the *Times*. By so doing he produced a book, which few persons read at the time of publication, and which no one reads now, upon a country in which but one Englishman out of a thousand takes any interest. By so doing he lost a splendid opportunity of influencing his contemporaries and fellow-countrymen, of helping to suppress the insurrection which he feared, and to guide the politics and mark the history of England. He chose to be a reviewer of past events in a country which was nothing to him rather than the director of present events in his native land. Far be it from us to depreciate the work of the historian, nevertheless we must protest against the historian's unworthy estimate of the journalist. While Southey thus peremptorily refused Robinson's offer, he made an offer to Robinson that he should write in the *Quarterly Review*. This proposal was more favourably received than the other, although it does not appear if Robinson actually availed himself of it. He was essentially a talker, not a writer. Early in life he wrote anonymously a book on Craniology, and he occasionally contributed articles to the magazines. But when at the ripe age of sixty-three he felt himself bound to appear in behalf of Clarkson against the sons and biographers of Wilberforce, and to claim for his friend some portion of that credit which they monopolised for their father, he was as nervous as a young lady at her first party. He wrote to Wordsworth:—

"I have heard of a lady by birth being reduced to cry 'muffins to sell' for a subsistence. She used to go out a-nights with her face hid up in her cloak, and then she would in the faintest voice utter her cry. Somebody passing by heard her cry 'Muffins to sell, muffins to sell! Oh, I hope nobody hears me.' This is just my feeling whenever I write anything. I think it is a piece of capital luck when those whose opinions I most value never chance to hear of my writing. On this occasion I must put my name, but I have refused everybody the putting it on the *title-page*. And I feel quite delighted that I shall be out of the way when the book comes out. It is remarkable how very different I feel as to talk and writing. No one talks with more ease and confidence than I do, no one writes with more difficulty and distrust."—*Diary*, vol. iii. p. 152.

In the same year that this letter was written, 1838, Robinson made a continental tour with Southey and other friends,

including John Kenyon, the wealthy *littérateur* who, dying about twenty years later, left the Brownings over £10,000 and £130,000 besides in legacies. The other members of the party were greatly surprised and grieved to find "to how great a degree the mind of the laureate (Southey) was departed." He seemed to take small interest in what he saw, and saw very little. He died five years later, mourned probably by no one so much as Walter Savage Landor.

The intimacy between Robinson and Landor began in 1830, when the first was making a tour in Italy. He thus describes the event in his diary:—

"August 14th.—Met to-day the one man living in Florence whom I was anxious to know. This was Walter Savage Landor, a man of unquestionable genius, but very questionable good sense; or, rather, one of those unmanageable men,—

" 'Blest with huge stores of wit,  
Who want as much again to manage it.' "

After mentioning that he was introduced as the friend of Southey, Robinson continues in a subsequent reminiscence:—

"He (Landor) was a man of florid complexion, with large full eyes, and altogether a *leonine* man and with a fierceness of tone well suited to his name; his decisions being confident, and on all subjects, whether of taste or life, unqualified, each standing for itself, not caring whether it was in harmony with what had gone before or would follow from the same oracular lips. But why should I trouble myself to describe him? He is painted by a master hand in Dickens's novel, *Bleak House*, now in course of publication, where he figures as Mr. Boythorn. The combination of superficial ferocity and inherent tenderness, so admirably portrayed in *Bleak House*, still at first strikes every stranger (for twenty-two years have not materially changed him), no less than his perfect frankness and reckless indifference to what he says."—*Diary*, vol. ii. pp. 401, 402.

What Landor thought of Robinson we learn from a letter which the first sent to a friend at Rome. He wrote:—

"I wish some accident may have brought you acquainted with Mr. Robinson, a friend of Wordsworth. He was a barrister, and notwithstanding, both honest and modest; a character I never heard of before; indeed I have never met with one who was either."—*Diary*, vol. ii. p. 490.

This intimacy thus begun lasted more than thirty years. Rich was the intellectual treat to Bathonians when Robinson came to pay a visit to Landor at Bath, and the other guests had an opportunity of hearing the conversation of these two men, who, though so different, had so much in common. On

one occasion Robinson differed from Landor on a subject which was always dear to the heart of the first—Wordsworth's poetical fame. Landor was angry because he thought Wordsworth had stolen from him, and spoilt in the stealing, a very beautiful metaphor. As was his wont, he gave vent to his wrath in language of needless severity, which was embodied in *A Satire*. The poem aroused Robinson to do battle in his friend's behalf.

Robinson's admiration of Wordsworth (so lasting that at ninety years of age he would quote whole passages from the poet's writings) was equalled, if at all, only by his admiration of Flaxman. Robinson thought him one of the purest, the noblest, the best of men. He died in 1826, and his friend wrote a quarter of a century later:—

"When Flaxman died his effects were sworn to be worth under £4,000, and I have been in the habit of citing his comparative poverty as a disgrace to the country, for while he died worth £4,000, Chantrey died worth above £150,000. Such is the different reward for genius and useful talent."—*Diary*, vol. ii. p. 136.

Canova depreciated Flaxman; but Samuel Rogers, no mean judge, placed the second above the first. Robinson thought Canova inferior even to Thorwaldsen, whom he met at Rome. One of the lasting achievements of Robinson's life, one of the few good works which gave him pride in the retrospect, was the collection of Flaxman's casts and the formation of the Flaxman Gallery in University College, London. Blake was another artist for whose genius Robinson had profound respect. At the same time Robinson knew perfectly well that Blake was insane. There was generally a sublime method in his insanity:—

"Shall I," says Robinson in 1825, "call Blake artist, genius, or madman? Probably he is all. He has a most interesting appearance. He is now old (sixty-eight), pale, with a Socratic countenance, and an expression of great sweetness, though with something of languor about it except when animated, and then he has about him an air of inspiration."—*Diary*, vol. ii. p. 301.

Much of Blake's conversation is recorded by Robinson, and so well recorded that we regret all the more he has not set down more of the wise sayings of his other illustrious friends. In 1830 Robinson met at Bunsen's house in Rome "a tall man, with lank hair and sallow cheeks." "I pointed him out," says Robinson, "to a German as the specimen of an English Methodist. He laughed, and exclaimed, 'Why, that is the Roman Catholic convert Overbeck; a rigid ascetic and melancholy devotee.'" A very different man was Abraham

Cooper, who died a few months ago, the oldest of the R.A.'s. He was formerly a groom to Meux, the brewer, who, detecting him in the act of making portraits of his horses, would not keep him as a groom, but got him employment as a horse painter. He was before that a rider at Astley's. He went into the Academy to learn to draw with the boys. At that time he knew nothing of the mechanism of his art, nevertheless he soon made such progress that Flaxman predicted that he would become very eminent. Cooper scarcely rose to that level; but his merits were great, especially when his early disadvantages were taken into account. His appearance did not bespeak his origin. Flaxman introduced him to Lord Grey, and as the two stood talking together the sculptor could not discern any difference between the peer and the painter.

Robinson's acquaintance with O'Connell was one of the most interesting events of his life. It was while he was making a vacation tour in Ireland during the height of the agitation (1826) immediately preceding Catholic emancipation, that Robinson first saw the liberator. He went into the Cork law courts, and noticed prominent among the Bar "a thick-set, broad-faced, good-humoured, middle-aged person, who spoke with the air of one conscious of authority." It was Daniel O'Connell, and he and Robinson soon fell into conversation. Two days later, on taking his place in the coach to Killarney, Robinson heard a voice addressing him, "You must get down, Mr. Robinson, and sit by O'Connell in front. He insists on it." Nothing loth, the Englishman placed himself by the side of the Irishman. It was one of the most delightful journeys Robinson had ever experienced. He writes :—

"There was sufficient difference between us to produce incessant controversy, and sufficient agreement to generate kindness and respect. Perceiving, at first, that he meant to have a long talk on the stirring topics of the day, I took an early opportunity of saying, 'In order that we should be on fair terms, as I know a great deal about you, and you know nothing about me, it is right that I should tell you that I am by education a Dissenter, that I have been brought up to think, and do think, the Roman Catholic Church the greatest enemy to civil and religious liberty, and that from a religious point of view it is the object of my abhorrence. But at the same time, you cannot have politically a warmer friend. I think emancipation your right. I do not allow myself to ask whether in like circumstances you would grant us what you demand. Emancipation is your right. And were I a Roman Catholic, there is no extremity I would not risk in order to get it.'—*Diary*, vol. ii. p. 338.

O'Connell seized Robinson's hand heartily, and said, "I would a thousand times rather talk with one of your way of thinking than with one of my own." At the end of their journey, which was one continual triumph for "the glorious counsellor," O'Connell made his companion promise to visit him at his house, Derrynane. It was situated on the shores of the Atlantic. "The next parish in that direction," said O'Connell, pointing seaward, "is Newfoundland." Robinson remained several days with his hospitable host. There was mass early every morning before the guest was up. On one occasion, when host, guest, and chaplain were taking a walk together, O'Connell said to Robinson, "There can be no doubt that there were great corruptions in our Church at the time what you call the Reformation took place, and a real reform did take place in our Church." Thereupon the priest "bolted," and O'Connell expressed his regret at having given offence to so excellent a man. Robinson and O'Connell met again at Waterford during a great political dinner. Robinson was called upon for a speech. He made a very honest one. He told his audience where he thought them wrong, and then he went on to explain why it was that Romanism was so little in favour with Englishmen. It was not because the Roman Church had more sacraments than the English, but because there was supposed to be in the maxims of the first something inconsistent with civil and religious liberty :—

"On this there was a cry from different parts of the room, 'That's no longer so,' 'Not so now.' I then expressed my satisfaction at the liberal statements I had heard that morning from two reverend gentlemen. Did I think that such sentiments would be echoed were the Roman Catholic Church not suffering but triumphant; could they be published as a Papal bull, I do not say I could become altogether a member of your Church, but it would be the object of my affection. Nay, if such sentiments constitute your religion, then I am of your Church, whether you receive me or no."—*Diary*, vol. ii. p. 356.

There were other speeches less judicious than this, and Robinson had the mortification to see his own so reported that in the seditious bombast published he could not recognise his own words.

We will give briefly Robinson's estimates of the other notabilities of his time. With William Hazlitt he did not get on well, we presume on account of Hazlitt's unfair criticisms upon Wordsworth. They knew each other early in life, and so long ago as 1799 Hazlitt is described by Robinson as "excessively shy, especially in the company of young ladies,

who on their part were very apt to make fun of him." Four and twenty years later we find Edward Irving referred to as "the famous Scotch preacher." Writing of him from memory in 1851, Robinson says:—

"Irving had a remarkably fine figure and face, and Mrs. Basil Montagu said it was a question with the ladies whether his squint was a grace or a deformity. My answer would have been, it enhances the effect either way. A better saying of Mrs. Montagu's was that he might stand as a model for St. John the Baptist,—indeed for any saint dwelling in the wilderness and feeding on locusts and wild honey. Those who took an impression unpropitious to him, might liken him to an Italian bandit. He has a powerful voice, feels always warmly, is prompt in his expression, and not very careful of his words. His opinions I liked."—*Diary*, vol. ii. p. 252.

Irving and Robinson became friends, and called upon Coleridge together. But a little later Irving's intolerance caused him to sink in the public estimation, and there was no quality more calculated than that to make him sink in the estimation of so liberal-minded a man as Robinson. Of Irving's old chief, Dr. Chalmers, Robinson had a high opinion.

But there was no preacher for whom he had so great a love as Frederick Robertson, of Brighton. This is the more remarkable as Robertson was more than young enough to be Robinson's son, and at the age when the second began to know the first it is not usual for men to expect to learn anything from the young. But again and again does Robinson refer to the youthful preacher. They met first at Heidelberg, when the elder was seventy-one and the younger was thirty. They took a walk together, and Robinson writes, "He is liberal in his opinions, and though he is alarmed by the Puseyites, he seems to dislike the Evangelicals much more. I like him much." In 1847 they met again, and Robertson told how kindly the Bishop of Oxford had behaved to him, saying, when he stated his views about Baptism, that he (Bishop Wilberforce) liked a difference of opinion on some points. In the same year Robinson went to Brighton and heard his friend preach. From that time the intimacy continued to grow with increasing respect on both sides. When Robertson began to show symptoms of declining health, Robinson implored him to spare himself by taking a curate. On hearing of his friend's death Robinson wrote, "Take him for all in all, the best preacher I ever saw in a pulpit; that is uniting the greatest number of excellences, originality, piety, freedom of thought, and warmth of love."

A little before this friendship began, Robinson formed the acquaintance of Frederick Faber. Of course, the two had scarcely one point in common. Yet they liked each other.

"This Faber," says Robinson, "is an agreeable man; all the young ladies are in love with him, and he has high spirits, conversational talent, and great facility in writing both polemics and poetry. He and I spar together on all occasions, and have never yet betrayed ill humour, though we have exchanged pretty hard knocks. . . . He protests that he can never by any possibility become a member of the Church of Rome. He takes credit for having rescued a considerable number of persons standing on the brink of the precipice from tumbling down."—*Diary*, vol. iii. p. 211.

We need scarcely add that Faber was not long before he himself went over the "precipice," and that he is now, after his death, honoured in the Roman Church as chief among its modern hymn-writers. Of Emerson, Robinson writes:—

"It was with a feeling of predetermined dislike that I had the curiosity to look at Emerson at Lord Northampton's a fortnight ago, when, in an instant, all my dislike vanished. He has one of the most interesting countenances I ever beheld; a combination of intelligence and sweetness that quite disarmed me."—*Diary*, vol. iii. p. 317.

On one occasion he met at Lady Blessington's a stranger, whose conversation interested and pleased him. It was "young Disraeli," now ex-Premier. At Samuel Rogers's he met, nearly a quarter of a century ago, Tennyson, "by far the most eminent of the young poets. His poems are full of genius, but he is fond of the enigmatical, and many of his most celebrated pieces are really poetic riddles." Goethe formed the topic of a long conversation between Robinson and Tennyson. Amongst the visitors on that same evening was the Hon. Mrs. Norton, a great admirer of the young poet, and who had recently emerged successfully from a trial brought by her husband against her for adultery with Lord Melbourne. At Kenyon's (the wealthy *littérateur* already mentioned) Robinson met—

"An interesting person I had never seen before, Mrs. Browning, late Miss Barrett—not the invalid I expected. She has a handsome, oval face, a fine eye, and altogether a pleasing person. She had no opportunity of display, and apparently no desire. Her husband has a very amiable expression. There is a singular sweetness about him."—*Diary*, vol. iii. p. 402.

Ruskin, Robinson came to know as a member of the Wordsworth Memorial Committee. He is thus described: "The

most interesting person was Ruskin, who talks well and looks better. He has a very delicate and most gentlemanly countenance and manners." Of Carlyle he writes, February 12th, 1832 :—

"Carlyle breakfasted with me, and I had an interesting morning with him. He is a deep-thinking German scholar, a character and a singular compound. His voice and manner and even the style of his conversation are those of a religious zealot, and he keeps up that character in his declamations against the anti-religious. And yet, if not the god of his idolatry, at least he has a priest and prophet of his church in Goethe, of whose profound wisdom he speaks like an enthusiast. But for him, Carlyle says, he should not now be alive. He was everything to him! But in strange union with such idolatry is his admiration of Buonaparte. Another object of his eulogy is Cobbett, whom he praises for his humanity and love of the poor! Singular and even whimsical combinations of love and reverence these."—*Diary*, vol. iii. p. 2.

The widowed Lady Byron was one of the dearest of Robinson's later friends. The two had a large share in starting the able but short-lived *National Review*. They had much in common. Lady Byron admired Robertson of Brighton, and Robertson called her the noblest woman he ever knew. In theology Lady Byron and Robinson were fully agreed.

The following incident is most interesting :—

"I (Robinson) was sitting with Charles Lamb when Wordsworth came in with fume in his countenance and the *Edinburgh Review* in his hand. 'I have no patience with these reviewers,' he said; 'here is a young man, a lord and a minor it appears, who has published a little volume of poems, and these fellows attack him as if no one may write poetry unless he lives in a garret. The young man will do something if he goes on.' When I became acquainted with Lady Byron I told her this story, and she said, 'Ah! if Byron had known that, he would never have attacked Wordsworth. He once went out to dinner where Wordsworth was to be; when he came home I said, "Well, how did the young poet get on with the old one?" "To tell you the truth," said he, "I had but one feeling from the beginning of the visit to the end—reverence."'"—*Diary*, vol. iii. p. 488.

Here, too, is a most important light thrown upon Byron's character, one that should make us think more kindly of him. It was the ultra-Calvinistic creed in which he was brought up that wrought so much harm :—

"Instead of being made happier by any apparent good, he felt convinced that every blessing would be 'turned into a curse' to him. Who, possessed by such ideas, could lead a life of love and service to God or

man? They must in a measure realise themselves. 'The worst of it is I *do* believe,' he said. I, like all connected with him, was broken against the rock of predestination. I may be pardoned for referring to his frequent expression of the sentiment that I was only sent to show him the happiness he was forbidden to enjoy."—*Diary*, vol. iii. p. 436.

We must bring our quotations to a close, though we had marked many more, of a different class from the above, referring chiefly to the events rather than to the people of Robinson's time. We had noted several passages referring to his religious opinions, but we must pass them by. It must suffice to say that, revolted early in life by Jonathan Edwards, Robinson surrendered what is generally known as orthodox Christianity. Nevertheless, as we have seen, he preferred Robertson to all other preachers.

In politics he was a moderate Liberal, and in educational matters an advanced Liberal. He was once asked to stand as a parliamentary candidate for Bridport, but declined to oppose his friend Romilly. The later years of his life were passed in ease and comfort. So little did he feel the advance of age, that writing to a friend in his ninety-second year he said, "I purpose one of these days to draw up a short narrative of my German life." A few months later he began to droop. He went to Drury-lane to see *King John*, but "had little pleasure. The cause manifold, old age and its consequents, half deafness, loss of memory, and dimness of sight, combined with the vast size of the theatre." He could not distinguish one face from another, and his thoughts travelled back to the time when he saw *Constance* acted by Mrs. Siddons. A few days later he writes, "Had a tolerable party at breakfast, though only one of my old habitués present. These breakfasts, after all, do not increase in their attractions. They begin to bore me, but everything tires in life." Yet even within a few weeks of ninety-two it can hardly be said that the grasshopper was a burden. In mid-winter he went to lunch at the Ladies' College, Mornington-road, where he met Mr. Macmillan, the publisher of these volumes. He seems to have walked to his destination, for he notes as an unusual occurrence, "After two hours' chat, I cabbed it home." On January 4th, 1867, he writes in his diary that he sent to Ipswich to purchase an old pocket-book which he had bought every year since the last century. The answer was that the publisher was dead and the almanac had ceased. Robinson was not to need another. His own life was drawing to the same conclusion as the almanac. He "answered two or

three black-edged letters" lying on his table, and comforted a friend who had just lost his mother by telling of his own, who had died seventy-five years before, but whom he still loved and honoured. On January 31st he wrote in his diary:—

"During the last two days I have read the first essay on the qualifications of the present age for criticism. The writer resists the exaggerated scorn of criticism, and maintains his point ably. A sense of creative power he declares happiness to be, and Arnold maintains that genuine criticism is. He thinks of Germany as he ought, and of Goethe with high admiration. On this point I can possibly give him assistance, which he will gladly—

"But I feel incapable to go on."—*Diary*, vol. iii. p. 523.

It was the last entry. He was to help no one any more. He himself had come to the end of human help. Five days later he dozed away into the other life.

- ART. III.—1. *The Defence of Guenevere, and Other Poems.* By WILLIAM MORRIS. London: Bell and Daldy. 1858.
2. *The Life and Death of Jason: a Poem.* By WILLIAM MORRIS. Second Edition, revised. London: Bell and Daldy. 1868.
3. *The Earthly Paradise: a Poem.* By WILLIAM MORRIS. Third Edition. London: F. S. Ellis. 1868.

WHENEVER we are called upon to discuss the works of a poet whom we consider to be of marked original merit, and destined, not to the ephemeral reputation of third-rate artists, but to a permanent place in our literature, it is very desirable that we should at once ascertain as nearly as possible who are the poet's congeners, and with whom he is likely to rank. In a former article we took occasion, in surveying contemporary poetry, to name Mr. Morris, hinting that there was no intelligible class-label to affix to his works except "Chaucerian," inasmuch as tried by either the idyllic or the psychological standard (the only standards essentially of our own day) these works would be "nowhere." It is indeed necessary to retrace a vast number of steps upon the path along which modern poetry has followed its course of development, before we arrive at anything like a probable parentage for Mr. Morris's genius. Not until we come to the point where Geoffrey Chaucer's works are found in monumental splendour can we meet with an analogue to the collection of works which we now have to discuss. When, however, we have once let our attention settle back on that great and memorable foundation of English poetry, the affiliation is too complete and palpable for a moment's doubt.\* Whatever is characteristic in Mr. Morris has nothing in common with modern poetry, and

\* We have moreover an avowed discipleship on the part of the modern poet:—

"So ends the winning of the Golden Fleece,  
So ends the tale of that sweet rest and peace  
That unto Jason and his love befel;  
Another story now my tongue must tell,  
And tremble in the telling. Would that I  
Had but some portion of that mastery  
That from the rose-hung lanes of woody Kent  
Through these five hundred years such songs have sent  
To us, who, meshed within this smoky net  
Of unrejoicing labour, love them yet.

yet to say that his work is in any strict sense *reproductive* of Chaucer would be as flagrant a misrepresentation as to class him with Shakespeare or Browning. The truth is that although the manner of his best works—the works by which he is now suddenly celebrated—is founded on that of Chaucer, and although the medium through which he looks at things is precisely analogous to that which lent largeness and minute beauty to Chaucer's delineations, there is yet an entire originality of language as well as of idea, for which he is indebted, not to Chaucer or any other predecessor more or less remote, but to the wide resources of a unique mind. This is shown in the fact that, with all his unmistakeable discipleship to Chaucer, there is nothing—no passage, no idea—which can be stigmatised as an imitation or plagiarism of the modern poet's great forerunner. The influence of the one mind on the other is subtly felt throughout the writings now under discussion, as the influence of Shelley is plainly discernible in passages of Browning's *Sordello* and earlier pieces, only in a more palpable degree in proportion as the mental qualities exhibited in the writings of Chaucer and Mr. Morris are of a more palpable and less subtle order than those which characterise the works of Shelley and Browning. The resemblance of Mr. Morris's poetry to that of Chaucer consists partly in the choice of subjects and partly in the method of treating them. His subjects are entirely classical or mediæval. Even in the first volume which he published there is scarcely a piece, however small, that can possibly be brought down to modern times for classification of subject; and, in the two books on whose testimony he is at present judged by the critical world, there is a rigid line drawn at Chaucer as regards the possible chronology of subjects. *The Life and Death of Jason* has a title which speaks for itself; and *The*

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And thou, O master!—Yea, my master still,  
 Whatever feet have scaled Parnassus' hill,  
 Since like thy measures, clear, and sweet, and strong,  
 Thames' stream scarce fettered bore the bream along  
 Unto the bastioned bridge, his only chain.  
 O master, pardon me, if yet in vain  
 Thou art my master, and I fail to bring  
 Before men's eyes the image of the thing  
 My heart is filled with; thou whose dreamy eyes  
 Beheld the flush to Cressid's cheeks arise,  
 When Troilus rode up the praising street,  
 As clearly as they saw thy townsmen meet  
 Those who in vineyards of Poitou withstood  
 The glittering horror of the steel-topped wood."

*Life and Death of Jason*, pp. 320, 321.

*Earthly Paradise* consists of a series of tales told and listened to by men stated in the prologue to be contemporary with "Old Dan Geoffrey."\* Then as regards treatment we have the same processional splendour of descriptiveness where multitudes and largeness of action are concerned, the same minute yet significant delicacy of detail where individual action is the artist's subject, the same comprehensive attention to situation and surroundings, the same *naïve* implicitness of belief where anything inconceivable to a modern mind is to be told (as with both Chaucer and Mr. Morris is constantly the case). Chaucer and Mr. Morris in this are rivals, standing apart from all others, that their tales are told so as to show a full sympathy with the stage of human development of which the tales are characteristic; and this is compassed partly by a plain direct statement of the facts as they are supposed to have occurred, and partly by such an ingenuous and at times almost inventorial minuteness of circumstantial detail as disarms all suspicion that the narrator questions the genuineness of his tale. Now this is the most indispensable quality to be sought for in simple tale-telling; and if we find not this it is of no avail that we have the utmost agreeableness of diction and the highest perfection of metre and rhythm, whereas, having this, we can pardon when necessary very great imperfections in metre and rhythm, such as have to be overlooked in Chaucer. We must not forget that this Chaucerian class of poetry is altogether unmodern, so that unless it attained in a contemporary artist the highest perfection—such a perfection as it might attain in the social medium in which it first grew up—it would be impossible that the artist should receive anything but the most meagre of recognitions; but, let this perfection be once attained, and however unprepared a modern audience might be to see a new

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\* "Forget six counties overhung with smoke,  
 Forget the snorting steam and piston stroke,  
 Forget the spreading of the hideous town;  
 Think rather of the pack-horse on the down,  
 And dream of London, small, and white, and clean,  
 The clear Thames bordered by its gardens green;  
 Think, that below bridge the green lapping waves  
 Smite some few keels that bear Levantine staves,  
 Cut from the yew wood on the burnt-up hill,  
 And pointed jars that Greek hands toiled to fill,  
 And treasured scanty spice from some far sea,  
 Florence gold cloth, and Ypres napery,  
 And cloth of Bruges, and hogsheads of Guienne;  
 While nigh the thronged wharf Geoffrey Chaucer's pen  
 Moves over bills of lading—mid such times  
 Shall dwell the hollow puppets of my rhymes."

Geoffrey Chaucer start up in their midst and address them in the vein of the old one, such audience could not but clap hands and break into loud acclamations of applause, provided, of course, that the new Chaucer speak in modern phrase and pleasant sounding verse.

It cannot be wondered at that the first volume of Mr. Morris failed to obtain for him public recognition as the poet that he is, when we consider that the best qualities of the author—those which we have described as Chaucerian—were only half developed to perfection, though clearly enough discernible. That volume seemed to present the spectacle of a mind of excellent capacity under more influences than one, and undecided which to follow, though with a strong bias, perhaps unrecognised by itself. But, in the next appearance which Mr. Morris made, there was no doubt what course had been followed, what degree of self-judgment had been shown in the selection of that course, and what height of success had been consequently achieved—so that the publication of *Jason* lent an interest to the former volume which it could never *per se* have commanded—that same interest which *Pauline* has long had for those who love to study the development of Browning's powers and poetry, and which *Poems by Two Brothers* has commanded to a still greater extent among the countless worshippers at the shrine of the Laureate. Now that Mr. Morris has grounded his claims so effectually it is not likely that there will be any attempt to deny them; and, while we clearly discern the difference between these unexpected *renaissance* works, bearing the impress of a school supposed to be passed away, and those of schools now among us in their vigorous creative youth—it is nevertheless highly improbable that Englishmen will slight the works of Mr. Morris any more than they will ignore the labours of Chaucer, or cease to do honour to Homer and Virgil.

It is perfectly natural that most of the characteristic elements of contemporary poetic workmanship should be at a minimum in this poet's productions, for it would be absurd to look for modern workmanship from an artist so unmodern in thought and subject. In the use of metres we find him entirely estranged from his contemporaries. Throughout the great mass of Browning's works in monologue—the mass on which he is probably dependent for permanent and wide-spread influence—there is a wealth of invention in metre which no one who witnessed the seemingly exhaustive inventiveness of Shelley would have regarded as possible; and again in the strongest work of Tennyson, considered from a

technical point of view (*Maud*), there is a great and powerful inventiveness in the matter of form which has baffled all imitators except that remarkably clever writer Mr. Swinburne.\* Almost of the same calibre of inventiveness is *In Memoriam*; for, although the metre of that great poem occurs in the writings of Ben Jonson and others, the treatment which it has met at the hands of the Laureate is at once so masterly and so remarkable that it must almost be considered as his own instrument. Now, holding as we do that, in point of metrical execution, *The Defence of Guenevere, and Other Poems*, is a valueless volume, it remains, as a natural sequence, that Mr. Morris has invented nothing in the way of metre: he has found ready made three good homely instruments used by Chaucer, namely, the seven-line stanza of *Troilus and Criseide*, *The Flower and the Leaf*, and other poems, the old-fashioned five-foot couplet of *The Knight's Tale*, used by Pope in translating the *Iliad*, and the four-foot couplet of *The Romaunt of the Rose* and *The Book of the Duchess*, afterwards employed in the construction of *Hudibras*; and of these three instruments he has availed himself without that attention to minute construction characteristic of the modern order of metre, or of pre-existent metres under modern treatment. When we read *In Memoriam*, *Maud*, *Saul*, *Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came*, &c., we are not unfrequently obliged, if we have any eye or ear for form, to pause, and, closing our minds for a moment to the sense of what was passing in the poet's mind, ponder over the striking perfection of manipulation. But no such thing ever happens in Mr. Morris's works. We get there broad cadences of music, an unfaltering flow of rhythm, easy perspicuity of rhyme, fine large outlines of construction, but not generally any minute delicacies or startling intricacies. And this fact, while it effectually and irretrievably separates Mr. Morris's writings from those of the strictly modern schools, is precisely what should be the case, for this reason: Mr. Morris's works treat largely of action, incident, external form, colour, and so on, and he usually deals with only the simpler phases of emotion, so that to appreciate the beauties of his writings no strain of mind is demanded: all we have to do, in order fully to appreciate and enjoy his work, is to read "right away." The subjects of his verse are such as to engage the attention in regard to the development of the story; and it would be an interruption hardly desirable to be called on to pause over *minutiæ* of manipulation when

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\* Compare "Hesperia" (*Poems and Ballads*) with section i. of *Maud*.

we want to follow out the large effects of the artist. The adornments that we want and get take the form of vivid and exquisite pictures, resulting from force of imagination and readiness of expression, and so clear and well-defined as to need no study on the reader's part to take them in.

Now, the subjects of typical modern poetry are quite different, and require an entirely distinct order of workmanship. In the idyllic school the subjects treated are generally of an unimaginative class such as would have, in prose, but little interest; and the limits of an orthodox idyllic piece are so narrow that, to give value to the subject, the greatest delicacy of treatment is absolutely essential. Here, then, the art is to obtain such pauses and cadences, such measures and such intervals in the texture of the verse, as to keep the mind from running too rapidly over the outline of the subject, and as to give suitable emphasis to the various suggestions of which this class of poetry is full, so that they may produce their full effect on the mind. In the psychological school such rhythmical helps are still more necessary, because the subjects treated are generally fraught with complexities of mental action, both intellectual and affective, which often demand study. And, again, in treating intricacies of cerebral operation poetically, intricate lyrical metres, if well worked and made thoroughly musical, are a suitable medium of expression, and afford a variety of forms almost as infinite as the variety of the class of subjects in question—a variety of possibilities in metre, from which a great artist will select the most suitable for each subject treated. Now it is obvious that the contemplation of these two classes of poetry is a twofold operation, that of appreciating the soul of the poem before one—the material, and sentiments, and bearings—and that of understanding the artist's reasons and objects in giving such and such turns to his phrases, and such and such points of structure and finish to his workmanship—an operation this last which corresponds with the intelligent contemplation of the details of colour, light, &c., employed by a painter to give significance to this or that part of his picture, or of the harmonies, &c., employed by a musician, with special technical aims, in a sonata or other piece. And neither of these operations is, if we are to get all that is to be got from the poem, entirely free from the necessity for a certain mental energy. On the other hand, so thoroughly explicit is the style of Mr. Morris, and so thoroughly free from complexities is his matter, that no effort is required further than that of reading his poems; and we might sit for

hours and be read to from his books, without a necessity ever arising for us to stay the reader in order to ponder as to the precise significance of this or that expression. The interest is always sufficiently sustained by the wealth of imagination displayed, the unfaltering straightforwardness of the action, the entire absence of anything like common-place, and the presence, in an adequate degree, of force, sweetness, and propriety of expression; but above all, the work is always distinctly poetry—not prose draped in a transparent veil of pseudo-poetry. To whatever length his works may run we do not miss in them that condensation without which verse can never be poetry. Of this we may obtain one verification by comparison with a supreme work in prose. Take Richardson's *Clarissa*, and examine one section of its long length, and then draw a comparison between the action of that section and the action of the same fraction of the seventeen books of *Jason*. The first part of *Clarissa*—"Her Home"—is about one-fifth of the whole. The book opens on the conflicting claims of two of *Clarissa's* suitors, one of whom she regards with a certain degree of favour, while loathing the other, with whom her family are endeavouring to force her into a union; and the whole of this space is occupied in developing one capital step, the determination of *Clarissa* to leave her home, a step which, in point of time, occupies three months. Now in the same fraction, one-fifth, of *Jason*, we have a slight sketch of the foundation of *Iolchos*, the death of *Cretheus* (*Jason's* grandfather), the birth of *Jason*, and the dethronement of his father *Æson*; and we are then carried over the period of his childhood and youth, spent with the Centaur *Chiron*, to whose care he was committed in order to avoid being molested by his uncle *Pelias*, usurper of *Æson's* throne: following him to man's estate, we see him leave the Centaur and go boldly to *Iolchos* to claim his own from *Pelias*, who tells him the whole story of the *Fleece of Gold* in order to get him safely away on an expedition. Then we are shown the gathering of the *Argonauts*, with little well-knit sketches of their antecedents, and withal we witness the construction and departure of *Argo* with her goodly crew. Thus we are carried over a period of many eventful years—exclusive of the far longer space of time implied in the preliminary sketch. In *Clarissa* the utmost minuteness is employed in depicting the circumscribed action of one small group of individuals during a space of within twelve months. In *The Life and Death of Jason* there is a vast variety and a vast extent of large action narrated as vividly as is the beautiful tragedy of *Clarissa*; and the entire

bulk of *Jason* is about one-fourth of the entire bulk of *Clarissa*.

We need scarcely say that this comparison is made simply with the view of exhibiting disparity of methods, and without reflection on respective merits; nothing can be finer in its own sort than Richardson's description of the actual flight of *Clarissa*:\* these are vivid and interesting to the last degree; but just as vivid and just as interesting is *Jason's* departure from Colchis with Medea,† placed before the reader in a vastly less space. There is a similar relation of bulk if we compare the pictures of landscape abundantly scattered through Mr. Morris's volumes with the beautiful prose scenery of Currier Bell and others; and, as we turn from page to page, we find the innumerable vivid descriptions given in a manner entirely free from periphrasis and other prose characteristics. This quality of condensation does not mean merely telling a tale as shortly as possible compatibly with truth and force, not the mere compression of a quantity of events into a small space, though this is one evidence of the faculty: thorough condensation includes also the selection of the most salient features of the events or objects (as the case may be) to be selected from—the features fullest of significance—so that when the matter is put into words, those words may convey not only a clear concise meaning, and a sweet combination of sounds, but may also suggest to the mind such other thoughts, and such only, as are in entire harmony with what is expressed.‡ Now this also we find in Mr. Morris abundantly, though his expressions have seldom the intensity and depth of suggestiveness—the *tightness* of condensation found in typical modern poetry: we have only to open his books and select samples at random to find these most important evidences of condensation. What can be more suggestive of its kind than this?

"It was a bright September afternoon,  
The parched-up beech trees would be yellowing soon;  
The yellow flowers grown deeper with the sun  
Were letting fall their petals one by one."

*Earthly Paradise*, p. 10.

How completely does the second line realise the particular time of the year when the tones on the trees are just waning

\* Pp. 231—259 of Dallas's edition. † *Life and Death of Jason*, book ix.

‡ The degree of suggestiveness to be looked for in poetry must vary with the class of subject treated: it is at a minimum in the Chaucer school and at a maximum in the psychological school; but suggestiveness there *must* be whether greater or less—or there is no poetry.

from green ; what an almost sensible heat is there in that line and the next ; and what an autumnal touch is the dropping of the flower-petals, foreshadowing the coming fall of leaves ! In matters of the seasons and their characteristics Mr. Morris's happiness of expression is unrivalled ; but it is not only in such matters that evidence of poetic method lies. This next instance is of a very different class—a sample of simile. A wanderer describing the termination of a life-long hapless going to and fro on the earth and sea, says :—

“ But when all food and drink  
Were gone for three days, and we needs must think  
That in mid ocean we were doomed to die,  
One morn again did land before us lie :  
And we rejoiced, as much at least as he,  
Who, tossing on his bed deliriously,  
Tortured with pain, hears the physician say  
That he shall have one quiet painless day  
Before he dies. . . .”—*Ibid.* p. 99.

Could a more fitting simile have been found, and could this have been more admirably delivered ? What a world of implied misery and implied relief that it is now over ! Again, at the end of a scene in which Danaë, in accordance with the Greek myth, becomes the temporary spouse of Jove—a scene transformed from the old version with the utmost delicacy—we get a couplet of the greatest poetic suggestiveness that we could have had under the circumstances—the short, concise, widely significant statement of the objective miraculous fact which confirmed to Danaë the marvellous story just told to her by the god :—

“ Then forth he sprang and o'er the sea did fly,  
And loud it thundered from a cloudless sky. . . .”

*Ibid.* p. 232.

This couplet is so admirable a climax to the whole miraculous episode, that it leaves the reader quite happy in regard to the state of poor Danaë's mind—quite assured that the godship of her wondrous guest was sufficiently evident to her to turn her arid and dreary brazen prison to a paradise of hope and present joy in hope, so that the artist is under no necessity of telling us, as it would be requisite to tell us in the prose method of artistic working, what Danaë's thoughts on the subject were, and how her mind passed from misery to happiness. Accordingly we meet with precisely the aspect of things which we are prepared for, when in opening the next section of the story, the poet tells us that :—

" . . . . When her damsels came to her next day  
\* \* \* \* \*  
They found her singing o'er a web of silk."—*Ibid.*

Quite as admirable in its own way is the bit of pastoral landscape in which the poet introduces a shepherd,

" Driving down  
From off the long slopes to his fold-yard brown  
His woolly sheep, with whom a maiden went,  
*Singing for labour done and sweet content*  
*Of coming rest. . . .*"—*Ibid.* p. 488.

The italicised line and a half resume the pastoral day in as short a space as possible, and in a very sweet strain, placing before us infallibly the whole simple healthful joy of labour and rest from labour.

Mr. Morris's works are equally natural and unique: they are the genuine and ripe product of a complete poetic individuality. This fact gives his works a far greater importance than mere rhythmical *rechauffés* of classic and mediæval romance could ever command. Familiarity with the larger outlines of these subjects is a thing desirable for any generation; and it is far better that we should gather this familiarity from books such as these, than from such as Lemprière's *Classical Dictionary*. In the ordinary books of reference, Greek myth and romance are boiled down and reduced to their lowest possible terms, and all the aroma is necessarily allowed to vanish by unappreciative though perhaps honest labourers; but in Mr. Morris's books we have the added aroma of true poetic method and imagination, to supply what is so delicately fugitive in the ordinary process of distillation, as well as a rare discriminative tact to eliminate such of the grosser elements of the subject as are inessential, though retained in the exaggerated prose nakedness of the books of reference. His name therefore, however definitely it be dissociated from the names emblazoned on the roll of contemporary *art-littérateurs*, is one which commands a place as that of a man with a positive function; and as such he is entitled to deferential and careful criticism, which cannot be thoroughly and exhaustively given without an examination of his works *seriatim*.

We have heard on unquestionable authority that the early volume of Mr. Morris, *The Defence of Guenevere, and Other Poems*, long ago reached the hands of Browning, who detected in it great merit. It is impossible that a craftsman of such gifts and experience can have failed to see also the imperfec-

tions of manipulation in this volume; but it would be extremely interesting to know whether he detected the influence of his own mind on that of Mr. Morris. Although the influence of Browning on Mr. Morris is legible enough in that volume, there is another impress much more strongly outlined there—the impress of a great and splendid poet who left us, alas, too soon, though not without having bequeathed one of the great achievements of the nineteenth century. Not of *Aurora Leigh*, issued only a year before the early volume of Mr. Morris, can we find a trace in that volume; but of *Aurora Leigh's* inestimable creator the soul sat heavily on his soul when he wrote *The Defence of Guenevere*—the principal piece in his volume—not too heavily to admit of his own individuality asserting itself, be it confessed, but heavily enough to leave such an impress as would give the ordinarily careful reader no doubt who had been there, and to lend perhaps a dearness to the book which it might not otherwise have possessed in the eyes of Browning. Far from underrating the volume, we consider it one of great mark, although the defects of workmanship were such as to make it quite out of the question that its advent should have been taken as a capital fact in literary annals. With the idyllic school of poetry the volume has nothing whatever in common, and with the psychological school very little. The subjects are mostly connected with the age of chivalry—an age which does not afford the most eligible matter for psychological treatment; nevertheless there are some few lyric monologues which seem to us to have been prompted, so far as method is concerned, by a study of Browning, in whose poetry all the important points in the life of a soul are often resumed in outline in one small piece; it is hardly necessary to insist that this method of treatment in its integrity is applicable rather to phases of thought and feeling than to stages of bodily activity. It is, however, possible to treat a subject involving considerable external action in this method (as witness Browning's *Count Gismond*); and, on the other hand, a strictly psychological subject can easily be treated with undue prominence of action and objective detail; and when this is the case it is clear that the poet does not belong to the psychological school, even though using for the nonce the method of that school. Such pieces as *Shameful Death*, *The Judgment of God*, *Old Love*, are constructed on Browning's psychological principle; but, good as they are, they have more analogy with old ballad poetry than with modern verse of the Browning type, and would have been perhaps more

perfect had they been executed in ballad form; this remark applies especially to *The Judgment of God*, in which the actual point of time whereat the monologue is spoken is anything but clearly distinguished from the points of past time referred to in the monologue. It will be well to compare one of these pieces with *The Haystack in the Floods*, a piece in the same volume which, however disagreeable in subject, is admirably graphic in narration, and stands up before the reader in clear completeness as excellent in its degree as are some of the higher flights of Mr. Morris in subsequent productions. *The Judgment of God* is a monologue spoken by a knight, whose past life inspires him with no self-respect, and who is about to engage in single combat with a good knight who, as he fears, is to beat him; the mental material taken up in this poem is the series of thoughts passing through the false knight's mind immediately before engaging in the combat; and so mistily are some of the verses framed, that it is hard to know whether the facts referred to in them have just taken place, or are from the storehouse of old memories. The monologue opens with the quoted words of the speaker's father, giving instruction how to win the fight by means of a sudden stratagem in the lists; and the speaker's faintheartedness is indicated in a manner more *objective* than perspicuous, thus—

“The blue owls on my father's hood  
Were a little dimm'd as I turn'd away.”

*Defence of Guenevere, &c.* p. 169.

apparently meaning that sickness so far dimmed his own eyes that he could not see his father's badge plainly. Then he talks dimly of the wrong done, which is the origin of his faint-heartedness, and continues:—

“And all the wrong is gather'd now  
Into the circle of these lists—  
Yea, howl out, butchers! tell me how  
His hands were cut off at the wrists;

“And how Lord Roger bore his face  
A league above his spear-point, high  
Above the owls, to that strong place  
Among the waters—yea, yea, cry:

“‘What a brave champion we have got!  
Sir Oliver, the flower of all  
The Hainault knights.’ The day being hot,  
He sat beneath a broad white pall,

"White linen over all his steel ;  
 What a good knight he look'd ! his sword  
 Laid thwart his knees ; he liked to feel  
 Its steadfast edge clear as his word. . . ."—*Ibid.* p. 170.

Now here is a very unnecessary complication : in the second of these verses the speaker refers to Lord Roger as if he were another person, while from the opening of the poem we are to infer that Roger is the speaker himself ; then again the description of Sir Oliver, the knight with whom he is to fight, has all the air of an old reminiscence, although it is obvious that it must be meant to refer to the time immediately preceding that of the point of speech. Individually the verses are well formed, and expressed with originality, but they want that *styptic* tone which gives perspicuity even to the complexities of many a poem of the purely psychological order. Now this want of perspicuity finds its preventive in the hands of Mr. Morris by direct narration, as in the case of *The Haystack in the Floods* referred to above. The subject of that poem is not in itself at all more simple than that of *The Judgment of God* ; but, instead of either of the principal actors being commissioned with the narrative, the whole is given to us in Mr. Morris's own clear, objective style. We have perspicuously before us the Knight Robert, with his troop of disaffected men, flying with the Lady Jehane from Paris, where she has been accused of being unchaste, and has the dreadful alternative of undergoing trial by fire or water, or living with a man (Godmar) whom she hates. With terrible reality is depicted the wet, woeful, hasty ride to the haystack in the floods, where a sudden stop is put to their course.

"For when they near'd that old soak'd hay,  
 They saw across the only way  
 That Judas, Godmar, and the three  
 Red running lions dismally  
 Grinn'd from his pennon, under which,  
 In one straight line along the ditch,  
 They counted thirty heads.

"So then,  
 While Robert turn'd round to his men,  
 She saw at once the wretched end,  
 And, stooping down, trièd hard to rend  
 Her coif the wrong way from her head,  
 And hid her eyes ; while Robert said :  
 'Nay, love, 'tis scarcely two to one,  
 At Poitiers where we made them run

So fast—why, sweet my love, good cheer,  
The Gascon frontier is so near,  
Nought after this.'

" ' But, O,' she said,  
' My God ! my God ! I have to tread  
The long way back without you ; then  
The court at Paris ; those six men ;  
The gratings of the Chatelet ;  
The swift Seine on some rainy day  
Like this, and people standing by  
And laughing, while my weak hands try  
To recollect how strong men swim.  
All this, or else a life with him,  
For which I should be damned at last ;  
Would God that this next hour were past !'

" He answer'd not, but cried his cry,  
' St. George for Marny !' cheerily ;  
And laid his hand upon her rein.  
Alas ! no man of all his train  
Gave back that cheery cry again ;  
And, while for rage his thumb beat fast  
Upon his sword-hilts, some one cast  
About his neck a kerchief long,  
And bound him. . . ."—*Ibid.* p. 216-18.

Then having got the knight and lady in his power, "that Judas, Godmar," insults poor Jehane with the coldly stated alternative of life with him or return to Paris, and gives her an hour to consider ; she dismounts, and in a state of mental paralysis most graphically described, totters to a heap of hay and sleeps her hour ; and—

" Being waked at last, sigh'd quietly,  
And strangely childlike came, and said :  
' I will not.' Straightway Godmar's head,  
As though it hung on strong wires, turn'd  
Most sharply round, and his face burn'd.

" For Robert—both his eyes were dry,  
He could not weep, but gloomily  
He seem'd to watch the rain ; yea, too,  
His lips were firm ; he tried once more  
To touch her lips ; she reach'd out, sore  
And vain desire so tortured them,  
The poor grey lips, and now the hem  
Of his sleeve brush'd them.

" With a start  
Up Godmar rose, thrust them apart ;

From Robert's throat he loosed the bands  
 Of silk and mail ; with empty hands  
 Held out, she stood and gazed, and saw  
 The long bright blade without a flaw  
 Glide out from Godmar's sheath, his hand  
 In Robert's hair ; she saw him bend  
 Back Robert's head ; she saw him send  
 The thin steel down ; the blow told well,  
 Right backward the knight Robert fell,  
 And moan'd as dogs do, being half dead,  
 Unwitting, as I deem : so then  
 Godmar turn'd grinning to his men,  
 Who ran, some five or six, and beat  
 His head to pieces at their feet.

"Then Godmar turn'd again, and said :  
 ' So, Jehane, the first fitte is read !  
 Take note, my lady, that your way  
 Lies backward to the Chatelet !'  
 She shook her head and gazed awhile  
 At her cold hands with a rueful smile,  
 As though this thing had made her mad.

"This was the parting that they had  
 Beside the haystack in the floods."—*Ibid.* pp. 221-2.

It is unfortunate that, of the whole volume, this piece is the most disagreeable result of the poet's clearly traceable study of Froissart and Monstrelet. The entire book has the air of coming from a mind literally left to soak in an alterative medium of antiquarianism ; but, withal, there is very little that is offensive among the poems ; and it is, we repeat, unfortunate that this one piece so thoroughly admirable in method should have been such a near approach to what is revolting. The prominent portrait of so disgusting a mind as Godmar's, and the conspicuous bas-relief of the barbarous details of Robert's death, combine to make a preponderant element of that which had better have been merely accessory to the exquisitely-sketched figure of Jehane. The physiology and psychology of that figure are alike excellent ; and an admirable sequence is formed in hurrying her through physical fatigue while under a strain of mental excitement, bringing her suddenly under the dreaded influence of the man she hates—an influence which, with the extreme bodily discomfort of cold and wet, strikes her into a collapse of mind bordering on paralysis—cancelling her mind for one reactionary hour in a dreamless sleep from which she wakes with the one settled determination not to be Godmar's, tearing from

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her under horrible circumstances her chief tie to life, and leaving her to face unaided the frightful danger from which she was escaping with Robert. Such a sequence as this would be likely to have but one issue; and accordingly poor Jehane is left before us gazing childishly at her hands, the terrible strain of body and mind having already set into the devastating current of madness. It is probable that, were Mr. Morris treating a similar subject to this now, we should not have to pass on it the strictures passed here on the taste, or rather tastelessness, of some parts of the poem; and equally probable it is that, had the little drama of *Sir Peter Harpdon's End*\* been conceived in these later days of his poetic activity, we should have been spared the portrait of such an unmitigated beast as the Lambert of that piece—for the later volumes show a rare taste in eliminating all that is revolting or disgusting in the delightful region of old romance. *Sir Peter Harpdon's End* is an excessively clever little play in five scenes; but it falls just as far short of dramatic excellence as the pieces composed in the monologue method fall short of technical excellence in their kind. But we have already devoted to the contents of this book a far greater space than it would have been desirable to give had the volume been the sum-total of Mr. Morris's claim on public gratitude and admiration. This has been done because the contents, when carefully considered, exhibit with unusual clearness the conflict of influences on a nascent power—a power which has since been so successfully developed by striking a balance between those influences as to make particularly interesting the analysis of the influences themselves.

Of *The Life and Death of Jason* little can be said except in praise. It has some slight irregularities of execution, both metrical and chronological, but it is a tale interesting, great, and pure, and above all the poet has caught the true spirit of the Greeks, so that except for the evidence of language, the reader would be under the perfect illusion that he was reading the work of a genuine Greek narrator—and this notwithstanding the many anachronisms to be found in the work, both in relation to special facts and in matters of general custom. Almost entirely an open-air work, we follow Jason and his companion Argonauts about over the world with a full, fresh, delicious sense of space and health and beauty; and we never for a moment have to think of these denizens of another age as mean or low by reason of their creed or

\* *Defence of Guenevere, and Other Poems*, p. 67, et seq.

code of action, but simply as big-souled and not-to-be-daunted adventurers in search of what the external world yields of great and desirable to their thinking. Now Mr. Morris is never more at home than when he is out of doors. He seems to have revelled in nature; and, full as his head must be of old lore, it is difficult to imagine when and where he has found time to read it, except by fits and starts in open-air ramblings, for not an elemental trait escapes him when he gets into his landscape vein. Far too fresh are his leafy, woody, airy, sunny scenes to be conceivably the result of a second-hand study; they bear the impress of nature directly on them; and it is nearly as impossible to conceive that they are taken from other men's pictures as it would be to believe that Turner's seas, and skies, and plains, and rivers, were copied from anything but naked nature, or that Michelangelo attained his anatomical splendour by an abstruse study of the *Quattrocentisti*. Take the storm in the first book of *Jason*, and try to persuade yourself that it is a disturbance of elements depicted at second hand:

"So was it as the centaur said; for soon  
 The woods grew dark, as though they knew no noon;  
 The thunder growled about the high brown hills,  
 And the thin, wasted, shining summer rills  
 Grew joyful with the coming of the rain,  
 And doubtfully was shifting every vane  
 On the town spires, with changing gusts of wind;  
 Till came the storm-blast, furious and blind,  
 Twixt gorges of the mountains, and drove back  
 The light sea breeze; then waxed the heavens black,  
 Until the lightning leapt from cloud to cloud,  
 With clattering thunder, and the piled-up crowd  
 Began to turn from steely blue to grey,  
 And toward the sea the thunder drew away,  
 Leaving the north-wind blowing steadily  
 The rain clouds from Olympus; while the sea  
 Seemed mingled with the low clouds and the rain:  
 And one might think that never now again  
 The sunny grass would make a pleasant bed  
 For tired limbs, and dreamy, languid head  
 Of sandalled nymph, forewearied with the chase."

*Life and Death of Jason*, pp. 13, 14.

The poet who wrote that description must have studied, not within four walls with head bent over a book, or neck strained up to let the eyes take in a canvas, but out in the broad air, and deep in the woods, and down on the river beds, with head

unpropped by any student's hand, and with leave to lounge open-eyed, open-eared, drinking in the beauties of prospect and sound, fresh from the springs of nature. Even the anachronism of shifting vanes on town spires\* has a thoughtless naturalness in it which we should not have got in a made-up picture, and speaks with a voice insidiously prompting a suspicion that this noble sketch of a storm near "the Greek sea, so many years ago," was never conceived a hundred miles away from "the rose-hung lanes of woody Kent." Still there is nothing whatever to break the sense and spirit of the antique *régime* with which the poet is dealing, any more than there is in many of the minor anachronisms of Shakespeare. As a guarantee of real and direct observation, such a touch is superfluous, though not displeasing, and seems more superfluous when we find in *The Earthly Paradise*† the same function performed by the importation, into that fabric of eld, of a faithful and vivid description of the old-fashioned little Dorchester near Oxford—an importation which has no offence of incongruity.

A mere dashing and truthful craftsmanship in verbal landscape painting, however, would not serve the needs of him who aspires to the treatment of a subject such as the life and death of Jason: that is merely one of the needful qualifications; and, of the remainder on the catalogue, the most

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\* Town spires would not be found in the days and land of Jason, nor would clocks in the days of Guenevere ("and I grew careless of most things, let the clock tick, tick, &c."—*Defence of Guenevere*, p. 5). It seems a pity that Mr. Morris, who has most scrupulously avoided following Chaucer in irregularity of metre, should have followed him so closely in anachronism. These instances are not less glaring than that of the "grete gonne," introduced by Chaucer at the siege of Troy.

† A wanderer about to tell a tale, preludes it by specifying where he heard it:—

"I, who have seen  
So many lands, and midst such marvels been,  
Clearer than these abodes of outland men,  
Can see above the green and unburnt fen  
The little houses of an English town,  
Cross-timbered, thatched with fen-reeds coarse and brown,  
And high o'er these, three gables, great and fair,  
That slender rods of columns do upbear  
Over the minster doors, and imagery  
Of kings, and flowers no summer field doth see,  
Wrought on those gables,—yea, I heard withal,  
In the fresh morning air, the trowels fall  
Upon the stone, a thin noise far away;  
For high up wrought the masons on that day,  
Since to the monks that house seemed scarcely well  
Till they had set a spire or pinnacle  
Each side the great porch."—*Earthly Paradise*, p. 308.

essential is that tender, guileless, slightly reflective, almost paganish, utterly primeval tone of mind rarely met with in modern times. This Mr. Morris has beyond everybody; and without this his *Jason* would never have been the creation it is. In specifying the tone of mind we refer to, not the slightest shadow of accusation is involved; and somewhat of it is finely embodied in these words of Mr. Morris's own, relating the effect of a Greek tale on a mediæval audience :—

"Yet with the pictures that their eyes had seen  
As still from point to point that history past,  
And round their thoughts its painted veil was cast,  
Their hearts were softened,—far away they saw  
That other world, that 'neath another law  
Had lived and died; when man might hope to see  
Some earthly in age of Divinity,  
And yet not die, but, strengthened by the sight,  
Cast fear away, and go from might to might,  
Until to godlike life, though short, he came,  
Amidst all losses winning hope of fame,  
Nor losing joy the while his life should 'dure,  
For that at least his valiant strife made sure,  
That still in place of dreamy, youthful hope,  
With slow decay and certain death could cope. . . ."

*Earthly Paradise*, p. 305.

There are probably many men living among us unknown, who have this same sympathy with "that other world," and who look lovingly on the old days when the vigorous joys of great action were paramount; but to make up the tale of qualifications for a modern poetic treatment of that old period, it needed that this comparatively rare sympathy should occur in a mind of essentially artistic organisation. This has now come to pass; and we have before us what we are not likely to see again for many a long year. With this combination of qualities, no wonder that, in *The Life and Death of Jason*, Mr. Morris has succeeded in drawing to the life the portrait of a man precisely such as he describes in the last extract. To follow that man through the whole length of his career as shown by the poet, is wide of our present purpose; but we can confidently recommend the book to readers of all classes as beautiful and profitable.

The powers of Mr. Morris are perfectly developed in *Jason*; and we cannot in any sense regard it as an immature precursor of *The Earthly Paradise*. Indeed, it might, but for its length, have formed one of the tales of that later book. The manner of writing is of quite the same period as the bulk

of *The Earthly Paradise*, and it has very much the appearance of a production originally intended as a portion of that work, but extended to greater dimensions than would have been convenient for one tale of twenty-four. When we consider that *Jason* was only published in 1867, and that in 1868 came forth the first volume of *The Earthly Paradise*, consisting of twelve tales and a prologue—a matter of 676 closely printed pages—we can hardly believe that this great undertaking was conceived and executed after the other had been put out of hand. On the assumption that the romance of *Jason* was an integral part of the complex conception of *The Earthly Paradise*, we are able to comprehend better a matter in connexion with one of the tales of the latter work, which gives cause for some little regret. To arrive at what we mean, we will sketch the plan of the book. In the days of Geoffrey Chaucer “certain gentlemen and mariners of Norway,” to use the words of Mr. Morris’s argument, “having considered all that they had heard of the *Earthly Paradise*, set sail to find it, and after many troubles, and the lapse of many years, came, old men, to some Western land, of which they had never before heard. There they died, when they had dwelt there certain years, much honoured of the strange people;”<sup>\*</sup> but before they die (which by the bye they do not do in the prologue to which this is the argument, so that that piece of information should have been saved for the argument to the epilogue, wherein their death is doubtless meant to be given in the concluding volume)—before they die, we say, these wanderers join twice a month in festivals appointed by the “land’s chief priest,” at each of which some tale is told. This arrangement makes a certain limit to the length of the tales absolutely necessary; and *Jason* far exceeds the limit of which tales so told, could possibly be got through. Its removal, therefore, if meant for this book, became a necessity, unless it could have been shortened. Now with art such as Mr. Morris’s, it is a thousand pities that any constraint at all should be imposed, so that, whatever has been the history of the poem of *Jason*, we may congratulate ourselves that the result has not been invalidated by constraint of any sort.

Not so *The Story of Cupid and Psyche* in *The Earthly Paradise*, if we may judge from the appearance of the poem. It is a piece which carries us through a perfect fairy-land of fragrant myth, depicted throughout with exquisite naïveté, and just that beautiful degree of minute objectivity which is

<sup>\*</sup> *The Earthly Paradise*, p. 3.

not too minute. This fairy-land is occupied by a thoroughly human-hearted little Psyche, of such sweet and tender beauty that we cannot but dwell on every movement of her, and every event of her life, with deep interest; and, as we follow her through the various trials and reverses through which, for love's sake, she has to go, we cannot but feel that we are working on and on to an apotheosis that shall be unparalleled in splendour and pageant. Tenderly and lingeringly as each detail of the trials of poor Psyche is dwelt upon, after her short bliss between two stages of misery, we await a counterbalancing minuteness in the setting forth of that great triumph, wherein Father Jove confers immortality upon her. After we have seen her through the last hazardous task imposed by the envious Venus, we are not prepared for the immediate termination of the story; but at that point it is already the longest in the book, and, although everything would seem to be tending to a further development, we have merely an abstract of the proceedings which close the history. This is particularly unfortunate, because the whole story has an admirable undercurrent of significance: the apotheosis of Psyche is the triumph of love—a subject which cannot be too much sung, when sung in pureness of spirit, and with exquisiteness of art; but the trials of Psyche are the proverbial "rough course" of true love, and the shortening down of the apotheosis gives this, the unfavourable side of love, too great a preponderance over the triumph; so that we actually leave the tale with the sense of discomfort in Psyche's sorrows only half washed away—the impression of the sorrows conveyed in the minutely objective manner being too strong to leave the mind in the absence of an antidote of correspondingly minute objectivity. When we look at the extraordinary faculty Mr. Morris has for finishing off everything, the instinct he seems to display in leaving no jagged ends of half-told story, we can hardly avoid the conclusion that *The Story of Cupid and Psyche* was thus compressed at the close on account of the mere exigencies of plan; and we shall hope some day to see a more fully developed version of it, published separately, for had it come out under the advantage given to *Jason*, we should surely not have had the least ground for these remarks.

The finishing instinct we refer to, is that shown in such a touch as this, for example: in *The Man born to be King*, a monk tells the tale, of how he found the hero wounded, when he was on his way to shrive a dying man; this dying man has no further connexion with the story in any way; and yet we

have a line purposely inserted, to tell us that he did not die after all:

"So the lad's wounds I staunch'd with care  
Forthwith, and then the man I shriv'd,  
Who none the less got well and lived. . . ."—*Ibid.* p. 184.

a line which indicates an unwillingness to lose any opportunity of giving a pleasurable detail. Similarly in *Cupid and Psyche*,—it happens that the Phoenix comes in on one occasion as a part of the tale's machinery; and, inasmuch as he does a good thing, he has several lines devoted to the winding up of his story: these lines are such a beautiful sample of direct poetic narration and truly pagan simplicity of idea, that we must quote them. Psyche is lying in a state of bewitchment:

"And there she would have lain for evermore,  
A marble image on the shadowy shore  
In outward seeming, but within oppressed  
With torments, knowing neither hope nor rest.  
But as she lay the Phoenix flew along  
Going to Egypt, and knew all her wrong,  
And pitied her, beholding her sweet face,  
And flew to Love and told him of her case;  
And Love in guerdon of the tale he told,  
Changed all the feathers of his neck to gold,  
And he flew on to Egypt glad at heart. . . ."—*Ibid.* p. 432.

This is quite near the end of the story; and when we find the very Phoenix so tenderly dealt with, we are justified in feeling a little chagrined at being made to forego any beautiful detail of the apotheosis of Psyche—the triumph of love.

In none of the other tales do we note anything of this sort. In another of the Greek subjects—*The Doom of King Acrisius*,—we cannot too greatly admire the ease and grace with which the whole subject, from the girlhood of Danaë to the death of Perseus, is brought into a poem of rather less dimensions than *The Story of Cupid and Psyche*. The genetic chronology suggested thus is interesting: it would seem as if, Jason being found too long for the purposes of the book, an attempt was made in *Cupid and Psyche* to write another tale full of incident, in a far shorter space, and that this in a manner failing, the method of writing such a poem within the required limits was found in *The Doom of King Acrisius*. That poem bears evidence of considerable care and forethought in the laying out, much more than is evident in most of the tales; and we

are quite willing to take as a personal recommendation from the poet the speech which he places in the mouth of the elder who, according to the general story of *The Earthly Paradise*, tells the tale :—

“ . . . . O friends, few words are best to-day,  
And no new thing I bring you ; yet ye may  
Be pleased to hear an ancient tale again,  
That told so long ago, doth yet remain  
Fresh e'en 'mongst us, far from the Argive land :  
Which tale this book, writ wholly by mine hand,  
Holds gathered up as I have heard-it told.  
Surely I fear me, midst the ancient gold  
Base metal ye will light on here and there,  
Though I have noted everything with care,  
And with good will have set down nothing new :  
Nor holds the land another book for you  
That has the tale in full with nought beside,  
So unto me let your good word betide,  
Though take it as ye may, no small delight  
I had, herein this well-loved tale to write. . . .”

*Ibid.* p. 217.

This admirable story affords abundant specimens of most of the virtues which we have to commend in Mr. Morris's performance of the nowise easy task of treating subjects of old romance and myth ; and we will therefore draw upon its pages for one or two illustrations.

We have first to notice the excessively delicate manner in which the numerous *amours* of the gods, so coarsely and barely set forth in the orthodox prose versions, are treated by this poet. In *The Doom of King Acrisius* this is very noteworthy. In the usual version, we are told that Danaë, being confined in a brazen tower by her father, on account of a prediction that her offspring would slay him, excited the desire of Jove, by whom she had a son, after the god had introduced himself to her chamber in the form of a shower of gold. Now Mr. Morris, without mulcting the traditional miracle of a single iota of its marvellousness, yet presents the legend in a refined form, by bringing in the rape of Danaë as a link in the chain of *Fate*, that essentially pagan conception. Venus discovers the beautiful maiden imprisoned, and hastens to Father Jove to communicate the fact, and the interview closes thus : Venus says—

“ And great dishonour is it to us all  
That ill upon a guiltless head should fall

To save a king from what we have decreed.  
Now, therefore, tell me, shall his impious deed  
Save him alive, while she that might have borne  
Great kings and glorious heroes, lives forlorn  
Of love's delight, in solitude and woe?

"Then said the Thunderer, 'Daughter, nowise so  
Shall this be in the end; heed what shall fall,  
And let none think that any brazen wall  
Can let the gods from doing what shall be.' . . ."

*Ibid.* p. 228.

Such an arrangement of circumstances might or might not have been adopted by an unscrupulous worker in mythological material, but the pointed use made of it by Mr. Morris has the effect of refining very greatly the love-scene between Jove and Danaë. When it comes in the course of the tale's development, we find it entirely purified of all barbaric warmth, and we are enabled to take it as a specimen of Greek legend, retaining all its child-like freshness, but overlaid with an exquisite delicacy new to its fabric.

"In that fresh morn was no one stirring yet,  
And many a man his troubles did forget  
Buried in sleep, but nothing she forgot,  
She raised herself and up in bed she sat,  
And towards the window turned round wearily  
To watch the changing colours of the sky;  
And many a time she sighed, and seemed as though  
She would have told the story of her woe  
To whatsoever god near by might be  
Betwixt the grey sky and the cold grey sea;  
But to her lips no sound at all would rise,  
Except those oft repeated heavy sighs.

And yet, indeed, within a little while  
Her face grew calm, the shadow of a smile  
Stole o'er her parted lips and sweet grey eyes,  
And slowly from the bed did she arise,  
And towards the window drew, and yet did seem,  
Although her eyes were open, still to dream.

There on the sill she laid her slender hand,  
And looking seaward, pensive did she stand,  
And seemed as though she waited for the sun  
To bring her news her misery was done;  
At last he came, and over the green sea  
His golden road shone out right gloriously,  
And into Danaë's face his glory came  
And lit her softly waving hair like flame.

But in his light she held out both her hands,  
As though he brought her from some far-off lands  
Healing for all her great distress and woe.

But yellower now the sunbeams seemed to grow,  
Not whiter as their wont is, and she heard  
A tinkling sound that made her, half afraid,  
Draw back a little from the fresh green sea,  
Then to a clang the noise rose suddenly,  
And gently was she smitten on the breast,  
And some bright thing within her palm did rest,  
And trickled down her shoulder and her side,  
And on her limbs a little did abide,  
Or lay upon her feet a little while.

Then in her face increased the doubtful smile,  
While o'er her eyes a drowsy film there came,  
And in her cheeks a flush as if of shame,  
And, looking round about, could she behold  
The chamber scattered o'er with shining gold,  
That grew, till ankle-deep she stood in it.

Then through her limbs a tremor did there flit  
As through white water runs the summer wind,  
And many a wild hope came into her mind,  
But her knees bent and soft she sank down there,  
And on the gold was spread her golden hair,  
And like an ivory image still she lay,  
Until the night again had hidden day.

But when again she lifted up her head,  
She found herself laid soft within her bed,  
While midmost of the room the taper shone,  
And all her damsels from the place were gone,  
And by her head a gold-robed man there stood,  
At sight of whom the damsel's shamefast blood  
Made all her face red to the golden hair,  
And quick she covered up her bosom fair.

Then in a great voice said he, 'Danaë,  
Sweet child, be glad, and have no fear of me,  
And have no shame. . . .'"—*Ibid.* pp. 229-31.

How exquisite here is the touch of colour by which the miracle receives its first introduction (the fault of tone in the sunbeams), and with what delicate gradations is the god developed from that first touch!

This masterly power in introducing his gods and goddesses is one of Mr. Morris's great qualifications. That just alluded to is not an isolated case at all; but with all the variety of circumstances there is an invariableness of success for which a uniform good method is to thank. Without any crude violence of apparition or unseemly suddenness of transforma-

tion, the supernatural machinery is yet so arranged at all times that gods appear and vanish in the most convenient manner possible. The poet has in fact a way of melting these divinities, as it were, into the fabric of his tales and out of it again; and this method is entirely one of objectivity. There are physical symptoms of approach and physical symptoms of recent presence in each case of a divine visitation. It is so in the sample just given, and it is again so at a later stage of the same tale when Perseus meets Minerva. He walks on the beach, while the western sky is still yellow with recent sunset, and talks with an "ancient woman," whom he encounters, concerning the winning of the Gorgon's head, which he has undertaken. This crone, after hearing all his tale, is transformed under the waning moonlight, and Perseus recognises, in the series of her newly-shown accoutrements, the attributes of the mighty Pallas, who instructs him how to proceed, and gives him arms for the quest: the reality of the apparition is attested by the shining of the moon on these as they lie on the sand after the goddess has gone.\* Another exquisite instance of this faculty is in the tale called *Atalanta's Race*, wherein Milanion wins the terrible fleet beauty by an appeal to Venus. In the plea of Milanion we get also a beautiful sample of overlaying of refined motive: he pours forth his soul to the goddess, beseeching her to consider that he seeks the hand of Atalanta for love alone, and not for riches or kingdom—making no doubt that the failure of those who have fallen in racing with her for her love has arisen from dividedness of motive. Venus comes to him propitiously and answers his prayer, after he has stood long gazing and supplicating before her statue; and this is the manner of her coming, in the night:—

"Then he turned round; not for the seagull's cry  
That wheeled above the temple in his flight,  
Not for the fresh south wind that lovingly  
Breathed on the new-born day and dying night,  
But some strange hope 'twixt fear and great delight  
Drew round his face, now flushed, now pale and wan,  
And still constrained his eyes the sea to scan.

"Now a faint light lit up the southern sky,  
Not sun or moon, for all the world was grey,  
But this a bright cloud seemed that drew anigh,  
Lighting the dull waves that beneath it lay  
As toward the temple still it took its way,

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\* *The Earthly Paradise*, pp. 248—252.

And still grew greater, till Milanion  
Saw nought for dazzling light that round him shone.

"But as he staggered with his arms outspread,  
Delicious unnamed odours breathed around,  
For languid happiness he bowed his head,  
And with wet eyes sank down upon the ground,  
Nor wished for aught, nor any dream he found  
To give him reason for that happiness,  
Or make him ask more knowledge of his bliss.

"At last his eyes were cleared, and he could see  
Through happy tears the goddess face to face  
With that faint image of divinity,  
Whose well-wrought smile and dainty changeless grace  
Until that morn so gladdened all the place;  
Then he unwitting cried aloud her name,  
And covered up his eyes for fear and shame."

*Ibid.* pp. 126-7.

She then gives him the three apples, whose charmed attractiveness is to divert Atalanta from the course when the race is being run, and after ending her speech of instruction, she is melted out just as exquisitely as she was melted in:—

"Milanion raised his head at this last word,  
For now so soft and kind she seemed to be  
No longer of her godhead was he feared;  
Too late he looked, for nothing could he see  
But the white image glimmering doubtfully  
In the departing twilight cold and grey,  
And those three apples on the steps that lay."

*Ibid.* p. 128.

But perhaps the most perfect example of manipulation of godship is the exit of Apollo, after he has served King Admetus for a year in the capacity of a shepherd. The king has long suspected the godhead of his herdsman; and accordingly, on the morning of the final departure, it is with no easy mind that he hears the news that the time has come to part. The parting is at sunset, and the scene is appropriately placed on a hill where there is yet brilliant sunlight, though "all the eastern vale was grey and cold." Arrived at the hill-top, Apollo reveals himself to Admetus, and after bending on him "one godlike changed look," takes farewell of him, assuring him of future favour. "A friend," he says,

"This year has won thee who shall never fail:  
But now indeed, for nought will it avail

To say what I may have in store for thee,  
 Of gifts that men desire ; let these things be,  
 And live thy life, till death itself shall come,  
 And turn to nought the storehouse of thine home,  
 Then think of me ; these feathered shafts behold,  
 That here have been the terror of the world,  
 Take these, and count them still the best of all  
 Thy envied wealth, and when on thee shall fall  
 By any way the worst extremity,  
 Call upon me before thou com'st to die,  
 And lay these shafts with incense on a fire,  
 That thou may'st gain thine uttermost desire.

"He ceased, but ere the golden tongue was still  
 An odorous mist had stolen up the hill,  
 And to Admetus first the god grew dim,  
 And then was but a lovely voice to him,  
 And then at last the sun had sunk to rest,  
 And a fresh wind blew lightly from the west  
 Over the hill-top, and no soul was there ;  
 But the sad dying autumn field-flowers fair  
 Rustled dry leaves about the windy place,  
 Where even now had been the godlike face,  
 And in their midst the brass-bound quiver lay."

*Ibid.* pp. 487-8.

But we must now quit, though unwillingly, this veritable earthly Paradise, not however without confidence that whatever reader has followed us thus far will hasten to set his feet in the pleasant places of the book itself. We do not care to dwell at length on the blemishes of Mr. Morris's workmanship, which are but slight in comparison with its excellences. Rough and unfinished in metre and verbiage he certainly is when compared with Tennyson and Browning, or even with Mr. Swinburne, but his order of work is, as already shown, so thoroughly other than theirs, that no similarity of criterion can be made use of in judging technically of the two classes of works.

Some of the comparisons with which the present article opened must have betrayed—and it would be absurd to deny—that we are sufficiently *au courant* with the age to prefer the contemporary school of poetry to Mr. Morris's as a matter both of taste and of judgment ; but at the same time, no one who thoroughly appreciates the modern poetic tendency can be so narrow as to depreciate work of such excellence in its own *genre* as this modern Chaucer has astonished the world with. Professors of modern principles in all respects

cannot logically withhold their highest meed of praise from those whom they conceive to be the greatest representatives of the age; but to do this would be scarcely more illogical than to refuse recognition to one who comes among us without affectation or pretence, and to refuse it on the ground that he is "not of us," when one of the essential principles of modern art is a widening of sympathy greater than could obtain under any other æsthetic principles than those which modern critics are engaged in preaching, and modern art-workers are largely and honestly carrying out. It is from the very pages of the two most essentially modern of literary artists that we draw the finest and most incisive lessons of wide sympathy and large tolerance, so that those who hold with these two noble artists, and with all work both practical and theoretical that is consonant with the principles carried out by these, should be the first, not the last, to recognise pure artistic merit of whatever order, so long only as it be not noxious in the sense of being insidiously immoral while externally beautiful.

To a very large proportion of contemporary society works of recreative delight are a great *desideratum*, and to these such works as Mr. Morris's will prove invaluable. Little influenced as he is by the all-important movement which, in the high places of our artistic literature, has already set in towards the assumption of the highest responsibilities, his works are yet pure and healthy in their tendency and upright in their teaching; they are such as no man need scruple to take home to his wife and leave within reach of his children, for, if they are unimpregnated with modern doctrine, they are at least innocent of what is gross in ancient creeds, and free from those insidious pruriencies which unfortunately spot and infect the lower ranks of contemporary literature. Of philosophy, his first book shows little or nothing; but the interval of nine years between its publication and that of *The Life and Death of Jason*, served to develop a certain philosophic element in the poet's habit of thought sufficient to afford him a point of view from which to treat his subjects. Without a point of view of moderate palpableness it is impossible to show any great unity of purpose in a work or works; but we are bound to confess that Mr. Morris's point of view, though sufficient for this purpose, is as far removed from modern points of view as are his subjects and his methods of treatment from modern subjects and methods. In fact, whatever morality and philosophy are expressed or implied in his two great works are not such as to give rise to

the least inconvenience in treating the subjects he has elected: to speak truth, his tenets are in a certain sense pagan, or rather, such as might well be included in a pagan code. From the hardy minds of the old world he has adopted all that is kindly, humane, resignedly brave, and a little of what is sad in the pathetic belief in a short life soon to be forgotten; but the evident healthiness of a robust, manly soul has saved him from deforming his works by any fatal admixture of that maudlin anti-theism which, when admitted, cannot fail to mar the calm beauty of an antique ideal. There is not in Mr. Morris's writings a trace of unhealthy revolt against circumstance and law; and although we may gather plenty of wholesome lessons to struggle after attainable good and struggle away from avoidable evil, we are made to feel at the same time the beauty and strength of manly submission to the inevitable, so that when we call this poet "pagan," it is merely in the negative sense of exhibiting no essential and distinctive modern principle, æsthetic, ethic, or religious. The period of paganism has not been, and indeed could not be, merged in a better period without leaving any trace of itself, without furnishing some good *residuum* to be built into the fabric of such better period, and Mr. Morris merely seems to neglect the later portions of the fabric in selecting that *residuum*. To pass censure on this selection would be to ignore the beautiful, unaffected "Apology" prefixed to *The Earthly Paradise*:—

"Of heaven or hell I have no power to sing,  
I cannot ease the burden of your fears,  
Or make quick-coming death a little thing,  
Or bring again the pleasure of past years,  
Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears,  
Or hope again for aught that I can say,  
The idle singer of an empty day.

But rather, when aweary of your mirth,  
From full-hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,  
And, feeling kindly unto all the earth,  
Grudge every minute as it passes by,  
Made the more mindful that the sweet days die—  
Remember me a little, then, I pray,  
The idle singer of an empty day.

The heavy trouble, the bewildering care  
That weighs us down who live and earn our bread,  
These idle verses have no power to bear.  
So let me sing of names remembered,  
Because they, living not, can ne'er be dead,

Or long time take their memory quite away  
From us poor singers of an empty day.

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,  
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?  
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme  
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,  
Telling a tale not too importunate  
To those who in the sleepy region stay,  
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

Folk say, a wizard to a northern king  
At Christmas-tide such wondrous things did show,  
That through one window men beheld the spring,  
And through another saw the summer glow,  
And through a third the fruited vines arow,  
While still, unheard, but in its wonted way,  
Piped the drear wind of that December day.

So with this earthly Paradise it is,  
If ye will read aright, and pardon me,  
Who strive to build a shadowy isle of bliss  
Midmost the beating of the steely sea,  
Where tossed about all hearts of men must be,  
Whose ravening monsters mighty men shall slay,  
Not the poor singer of an empty day."

These are his gifts no doubt, these he here describes; and he has made a beautiful use of them. What more should we ask?

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POSTSCRIPT.—Mr. Morris's rapidity of production is such that it is difficult to keep pace with him. Since the foregoing article was written he has, in conjunction with Mr. Eiríkr Magnússon, put forth two Sagas translated from the Icelandic—*The Story of Grettir the Strong*, which forms a considerable volume,\* and *The Saga of Gunnlaug the Wormtongue and Rafn the Skald*, published in the *Fortnightly Review*. Further, while we were going to press, a second instalment of *The Earthly Paradise* was issued. We are obliged to leave undiscussed the great merits of the two Sagas, and the special beauties conferred on these translations by the touch of a poetic hand; while of the new part of *The Earthly Paradise* we can merely note that it is, in our opinion, of greater importance than its predecessor, and that, in the story told therein of Gudrun and her lovers, the poet has taken a higher flight than in any previous work, while keeping on the earth in communion with human beings only, instead of scaling Olympus.

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\* London: F. S. Ellis, 33, King-street, Covent-garden.

- ART. IV.—1. *L'Eglise de Russie*. Par L. BOISSARD, Pasteur à Glay, près Montbéliard (Doubs). Deux Tomes. Paris : Cherbouliez. 1867.
2. *Sketches of the Rites and Customs of the Greco-Russian Church*. By H. C. ROMANOFF. Rivingtons : 1869.

A BRIEF notice of these volumes has already appeared in this Review. The larger work is from the pen of a French Protestant pastor, and contains a history of the Russian branch of the Greek Church, from the earliest date of which there are authentic records, to the present day. The historical matter is supplemented by comprehensive details as to the discipline and doctrine of the Church, its various schisms, its literature, its monachism, its Christian life, and its relation to the other Churches of Christendom. The substance of the book is the fruit of diligent and conscientious compilation; but this is varied by a judicious and often eloquent criticism, which shows that the writer is a man of no ordinary intelligence, and of large and catholic spirit. He has a profound sympathy with his subject; and to this the one weakness of his work may be traced. An ardent and almost impassioned admiration for "Holy Russia" and her Faith betrays him sometimes into the use of heightened tones of colour, with which a Protestant can scarcely sympathise, and which the facts of the case do not warrant. With this single drawback, M. Boissard's volumes may be confidently commended to all students of the phenomena of ecclesiastical history. They are historically trustworthy, and they furnish as complete a summary of the subject as is requisite for purposes of general information. To those also who wish to go more deeply into the problems of the world's religious life, they will offer many suggestions. We may add that the style of the writer is very chaste and beautiful; and those who are sufficiently familiar with the French language will follow him with pleasure and profit. The *Sketches of the Rites and Customs of the Greco-Russian Church*, by Madame Romanoff, an English lady who is married to a Russian officer, is a work of much less pretension, and is scarcely worthy of being classed with the volumes of Pasteur Boissard. It consists of a series of domestic tales, illustrative of the religious ceremonial of Russia, and of its hold on the popular mind and

heart. This method of conveying authentic information is open to suspicion, and in most instances fatal to correct representation; but, in this case, it is so well applied as to disarm objection. Madame Romanoff has produced a charming book, which will command a large circle of readers outside the range contemplated in the volumes of M. Boissard.

We need not apologise for recurring, according to promise, to the subject of these volumes. The charge of a very general ignorance on this question, made by Dean Stanley in his *Lectures on the Eastern Church*, may yet be sustained. Discussions which have arisen out of recent proposals for the union of Christendom, reveal, on the part of clergy and laity, not only a mistaken conception, but an absolute ignorance of the history, discipline, and dogma, and in some cases almost of the existence, of the largest, the most conservative, the most influential, and in many particulars the most ancient religious establishment in Christendom. For while the continuity of the national religious establishments of the West has been broken by schism, and dislocated by rival factions, the line of the Russian Church has been maintained unbroken and unentangled since the first Russian sovereign received the rite of baptism at the hands of the Patriarch of Constantinople. The power of the Russian Church is co-extensive with the power of the State. In Russia, the State is the Church. The religion of the people is bound up with their law, their patriotism, their social life. A religious schism would be regarded as a political revolution. The allegiance which fifty millions of subjects yield to the Czar is as much a matter of creed as of nationality. In the face of such facts as these, the general ignorance which prevails respecting the Russian Church would be unintelligible, were it not for two reasons, which probably furnish the explanation. The first is, that the literature of the subject is scanty, and in most cases practically inaccessible, locked up in a language little known beyond the immediate limits of the empire. The second and perhaps the more cogent reason lies in the fact that the history of the Russian Church is less romantic and picturesque than that of the various branches of the Church of the West. Her schisms have been few and unimpressive, her roll of notable martyrs is but brief, her hierarchy has furnished only here and there an illustrious name to the annals of the saints, her pulpits are without fame, her aggressions on the domain of paganism have been feeble, and, though of immense influence within her own territory, she has no claim to catholicity.

The tide of progress, which has given infinite variety and incident to the Western Churches, obliterating their ancient landmarks, altering their coast line, and invigorating them with fresh life and beauty, has beaten against the Church of Russia, as against a belt of rocks barren and immovable.

But the comparative absence of incident in the history of the Russian Church need not lessen the actual interest and profit of the study. There are features in it which are to be found in no other church, and which all churches should emulate. Its persistent fidelity to tradition may be studied with advantage in an age when novelty has so potent a charm, and when progress means less the improvement than the entire abandonment of the past. Its strict toleration of all divergent creed and worship—a toleration all the more remarkable, because proselytism is forbidden, and Russian faith is almost fanatical—is a living lesson to all Christendom. And, in the words of Dean Stanley:—

“ We may learn something from the otherwise unparalleled sight of whole nations and races of men, penetrated by the religious sentiment, which visibly sways their minds, even when it fails to reach their conduct. . . . From the sight of a calm strength, reposing in the quietness and confidence of a treasure of hereditary belief, which its possessor is content to value for himself, without forcing it on the reception of others. . . . From the sight of churches where religion is not abandoned to the care of women and children, but is claimed as the right and the privilege of men; where the Church reposes, not so much on the force and influence of its clergy, as on the independent knowledge and manly zeal of its laity.”

The ordinary interest of the study is enhanced, in these days, by the unsettled state of religious opinion, by the craving on the part of many after a union of Christendom, and more especially by the summoning of a so-called Œcumenical Council by the Roman Pontiff.

The vast districts which are now comprised in the Russian Empire were known to ancient times under the general designation of Scythia. They were peopled mainly by the Slaves; a race of great daring, and with an almost savage passion for war. Their religion, though pagan, and founded mainly on the worship of nature, was singularly pure. Their forests and fields, their joys and sorrows, their wars, their personal destinies, were placed under the protection of tutelary deities, but they acknowledged the existence of one Supreme God. Their domestic manners were gentle, their habits simple, and their general culture considerably in advance

of mere barbarism. The historians speak with admiration of their filial piety, their hospitality, and their many social virtues. Many of these characteristics are to be found among the Russian races to-day. Some pictures drawn by chroniclers are yet appropriate. The strongly conservative cast of the Russian mind may be seen in the fact, that notwithstanding the establishment of Christianity in every corner, and the intensely religious character of the people, the old pagan mythology still lives in the popular songs, the favourite legends, and the traditional customs of many parts of the empire. The religion of the Russ is like an ancient palimpsest, in which the traces of pagan story may be discerned under the handwriting of Christian truth.

There is no authentic record of the introduction of Christianity among the Slaves, earlier than the latter part of the ninth century. Tradition assigns a much earlier date. Andrew, the Apostle of Greece, is said to have sailed up the Dnieper, and to have planted the Cross on the heights of Kief, a city destined to play an important part in the subsequent religious history of the empire. A strange legend from Macarius, quoted by Dean Stanley, in his *Lectures on the Eastern Church*, derives the name of Russia from an exclamation of St. Andrew, when put into a hot vapour-bath: "Ἰδρῶσα, "I sweat!" A more grotesque tradition relates, that either St. Nicholas, or St. Anthony, having been thrown into the Tiber, with a mill stone round his neck, sailed on it through seas, and rivers, and lakes, until he found himself under the walls of Novgorod, where he preached the Cross. Whatever value we may be disposed to attach to these traditions, there are evidences of Christian life among the Slavonic races at a much earlier date than that which is assigned to the general introduction of the Gospel. An ancient Arabian writer affirms that the Russians adopted the Christian faith in the fourth century. He, however, gives no authority for the statement, and no illustration of its correctness. St. Jerome declares that "the frigid Scythia had warmed itself again at the beams of the faith." Chrysostom is known to have felt a deep interest in the conversion of the tribes who lived beyond the Don, and to have sent pastors and catechists among them. Nor were his sympathies exercised in vain, for he writes: "The Scythians, the Thracians, the Sarmatians, glorify Christ." But the conversions must have been isolated and rare. War and persecution gradually removed all traces of Christian life, and the mass of the people remained faithful to pagan superstition. A feeble church was

maintained on the shores of the Black Sea; for in 544, a company of Christians dwelling on those shores prayed the Emperor Justinian to send them a bishop in the place of one who had died. A Crimean bishop signed the decrees of the second *Trullan* Council, in 692. At a later date, another Crimean bishop suffered martyrdom.

In the year 862, the scattered races of the Slaves were united under the rule of Rourik, a Norman adventurer, who founded the Russian monarchy. The Normans, whom the Russian chroniclers call Varangians, were a wandering race, impatient of quieter pursuits, and devoted to the sea. They had already made incursions upon most of the countries of Europe, and laid them under tribute. A party of them made a descent upon the shores of Lake *Ilmen*, and took possession of the bordering towns. At first they met with a vigorous resistance. But the people, wearied of internal strife, and sensible of the need of government, sent ambassadors to Rourik, offering to put themselves under his rule. The Norman chieftain readily accepted the overture, and chose the city of Novgorod as the capital of the new kingdom. On the death of Rourik, which occurred fifteen years after his acceptance of the crown, the reins of government were seized by a bold and enterprising Norman chief, named Oleg, who, during the minority of Rourik's son, Igor, ruled with the title of Grand-Duke. One of his first works was to lay siege to Kief, a city already of some importance, held by two Christian chieftains, Oskhold and Dir. Having taken possession of this city, and put its governors to death, Oleg entertained the bold project of an expedition against Constantinople. With a fleet of two thousand vessels, manned by eighty thousand warriors, he embarked on the Dnieper, and, crossing the Black Sea, laid siege to the city of Constantine. The reigning emperor, Leo the Philosopher, terrified by his approach, readily consented to buy him off by the payment of a vast tribute, with which Oleg returned in triumph to Kief, where he fixed the seat of his government. He was succeeded in 912, by Igor, the son of Rourik, a prince whose domestic rule was wise and vigorous, but whose foreign expeditions were signally disastrous. An attempted invasion of Greece was baffled by the destruction of his fleet in the Bosphorus by a violent storm, and he himself fell in an expedition against the *Drevulians*. During the infancy of his son, Sviatoslaf, the regency was held by Olga, the queen mother, whose name is intimately connected with the first authentic records of Christianity. Her first business was to take cruel

and bitter reprisals on the Drevulians. Then she gave attention to the inner life of the kingdom: the great highways were repaired, new cities were built, and the people were trained to a fuller civilisation. In 957, she made a pilgrimage to Constantinople, and publicly embraced the Christian faith. She was baptized under the name of Helena, the Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus acting as her sponsor.

The conversion of the Grand-Duchess Olga must have given Christianity considerable hold in the land under her rule. Of the extent to which her example was followed by her subjects, there are no authentic records. She received, however, no countenance from her son Sviatoslaf, who was a thorough Norman, fond of adventure, and with a passion for war. His life was almost spent in the field. After a series of brilliant exploits, attended with varied success, he fell in battle, in the year 978, on the banks of the Dnieper, and was succeeded by Vladimir, his son, to whom belongs the honour of founding the Christian religion in the Russian Empire. He was, in effect, to Russia, what Constantine was to Rome. The parallel is remarkably sustained by the fact that, like Constantine, he was for the greater part of his career a stranger to Christianity. Unlike Constantine, however, he was savagely and ruthlessly cruel. A fratricide, a sensualist of the worst type, he allowed nothing to stand in the way of his ambition or his pleasures. At the very height of his success he was seized with melancholy. Fearful dreams and visions pursued him, a horrible remorse fastened on his conscience, and he became the victim of incessant terrors. To still the tumult within him, he raised new idols on the shores of the Dnieper and the Volkof, loaded them with silver and gold, and offered human victims upon their altars. The blood of at least two Christian martyrs was shed at these shrines. These cruelties only aggravated his malady, and in the depth of his dejection the memory of the piety of his mother, and of the serene faith of her last moments, fell upon him like a knell. At this crisis a band of Mussulman missionaries from Bulgaria are said to have presented themselves before him, and to have sought to convert him to their faith. He listened with interest to their description of the Mohammedan paradise, with its seventy beautiful houris, and its round of sensual pleasures: but he revolted from the practice of circumcision and the prohibition of wine. "Drinking," said he, "is the delight of Russians: we cannot do without it." Not more successful were the emissaries of the Western Church. They dwelt on the grandeur of the Deity, and the vanity of idols. But when they told him that

their scriptures enjoined them to fast, and to eat and drink only to the glory of God, he dismissed them at once, crying, "Not from Popes did my fathers receive their faith." Then came a deputation of Jews from the empire of the Khazars, who pressed him to embrace the Mosaic law. After listening to the details of its prohibitions, he demanded the name of their country. "Jerusalem," they answered, "but the breath of God's anger has scattered us among strange people." Indignant that men who were without a country, and who confessed themselves the objects of Divine wrath, should presume to invite his allegiance to their faith, he drove them from his presence.

At this point there is some confusion in the chronicles. Some of them relate that the next attempt to convert Vladimir was made by a Greek philosopher, and that he was followed by a hermit belonging to the Greek Church. Others tell of the hermit only. The latter account is probably correct. The holy man, after reviewing the errors of Moham medanism and Judaism, dwelt with simple eloquence on the leading features of the Christian faith, and especially on the final judgment. Producing a tablet on which the scene of the last judgment was painted, he pointed to the just who were entering Paradise, and to the wicked who were being driven to hell. Vladimir was moved but not convinced. Loading the hermit with presents, he sent him away, and called a council of his nobles, who advised him to select the wisest men of his court, and to despatch them to various countries on a tour of inspection. The deputation to Bulgaria and Germany brought back an indifferent account of the faith and worship of the people whom they had visited. But not so the deputation to Constantinople. They had been royally received by the Emperor Basil and his brother Constantine. They had been conducted to the gorgeous church of St. Sophia, brilliant with mosaics and gold. The time chosen was a high festival, possibly that of St. Chrysostom, or the death of the Virgin. The splendid vestments, the swinging censers, the sounding chants, the procession of deacons "with white linen wings on their shoulders," the dazzling lights, overwhelmed the visitors, trained only to the rude services of paganism. They returned to Kief declaring that they did not know whether they had been in heaven or upon earth. They believed that they had seen angels joining in the service of the Christians. They avowed the utter impossibility of retaining the rites and usages of the pagan faith.

Vladimir could not resist the force of their representations. Neither could he master his own passions. He must have one more taste of battle and victory before professing himself a Christian. He led his forces into the Crimean peninsula, and took the Greek city of Kherson by storm. He then despatched an embassy to the Emperors Basil and Constantine, demanding in marriage their sister Anna, and threatening to lay Constantinople in ruins if the demand was not complied with. The astonished princes replied that a Christian could not be betrothed to a pagan, and that baptism was the sole condition on which he could obtain their sister's hand. He answered that he only awaited the arrival of the princess and the clergy, to receive the initiatory rite. There was nothing for them but to submit. The princess was forthwith sent to Kherson. A severe attack of ophthalmia which blinded the Russian despot, and which she persuaded him would disappear at his conversion, precipitated his resolve. He offered himself for baptism; and, say the chroniclers, at the moment of the imposition of the bishop's hands, the prince received his sight, and cried with enthusiasm, "At length I have seen the true God!" As a proof of the sincerity of his conversion and his gratitude to God, he founded a Christian church at Kherson, and restored the city to the authority of the Greek emperors.

Returning to Kief, accompanied by his wife and a train of ecclesiastics, and furnished with a cargo of precious relics, his first care was to secure the conversion of his people. Their principal idol, the huge Peroun, was tied to the tail of a horse, and, after an ignominious whipping, was dragged to the banks of the Dnieper, and hurled into the stream. The people were horror-stricken, but dared not protest. The inhabitants of Kief were invited to gather on the shores of the Dnieper, and submit to the rite of baptism. The superstitious reverence for the will of their superiors, which is still a characteristic of the Russian peasantry, drew vast crowds to the spot. On the appearance of Vladimir and the priests, the people threw themselves into the water, mothers holding their little ones in their arms, the prayers were read by the priests, and the mystery of baptism was complete. "In that day," says the pious Nestor, "the heavens and the earth rejoiced."

The work thus begun spread with amazing rapidity; town after town yielded to the zeal of Vladimir and renounced paganism. In some cases his zeal was supplemented by terrible threats, and the people were driven to baptism by

the fear of his wrath. Occasionally, as at Novgorod, heathenism was encountered by the sword. But, whatever the means, the progress of the truth was such, that during the life-time of Vladimir, who had won the title of "Equal to the Apostles," almost every city and town in the vast range of his rule had accepted the Christian faith. Distant provinces, bounded by gloomy forests and wastes, still cherished pagan practices and superstitions, and even in the centres of evangelical life the old heaven gave occasional manifestation of its existence. But the reign of paganism was over, and the most ardent hopes of the royal convert were fulfilled. His son, Jaroslaf, was a worthy successor of his father. His aim was to consolidate the work which had been begun. Temples and schools were founded, the priesthood was increased, monasteries were instituted, bishoprics were formed, missions to distant districts were organised, and such was the spread of the faith that towards the close of the eleventh century Russia was nominally Christian. We say *nominally*, because a great number of the new converts, adopting the ritual of the Church, were actually pagans; and whenever the opportunity offered, publicly avowed their preference for the ancient faith. Sects of magicians for a long time maintained a powerful influence over the superstitious peasantry, and outbursts of fanaticism sorely impeded the work of Christianisation. The rivalry of races, the ignorance and rudeness of the people, the force of time-honoured customs, all contributed to weaken the efforts of the Church. But the truth prevailed, and no country presents the picture of a more peaceable and gentle spread of Christianity than that which is seen in the conversion of Russia. And the reason which M. Boissard gives for this remarkable result is probably right. The first evangelists of Russia entered on their mission less as the emissaries of a church than as the servants of the Cross, contending for no supremacy but that of their Divine Master, and carrying with them as their credentials, and as a pledge of the sincerity of their enterprise, the word of God in the language of the people.

The new church was destined, at a very early age of its history, to encounter and endure a tribulation, which, while it spread universal desolation and added many a name to the noble army of martyrs, issued at length in an era of greater solidity and more permanent prosperity. Early in the thirteenth century the redoubtable Djengis-Khan, "the king of kings," overran China, Persia, and Central Asia with his savage hordes of Mongols, and left a track of ruin and death

behind him. True to the policy of his father, Ogotai, his son and successor, levied an army of half a million of men, and despatched it, under the command of his nephew Bati, on an expedition against the nations to the west of the Ural chain. The first invasion laid in ruins the flourishing towns of Pronsk, Riazan, Vladimir, Jaroslav, and Moscow. A few months later Pereslav, Kiev, Tchernigov, Galitch, and Vladimir in Volhynia, fell into the hands of the invaders. The death of Ogotai put an end for a time to the incursions of the Mongols; but ere long Bati, having become master of a vast district, laid the foundations of a new capital near the mouths of the Volga, and in 1243 summoned the Russian princes to do him homage. Weakened by internal differences, they were unable to offer any adequate resistance to the imperious demand of the Khan: they presented themselves before him, and Russia fell under the Tartar yoke.

It was the policy of the Khans to leave nations which they had conquered to their own laws and usages, and not to interfere with their internal administration. An annual tribute was exacted, a certain number of men were drafted yearly into the Tartar army, and other restrictions were imposed; but the conquered nation was allowed to retain its own rulers, laws, religion,—the conquerors reserving the prerogative of appointing the princes of the various provinces. Only in very rare cases were these princes chosen from the Mongols; they were generally scions of the native stock. Thus Russia, though under the yoke of the Khans, was permitted to retain her internal organisation, her grand-dukes, feudal princes, laws, faith, worship, with all her dignitaries, lay and ecclesiastical. She was permitted even to make war or peace without any interference on the part of her masters. But notwithstanding the seemingly enlightened and liberal policy of the Khans, the history of the Church in Russia during the period of the Mongol domination was one of suffering and martyrdom. The town of Riazan was the first victim of the invasion. The Tartar troops respected the sanctity neither of churches nor monasteries. Priests fell bravely fighting for their shrines, nuns were subjected to shocking outrages, and the town with its sanctuaries and convents was left a heap of cinders. The people of Moscow were butchered without reference to age or sex. The bishop, Metrophanes, with the Grand-Duchess and her children, accompanied by a trembling crowd, took refuge in the cathedral. Standing in the midst of his flock, the venerable prelate commended their souls to God. The cathedral was surrounded by the

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Tartars, and burnt. Its worshippers perished in the flames. In one month fourteen of the principal towns were destroyed. Vassilko, the prince of Rostof, was made prisoner, and was offered the favour of the Khans if he would abjure his faith. "Whatever evils I may have to suffer," cried the noble prince, "I will not exchange the light of my Saviour for the kingdom of darkness." Kief, the cradle of Russian Christianity, shared the fate of other towns. Its cathedral, its famous monastery, and all its churches were destroyed. Not that the Mongol hordes originally contemplated any scheme either of proselytism or persecution. Their aim was the universal subjugation of the people to their power. Orders were even issued by the Khans forbidding, under pain of death, any insult by word or deed to the Russian faith. But this was only a small security, when the victors were under the unbridled influence of savage passion. In some cases direct efforts were made to compel the Russians to adopt the creed of Islam, and it is probable that but for internal factions which divided and weakened the Tartar power, the Mongol invasion would have taken the form of a vast Mohammedan aggression upon the Christian life of the empire.

During the protracted rule of the Khans, the Church of Russia proved faithful to her trust. The patriotism of her priesthood was often the inspiration of her soldiery. The clergy were, in truth, the deliverers of their country. It was the hermit Sergius who nerved the failing heart of the Grand-Duke Demetrius, and sustained him by his blessing and his prayers as he went to that battle-field on the Don which was the scene of the first defeat of the Tartar power. Two monks accompanied the prince to the field, and fought in the van with coats of mail over their monastic garb. It was the Archbishop Bassian, the noble successor of Sergius, who in an after day constrained Ivan III. to take the field against the invader, and offered to lead the army himself; and the result was that the Golden Horde fled before Ivan, and Russia was set free from the Mongol domination for ever. True to the instincts of patriotism, the Russian clergy were not less true to their mission as servants of God. They laboured hard to convert their conquerors to the Christian faith. Like the early Christians when scattered abroad by invasion and persecution, they carried the seeds of living truth to the land of their wanderings. In the very capital of the Khans they built a church and established a bishopric. Cyril, bishop of Rostof, was received by the Khan Bergai with much deference, and was permitted to speak to him

of the name and works of Christ. Such was the effect of his discourse, that a young prince, nephew of the Khan, was induced to leave the court, to accept baptism, and ultimately to found a monastery, in which he died in the odour of sanctity. The daughter of one of the Khans became a Christian, and married a Russian prince. Mohammedan priests were numbered among the converts of the Church, and the two sons of the Khan Koulpa were baptized under the names of John and Michael. Nor is it without significance that "on the top of every Russian church, in every town which was under the Tartar yoke, the Cross is planted on the Crescent."

While Eastern Russia was succumbing, an easy victim, to the power of the Mongols, the Russians of the West, inspired by the warlike vigour of their princes, offered a formidable barrier to the progress of the invaders, and more than once drove them in terror from their lines. The Grand-Duchy of Lithuania, though professedly pagan, numbered among its population many Christians who observed the Greek ritual. Prominent among these was Voïchelg, son of the Grand-Duke Mindovg, and prince of the Lithuanian Novgorod. His youth had been passed in cruelty and sensuality; he had shed the blood of his subjects on the most frivolous pretexts, and was hated by the people of his rule as a monster. Stricken by the reproaches of his conscience, he embraced the Christian faith; and transferring the government to his son, he gave himself to the monastic life, and founded a monastery on the banks of the Niemen. The Grand-Duke, who was a staunch heathen, entreated and threatened his son, but in vain. On the murder of Mindovg, the old spirit seized Voïchelg, and he spent three years in avenging his father's death. He then returned to the monastery, and devoted himself to the work of converting Lithuania to the true faith. Successive princes, with one or two exceptions, emulated his Christian zeal. Monasteries and churches were built. The persecuting spirit of paganism now and then broke forth, and the blood of many martyrs was shed; but at length the last of the heathen Grand-Dukes, one of the bitterest opponents of Christianity, was received into the Church, and Lithuania professed the faith of the Cross. The north-eastern districts of Russia were visited by pious hermits, whose toil was amply repaid by much signal success. Churches were founded among the most degraded populations, and towards the middle of the fourteenth century the countries bordering on Lake Onega were purged of idolatry

and converted. The northern districts were the spheres of yet greater triumphs. A young priest, St. Stephen, was impressed with the desire to carry the Gospel to the people dwelling among the vast forests of the north. His first care was to translate into their vernacular the ritual of the Church. Having obtained the sanction and blessing of the bishop of the metropolitan see, he betook himself to the countries lying on the mouths of the Vitcheгда. The people, rude and uncivilised as they were, received him with respect, and listened to his message. The opposition raised by the pagan priests was cowed and mastered by the boldness with which he defied them. He flung their most venerated idols into the flames, and challenged the chief of their magicians to the ordeal of water and fire. Such was the effect of his mission, that the province of Perm was erected into a bishopric in 1383—Stephen being the first bishop—churches were built, two monasteries were established, a school for the education of priests was founded, and a liturgical service was composed in the Zyrian tongue. By such means as these, slowly but surely, the whole of the vast empire of Russia was won to the Christian faith.

It is time, however, to consider the internal constitution of the Church thus founded. The Russian Church of the present day is a branch of the Eastern Church, from which it originally sprang, and to which, from the earliest period of its history, it has been most closely related. It has ever scrupulously conserved not only the doctrines, but also the essential rites and canonical constitution of the Church of the East. But the changes which have passed over Russia in its national development have naturally re-acted upon its Church and modified its relations. In the first instance the Russian Church was entirely dependent on that of Constantinople. In process of time it obtained a measure of freedom which had the sanction of the Byzantine patriarchate. This limited independence was improved by degrees until the more ancient Church ceased to exercise any control, and the autonomy of the Russian Church was accomplished. Thus the history of its constitution may be divided into three periods: the first, extending from 988 to 1240, during which time the Church might be called *Greek* or *Byzantine*; the second, from 1240 to 1589, during which it might be termed *Greco-Russian*; the third, ranging from the sixteenth century to the present, which exhibits the Church as *Russian*. In the first of these periods the Russian Church was simply a Greek metropolitanate, under the jurisdiction of the patriarch of Con

stantinople. The early metropolitans were chosen by the patriarch without any reference either to the rulers or the hierarchy of the country, and in almost every instance those who were chosen were Greeks. Of twenty-two metropolitans, one only was a Russian, and he, previously to his consecration, had been trained in a cloister at Constantinople. For two centuries and a half the Russian Church hardly dared to nominate its own metropolitan. Under the Grand-Duke Jaroslav, this was done in the case of Hilarion, and again under the Grand-Duke Isiaslav, in the case of Clement Smoliatich; these two attempts mark the point of departure, and were, in truth, the forerunners of the future independence of the Church. At the destruction of Kief by the Mongols, the metropolitan Joseph, a Greek, perished with his flock. The prince of Galicia chose a Russian bishop for the post thus vacated; the patriarch accepted the choice, and instituted him without objection. This concession paved the way to a more perfect freedom, and about the year 1248 the Patriarch of Constantinople recognised the right of the Church and rulers to choose their own metropolitans. Still the assent of the patriarch to the choice thus made was considered absolutely requisite. In the third phase of its existence the eastern branch of the Russian Church threw off this fragment of jurisdiction, and was constituted a patriarchate, while the western branch remained dependent on Constantinople. The establishment of the Holy Synod in 1721 consolidated the Russian Church into one independent branch of the ancient Greek Church.

The origin of the Russian hierarchy is enveloped in much obscurity, and the materials furnished by chronicles, and other historic monuments, are such as deepen, rather than lessen that obscurity. It appears tolerably certain, however, that the highest ecclesiastical dignity, that of Metropolitan, was instituted during the reign of Vladimir, and that Michael was the first who sustained that office in the Russian Church. At first, the metropolitan resided at Kief, and "the division of the Church into eparchies or dioceses coincided with that of the monarchy among the sons of Vladimir," which was completed in the reign of his successor. The metropolitan of Kief was the chief pastor of the Church, and as such was invested with considerable authority; but he took no important step without consultation with the bishops in synod. It was his prerogative to summon the bishops to synodal councils, to institute new bishops, to investigate their conduct, and adjudge in cases of discipline; and, in fine, to adopt such

measures as related to the general interests of the Church. The second dignity of the Church, that of bishop, seems to have been conferred generally on the superior of a monastery, or on some monk, distinguished by special qualities. The celebrated convent of Petchera furnished no less than thirty prelates from its ranks. The bishops could not be transferred from one see to another, according to ancient regulations; but this rule was sometimes relaxed. No bishop was compelled to resign his see in consequence of infirmity or age. John, bishop of Tchernigov, suffered from a malady which prevented him from fulfilling any episcopal function for twenty-five years; but he held his see until death.

The right to nominate a bishop belonged to the prince of the province concerned, but the nomination required the sanction of the metropolitan. Later on, the superiors of convents and the general clergy shared with the laity in the right of nomination. With the consent of the clergy, the prince could depose a bishop from office. The episcopal power was purely spiritual, though in a broader sense of that word than its conventional usage would warrant. The bishop consecrated the inferior clergy, watched over their conduct, and, in cases of delinquency, submitted them to the punishment enjoined in the canon of the Church. He was regarded as the guide of the conscience, and the natural defender of justice and morality. He was the counsellor of the prince, who seldom took important action without his sanction. He, too, was invested with the power of punishing all crimes and offences against the faith and dignity of the Church, and against domestic purity and rights. So wide were his functions as the upholder of truth and virtue, that he was actually an inspector of weights and measures! But with all this power, neither the metropolitan nor the bishops encouraged the habit, which distinguished the Byzantine dignitaries, of surrounding themselves with an imposing retinue of ecclesiastics. Nor did they burden the Church with a multiplicity of officers. The presbyter, the deacon, the precentor, the sacristan, formed the whole of the clerical staff. The bishop had in his service a sub-deacon, but rarely a presbyter. In all matters pertaining to the Church, the prince was expected to take a prominent part; and thus, from the very beginning, the civil and religious life of the empire were regarded as one.

Such was the constitution of the Church, as laid down in the *Statutes of Vladimir* and of *Jaroslav*. These, with the *Ecclesiastical Rules*, formulated by the presbyter Cyricus,

*The Statute of Elias*, archbishop of Novgorod, and the *Charter* granted to the see of Smolensk, by Prince Rotislav Matislavitch, complete the legislation of the Church, up to the thirteenth century. In these documents, there are many very minute details, and some inconsiderable modifications; but in the main, they left the basis of the constitution unchanged. The invasion of the Mongols had but small influence upon the essential principles of the government of the Church, the policy of the Khans being to interfere as little as possible with the internal affairs of the people. But it was impossible for a nation to pass under a yoke so despotic and disastrous as that of the Tartars without suffering in its ecclesiastical organisation. Had it not been for the zeal of the metropolitan Cyril, who for forty years worked in the service of the Church, its disorganisation would have been complete. Another result of the Mongol invasion threatened the unity of the Church. The metropolitan see of Kiev having been destroyed, and its people scattered, Maximus transferred himself and his clergy to Vladimir, which thus became the chief seat of ecclesiastical power. Not long, however, was the honour enjoyed by this city. Its princes, by their sanguinary passions, had so far alienated the people, that the metropolitan Peter, influenced by the strong affection of the Grand-Duke, transferred his seat to Moscow in 1325. This decision roused the churches of Mid-Russia. Their princes and clergy had been accustomed to the society of the metropolitan, and now that the seat of that dignitary was removed to Moscow, they conceived the project of having a metropolitan of their own. An appeal was made to the Patriarch and Synod of Constantinople, but they were unable to settle the difficulty. A war of rival interests was the result, and for nearly a century the Church was occupied with dissensions, which were fatal to her spiritual work. The issue of the conflict was, that the Patriarch of Constantinople was compelled to recognise the claims of Lithuania, and to consecrate Erasmus, bishop of Smolensk, metropolitan of that grand-duchy. The metropolitan Jonah exercised his functions at Moscow. In 1453, Constantinople fell into the hands of the Turks, and was no longer in a position to maintain the supremacy of former days. The old relations of sympathy and affection were kept up; the Russian Church poured out her wealth for the sustenance of the broken fortunes of the East; but her autonomy as a church was complete.

The next prominent date in the history of the Russian Church is the institution of the Patriarchate, at the close of

the sixteenth century. At this date, Christianity in the East was in the hands of the Turks; in the West it was imperilled by the intrigues of the Popes. The Czar Theodore resolved to secure the Christianity of Russia against all danger, by establishing the patriarchate in his empire. The arrival of the Patriarch of Antioch at Moscow favoured his scheme. The subject was brought before him, and he pledged himself to convey the wishes of the Czar to the patriarchal synod, which embraced the Patriarchs of Constantinople, Antioch, Alexandria, and Jerusalem. The decision of the synod was communicated to the Czar by no less a personage than the Patriarch of Constantinople himself. In the month of July, 1588, the venerable Jeremiah, famed not only for his learning, but for his faithful devotion to a suffering church, bore to Moscow the message of the synod, confirming the petition of the Russian Czar and clergy. The delighted Czar at once offered the new dignity to Jeremiah; the offer was sustained by the synod of bishops; but the venerable man preferred to return to his suffering flock. A council was held in the Church of the Assumption. The Metropolitan Job was chosen to the new dignity. On the 23rd of January, 1589, he was solemnly installed. M. Boissard shall describe the occasion:—

“Three thrones, one covered with gold brocade, for the Czar, the two others with simple velvet, for the Patriarchs, were raised upon a platform; side seats were set apart for bishops. The Patriarch elect, in the presence of the council and the church, rehearsed the confession of the orthodox faith. After reading the creed, he was embraced by the bishops, pronounced the patriarchal benediction, and turned towards the chapel of the Virgin. The celebration of the mass was followed by the chanting of sacred songs: then the arch-priests and archdeacons conducted him to the royal gates, and two bishops accompanied him to the altar. The Patriarch placed the Gospels on his brow, and invoked the Divine grace for the fulfilment of his ministry. The installation was followed by a brilliant reception at the imperial palace; the Czar confirmed by diploma all deeds relating to the election and enthronisation of the Patriarch; the document was stamped with the seal of the empire, signed by the two patriarchs, the bishops of Greece and of Russia, and a host of archimandrites and superiors.”

Two years later the patriarch Jeremiah published an encyclical synodal decree on the subject of the establishment of the Russian patriarchate, signed by three patriarchs, nineteen metropolitans, nineteen archbishops, and twenty bishops.

The prerogatives of the patriarch in the government of the

Church were scarcely different from those of the metropolitan. Certain religious services which were regarded with profound reverence were reserved to him, but his administrative powers were very similar to those with which the metropolitans had been invested. He, however, was expected to keep up an almost regal state. His court vied with that of the Czar. The sons of noblemen were his pages. In his palace were seven halls, in each of which sat a judge. In 1625 the patriarch Philaret established five patriarchal chancellorships; one to consider questions of justice, a second to overlook the affairs of the Church, a third to manage the revenues of the patriarchal see, &c., &c. The new dignity introduced modifications into the organisation of the Church. The number of metropolitans, archbishops, and bishops was increased, so that in 1686 the patriarch had under his jurisdiction no less than twelve metropolitans and seven archbishops. The metropolitans had no other hierarchical privilege than that of exercising a more decisive influence over the deliberations of the synods, where their vote was of more value than that of the archbishops, just as the votes of the latter preponderated over those of the bishops.

The period of the Russian patriarchate is coincident with one of the most important, if not the most important era of the political history of the empire. The dignity was instituted just at the time when the nation was drifting into anarchy and a second subjugation to foreign yoke; and to the influence exerted by the distinguished men who held the patriarchal office, the ultimate deliverance of both Church and State was clearly indebted. The dynasty of Rourick was closed in 1598 by the murder of the infant Demetrius. This was the signal for a vigorous attempt to secure Polish ascendancy. The national election, which had received the sanction of the Church, was set aside, and the imperial power was assumed by a usurper, a tool of the Poles, who took the name of Demetrius. The patriarch Job was true to his position. He denounced the usurpation, published a pastoral prescribing daily prayers for the success of the rightful sovereign, and appealed to the patriotism of the nobles and the people. While he was celebrating mass in the cathedral he was seized by the emissaries of the usurper, stripped of his patriarchal robes, and in the garb of a simple monk was banished to the monastery of Staritz. Hermogenes, his successor, was no less faithful to his trust. But Moscow was now in the hands of the Poles, the Latin services were heard in the Kremlin, the usurper Demetrius was on the

throne, anarchy was everywhere prevalent. And when the brave patriarch lifted up his voice in protest, he was flung into prison and starved to death. But though the head of the Church had become a martyr, it was the inward vigour of the Church that broke the force of revolution. The famous Troitzka Monastery, the founder of which had centuries before inspired the courage which won the battle of the Don against the Tartars, again furnished the master spirit of the crisis. Dionysius, the head of the monastery, roused the flagging energies of his country. The convent stood a protracted and unsuccessful siege; and its persistence saved the land. When the people, delivered a second time from the yoke of the foreigner by the power of the Church, gathered together to elect a sovereign, it was almost natural that they should look for him in the ranks of those who had accomplished their deliverance. Their choice fell upon the young Michael Romanof, the son of Philaret, Archbishop of Rostoff, who ascended the throne amid universal acclamations. He was the founder of the Romanof dynasty, which to this day sways the sceptre of all the Russias. Philaret, father of the Czar, was chosen patriarch of Moscow. That blending of the State with the Church, which is the characteristic of Russian history, received its full illustration in the reign of the first of the Romanofs. The patriarch and the czar ruled together. The name of the former figured in the public acts side by side, and on an equal footing, with that of the latter. Nor was the united rule inimical to the interests either of the nation or the Church. Both were purged of evil elements and prepared for future stability and purity.

But the most splendid name in the roll of the patriarchate, and indeed in the annals of the Russian hierarchy, is that of Nikon. Sprung from the peasantry, he passed up, by virtue of unparalleled abilities, through the functions of parish priest, archimandrite, and metropolitan, to the highest ecclesiastical dignity, and so conducted himself in the office that his name stands out yet with a prominence attached to no other name in the religious history of Russia, and to but few in that of the Eastern Church. On his elevation to the patriarchal dignity, he set himself with stern purpose and unrelenting severity to root up the abuses which prevailed among the clergy, and to invest with life and spirit the ceremonial observances of the Church. He broke through the custom which secluded women from public worship, introduced the teaching of Greek and Latin into the schools, banished the harsh and grating chants which had long been

in vogue, and initiated "that vocal music which has since become the glory of the Russian worship." He despatched learned men to collect among the Greek monasteries materials for a revision of the Bible, and "from his lips was first heard, after many centuries, the sound of a living, practical sermon." In the administration of discipline he was so severe as to be counted "a very butcher" by his clergy. He laid the axe most decisively at the root of clerical intemperance. His agents were continually going round the city in quest of offenders; and if they lighted on a drunken priest he was forthwith carried off to prison, stripped, and scourged. "His prisons," says Macarius, cited by Dean Stanley, "are full of them, galled with heavy chains and logs of wood on their necks and legs, or they sift flour day and night in the bake-house." Stories are told of his cruelty to offenders which are scarcely credible, and which perhaps are to be regarded as grim practical jests. But these were sometimes carried to an awkward length. He once delivered an erring deacon into the hands of a party of cannibal Kalmucks, who laid hold of him, and "tore his clothes to tatters in scrambling for him." When the poor deacon had been frightened almost to death—he was ill for a long time afterwards—the patriarch redeemed him from the savages with money and fish.

In the midst of his reforms, and when he was at the height of his power, a formidable combination against him was planned by some of the nobles who were jealous of his influence over the czar, Alexis, and enraged by the insolence of his bearing towards themselves. The clergy, exasperated by his severity, were only too ready to foment the hatred of the nobles. But the friendship of Alexis towards the patriarch for a long time checked the hostile policy of the malcontents. An opportunity, however, soon offered for sowing seeds of dissension between Nikon and his patron. The mind of Alexis was poisoned, and a marked change came over his treatment of the patriarch. The nobles, emboldened by their success, indulged in acts of open insolence. One of them called his dog "Nikon." Another struck a prince of the patriarch's retinue during a public procession. The patriarch demanded satisfaction from the czar, and sought a personal interview. At a high festival of the Church he waited for his royal master; but the Prince Romodanowsky informed him that Alexis did not intend to be present, and reproached him for his insolence and pride. The indignant prelate, waiting only for the close of the service, came forth from the royal gates of the church, declared with a loud voice that he was no longer

patriarch, laid his pastoral staff before the picture of the Virgin of Vladimir, and throwing off his robes, passed into the vestry, where he wrote an angry letter to the czar. Emerging from the vestry, he was met by the people, who with loud and impassioned entreaties urged him to remain. They closed the cathedral doors, drew the horses from his carriage, and sought with violence to intercept his departure. But he passed out on foot, left the palace of the Kremlin for ever, and, after visiting the monastery of Iversk, buried himself in the Convent of the Resurrection.

His retreat did not assuage the enmity of the nobles. They clamoured for a new patriarch. The feeble czar, unable to resist the tide of opinion, convened the synod. Some faithful members protested against the deposition of Nikon, as a violation of ecclesiastical law, and as a proceeding in no sense warranted by his conduct. It was concluded that no action could be taken without the consent of the patriarchs of the East. The appeal to them issued in favour of Nikon. A letter from the Patriarch of Jerusalem produced such an impression at the Russian Court, that a friendly nobleman wrote to the exile, urging him to return to Moscow at the approaching festival of St. Peter, and to take his place in the cathedral, as if nothing had occurred. Early in the morning of the feast Nikon was at his post, clad in his robes, and grasping the staff of his office. He sent a message to the czar, inviting him to attend and join in the prayers. The evil counsel of the courtiers again prevailed; Alexis declined the patriarch's invitation, and commanded him to retire to his convent. His fate was now sealed. A council of the Eastern patriarchs was convened at Moscow for the purpose of trying the fallen prelate. The patriarchs of Alexandria and Antioch arrived towards the end of the year 1666. A synod of Greek and Russian dignitaries was held in the patriarch's palace. The czar, as president of the council, read the counts of accusation, with tears streaming down his face. Unmanned by the sight of his exiled friend, he descended from his throne, and taking him by the hand, broke forth into expressions of strong affection. But the favour of the faithless Alexis was of little avail. Nikon was degraded from the patriarchal dignity, and condemned to do penance in a distant monastery, as a common monk. He received his sentence with bitter and satirical invective; a present of money and furs to help on his long northward journey was indignantly sent back to the czar; he entered the sledge which was provided for him, and in a few moments the proud towers of the Kremlin were left

behind, and he was speeding on his way to the lonely monastery of Therapontoff, on the bleak shores of the White Sea. Long years afterwards Alexis, in bitter repentance, sent to ask the exile's forgiveness. While Nikon hesitated, a mortal sickness seized the czar, and from his death-bed he sent again, addressing his old friend by all his former titles, and craving to be forgiven. Before Nikon could send his answer Alexis passed away. In his last will was found a prayer for pardon and absolution from his spiritual father, "the great and holy Nikon." Three years after the death of Alexis, during which period the fallen prelate had been "imprisoned with still closer severity," the Czar Theodore yielded to solicitation from many quarters, and granted him permission to return to his favourite convent of the Resurrection. Worn with years and austerities, the exile died on his homeward route, and was buried, with all possible honour, in the church of his choice. There, in the words of Dean Stanley, whose graphic sketch of Nikon's life is one of the finest pictures in his *Lectures on the Eastern Church*, "he rests far enough from the ideal of a saintly character, but yet having left behind him to his own Church, the example which it still so much needs, of a resolute, active, onward leader; to the world at large, the example, never without a touching lesson, of a rough reformer, recognised and honoured when honour and recognition are too late."

The patriarch Joachim refused to the corpse of Nikon the burial due to the patriarchal dignity, alleging that he had been deprived of that dignity by the patriarchs of the East. At the request of the czar, Theodore, the metropolitan of Novgorod, conducted the funeral solemnities, without consulting the will of Joachim. Eight months afterwards, the young czar died: but, in the interval, he had obtained from the four patriarchs of the East a manifesto annulling the sentence of deposition against Nikon. A yet fuller endorsement of the reforms of Nikon was to be realised. At the time when Adrian, the metropolitan of Khazan, was promoted to the dignity of patriarch in the place of Joachim deceased, the young prince who was destined to play so conspicuous a part in history as Peter the Great was already giving promise of his future eminence. Driven in early life to seek refuge in the Troitzka monastery from the fury of the *Strelitzes*, he had gradually surrounded himself by a reactionary party, and laid the foundations of those vast reforms which lifted Russia to the fore-front of civilisation. When raised to the throne he determined to make a personal ac-

quaintance with the manners and customs of other European nations; and with this purpose he appointed Prince Romodanowsky, the members of his own family, and the patriarch to manage the empire in his absence, and made a tour through Prussia, Holland, England, and other lands. Recalled by another mutiny of the *Strelitzes*, he set himself to put an end to the disorders of his country. He took terrible vengeance on the revoltors, and indignantly rejected the prayers of the patriarch on their behalf. He placed the Princess Sophia under a surveillance which made her retirement a prison. He condemned his sister to a similar fate. His wife Eudisia, belonging to a family strongly attached to the ancient order of things, he banished to a convent, which was her prison during the whole of his reign. And, to the horror of the patriarch Adrian and his party, he summoned the chief dignitaries of the Church to take part in the revision of the statutes, civil and ecclesiastical.

We have not to deal with Peter the Great in his purely political character. The wonderful chapter of his personal history is not yet written. A true estimate of his genius, and of the marvellous vigour with which he revolutionised the empire, has not been formed. He is one of the problems of history, and perhaps many generations must pass ere a true solution will be realised. We have to deal with him as an ecclesiastical reformer only; and especially as the founder of that system of church government which to this day prevails in the Russian Empire. The new system had its rise in certain difficulties attendant upon the transference of the court from Moscow to the city of St. Petersburg, which, in the face of many natural and national obstructions, was rising rapidly on the banks of the Neva. The patriarch Adrian, an old and feeble man, was unable to spend much time so far away from his home, and the interests of the Church were in consequence imperilled. He complained to the czar that he was compelled to pass many months of the year at St. Petersburg, at a distance from his church and charge; and that, as the result, his diocese was becoming disorganised. The metropolitans of Kief, Novgorod, Rostof, and Smolensk were in similar difficulties. The czar at once replied to the patriarch that synodal administration appeared to him to promise a more effective and impartial church government than the oversight of any individual. A commission was appointed to consider the propriety of making this change in the constitution of the Church. The scheme had the approval of Peter's most effective adherents in the Church, but

it was not adopted suddenly. Stephen Javorsky, the personal friend of the czar, and the leader of the conservative party in the Church was appointed guardian of the patriarchal office. Its abolition, however, was but a work of time. A council was held in the new capital, and after grave discussion, the patriarchal dignity was abandoned, and the government of the Church was delegated to the Holy Synod. Stephen Javorsky received the title of President, without, however, any fuller power than that of the other members. The new order of things was proclaimed throughout Russia. The Eastern patriarchs assented to the change, and the patriarchate passed into the domain of history alone.

The constitution of Peter the Great is still in force. The Russian Church is governed by a synod. Four of its members, namely, the metropolitans of St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Kief, with the grand almoner of the imperial household, are immovable. The other members succeed one another for a given time, so that in their turn all the provinces are represented at the head-quarters of ecclesiastical rule. The procureur-general is not a member of the Holy Synod, but he is in attendance, and takes part in questions affecting at once the State and the Church. With purely religious questions he has nothing to do. With the establishment of the Holy Synod the history of the Russian hierarchy seems to cease. All materials for constructing a continuous history to the present day are locked up in the synodal archives, and are impracticably entangled. A commission, with the present procureur of the synod at its head, has been appointed for the purpose of classifying this unique and precious collection; but as it will involve the examination of more than three hundred thousand documents, the work is not likely to be achieved at an early date.

The doctrines of the Russian Church are identical with those of the Greek Church, of which it is the principal branch, and which lays claim to the title of *The Orthodox Church*. The right to this title is based upon the assumption that it has maintained, without admixture of individual opinion, the institutions of Jesus Christ and His Apostles, with all the rites and practices of Christianity in its earliest age. By virtue of this uninterrupted relationship to apostolic times, and of the free access to its communion which it offers to every man, irrespective of his country, the Greek Church claims also the distinction of being the Catholic or Universal Church. The Churches of Jerusalem, Antioch, Alexandria, Constantinople, and Russia are embraced within the fold;

and, with the exception of a few immaterial points, they subscribe the same confession of faith, observe the same sacraments, and use the same forms of prayer. The two sources whence the faith and worship of the Church are drawn are the Holy Scriptures and tradition. The former, as the fountain-head of all truth and as the sovereign authority for the conduct of life, are circulated freely among the people, without let or hindrance. Tradition is regarded as the link which binds the Church of the present to that of former times. An amount of homage is paid to its teachings which Protestant Christians would hesitate to render; but there is considerable difference between the position which tradition holds in the Eastern and the Western Church, that is to say, its Roman branch. The ritual of the Apostles, the acts of councils, general and particular, the Fathers, the ecclesiastical regulations, and the liturgical books comprise and constitute the body of tradition. In many features of public worship respect is paid to oral tradition. In the department of systematic theology,—the being and perfections of God, the creation of man, the person and work of the Redeemer, the doctrine of Divine Providence, the Divinity and personality of the Holy Spirit (with the exception of the doctrine of the Spirit's procession from the Son), the final judgment—the Greek Church is, in the main, in accord with the orthodox Christian Churches of the West. The doctrine of the procession of the Spirit from the Son, as well as from the Father, which led to the final rupture between the Eastern and Western Church, though perhaps only as one cause among very many, is still regarded as the point of divergence in the two creeds. Whether any strong feeling on the question is entertained by the Greek Church is a matter of doubt. The doctrine is repudiated rather as an innovation upon ancient creeds and formularies than as being in itself in opposition to the truth. Dean Stanley, however, is scarcely warranted in saying that the Greek Church views the question rather as a point of honour than of faith.

The Greek Church, like that of Rome, holds the doctrine of *seven* sacraments, and it is mainly in the area of sacramental theory and observance that the points of difference between the two Churches may be discerned. An air of mysticism, and almost of magic, seems to surround the sacramental observances of the Eastern Church, which in all points adheres *literally* to the teachings of tradition. The theory of *Baptism* is that at the moment when the sacramental words are pronounced, the Divine grace acts invisibly

upon the baptized person, so that he is saved from the guilt of sin, made a member of the Church, a child of God, and an heir of heaven. The rite, regarded as indispensable, is administered to infants; and in the event of sudden illness, or a child's being born in a dying state, it may be administered legally by the nurse or any one else. The care of the Church extends to an infant almost from the hour of its birth. When it is about twenty-four hours old the priest is sent for to give it a name and to read a form of prayer. The name is generally chosen from the saint on whose commemoration day the child is born. Forty days after birth the child is taken to church for baptism. The service consists of four distinct ceremonies: the renunciation and confession of faith; the actual sacrament of baptism; unction, which is itself a sacrament; and ablution, with the cutting off of the hair. The service commences by the priest blowing in the face of the infant, and making the sign of the cross three times on its brow, lips, and breast. Laying his hand on its head, he reads a prayer, followed by an exorcism of the devil, and then blows on its brow, lips, and breast, saying three times, "May every evil and unclean spirit that has concealed itself and taken up its abode in his heart depart thence!" The sponsors are then interrogated as to their renunciation of the devil, and, led by the priest, they blow and spit at the unseen enemy, in token of their hatred. The parents, at this point, retire, for they are not allowed to be present at the actual baptism, the idea being that they have committed their child to the care of the sponsors.

"The Sacrament of Baptism now commences; the priest puts on his full canonicals, made of a gaudy sort of brocade, with gold and silver woven in it; lighted tapers are placed in the hands of the sponsors, and those stuck to the font are lighted; incense is waved round the font; the deacon and reader chant a litany, while the priest whispers a prayer for himself. This is followed by the benediction of the water, which is performed by the priest's immersing his right hand in it crosswise, three times, and blowing on it, praying all the time; finally by marking the sign of the cross on its surface with a little feather, dipped in holy oil, he and his assistants singing hallelujah. . . . The infant is then anointed for the *first* time, but this is not the sacrament of unction. . . . Olive oil, possessing salutary properties, is here the type of the inner healing of the soul by baptism. . . . The priest now rolls up his sleeves above the elbows, the reader holding back the wide sleeves of his chasuble; dexterously seizing the babe, he plunges it with astonishing rapidity into the water, completely immersing it three times, with the words, 'The servant of God, Alexis, is baptized in the name of the Father, Amen; and of the Son,

Amen; and of the Holy Ghost, Amen. . . . He stops its ears with his thumb and little finger, its eyes with the fourth and fore fingers of the right hand, and with his palm he covers its mouth and nostrils; with his left hand he holds its body, and plunges it face downwards."

The child, "gasping for breath," if indeed it has any left,—Madame Romanoff mentions instances in which the little innocents were drowned by the process which made them Christians—is clothed in a white garment, and the cross is hung on his neck. Then the Sacrament of Unction begins, which is identical with Confirmation in the Western Church, and the visible sign of the inward grace of the Spirit conveyed in Apostolic days by the laying on of hands. Prayer having been offered, the priest, holding in his hands a bottle of holy oil, which has been prepared and blessed by the metropolitan, makes the sign of the cross on the brow, eyes, nostrils, ears, lips, breast, hands and feet of the infant, with a feather dipped in the oil, saying at each anointing, "The seal of the gift of the Holy Ghost." The concluding ceremony is that of offering the hair. It is the first sacrifice to God on the part of the new Christian, and is a symbol of consecration.

"The hair is stripped off in four different places at the top of the head, with a small pair of scissors, thus forming a cross, the priest saying, 'The servant of God, Alexis, is shorn in the name, &c.' The God-father collects the morsels of down, and pinching them up with a bit of wax from his taper, throws it (*sic*) into the font; this is done merely to insure that the hair may, with the water, be thrown into a place where no impurity can reach it, and no foot tread on it. If the little pellet sinks, it is considered a sign that the child will soon die."

A child thus baptized is eligible for admission to the Lord's Supper, and does in fact receive the Sacrament in one kind, soon after its baptism, and about twice a year, until it is seven years old, when it is expected to be brought to confession. The ritual of the Lord's Supper is most protracted, and its various services are said to have been observed in the earliest ages of the Church. While not using the word "transubstantiation" in a theological sense, the Russian Church unquestionably admits the doctrine of the Real Presence. In the words of the short catechism: "The believer receives the very body of Christ in the form of bread, and the very blood of Christ in the form of wine." The consecration of the elements, which results rather from the "directly spiritual form of the invocation, than from the exact repetition of the words of the original institution," as in the Latin

Church, is performed by the priest in private. The congregation is not permitted to view the mystery, which is very elaborate, and intensely symbolical in all its parts.

"When the royal gates are slowly opened, and the deacon appears with the cup in his two hands, held on a level with his face, and covered with an embroidered velvet napkin, and when he pronounces the words, 'In the fear of the Lord, and in peace, come ye!' all present who are communicants approach the steps of the amvon, from which it is administered. The priest taking the cup from him, pronounces very slowly and distinctly the articles of belief on the subject, which the communicants ought to repeat after him. . . . The napkin is now removed: the priest taking one morsel of the bread (which is cut into tiny morsels, and mixed with the wine) in the spoon with a little wine, puts it in the mouth of the communicant (who receives it with hands crossed on his breast, after a devout prostration) with the words, 'The servant of God (so and so) communicates in the name of the Father, &c.' The deacon holds a silk handkerchief under the chin of the communicant, to prevent the possibility of a drop falling to the ground, and wipes his lips with it afterwards; the communicant then kisses the edge of the cup, a type of the wounded side of Christ."

Confession is imperative on all members of the Church, and the Government enforces it on all its employes by fixed penalties. It is less objectionable, however, than in the Latin Church. The priests never descend to "those details of casuistry, which have in the Latin Church made it so formidable an engine both for good and evil." The lofty and pretentious terms of absolution, pronounced by the Romish priest, are in the Greek ritual substituted by a simple prayer for the Divine blessing. When full confession has been made, the priest lays his hand on the head of the penitent, with the end of his cope, in token that he is under the protection of the Church, and invokes pardon in the name of Jesus Christ. If the penitent has been guilty of sin, either venial or mortal, penance is enforced, according to the statutes of the Church, in proportion to the culpability of the offender. For ordinary faults, prayer and fasting are enjoined; more serious sins involve exclusion from the Church and its rites, for a longer or shorter term. The ritual contains a list of no less than one hundred and fifteen crimes and misdemeanours, to which penalties are attached. Some of these are very curious.

The sacrament of marriage is held in high repute by the Church, and the ritual is most elaborate and impressive. But though it permits a second marriage, it looks upon such an

arrangement with jealousy, and according to the rule of St. Basil, excludes the contracting parties for one or two years from the Lord's Supper. In the celebration of a second marriage, a different set of prayers is used, and they are pervaded by a tone of penitence, as though the parties were conscious of an infirm morality. A third marriage is regarded as an act of positive impiety, and is visited by a penance of five years' exclusion from Holy Communion. The penalty of excommunication attaches to a fourth marriage, but this is rarely, if ever, enforced. A priest cannot marry a second time, nor indeed can he marry after his ordination, but he must be married before he can enter on his office. Bishops, however, who are always selected from the monastic orders, must be single.

The sacrament of extreme unction is held by the Russian Church ostensibly, not, as in the Latin Church, as a preparation for death, but as a mode of fulfilling the apostolical practice of calling in the elders to anoint the sick man with oil, and to pray over him, with a view to his recovery. Practically, it is never administered but to one who is supposed to be dying; but inasmuch as it may be administered a second time, or any number of times, it involves the theory of a possible recovery. In accordance with the letter of Scripture, that the *elders* should be called in, the service is usually administered by *seven* priests (in remembrance of the seven Churches), but in cases of necessity it may be performed by one. A table is covered with a clean white cloth, on which is laid a plate, containing grains of wheat or flour, which are types of death and resurrection. In the midst of these is placed a glass vase, into which the priest pours a little wine and oil, in remembrance of the good Samaritan. Round the glass he arranges seven little sticks, one end of each of which is planted in the flour or wheat, and the other tipped with cotton wool. He then hands a lighted taper to each of the other priests, and to every one in the room. The incense is waved, and the prayers begin. As in all the services of the Russian Church, the prayers are long and numerous. At the conclusion, he takes one of the little sticks, dips that end of it which is covered with wool into the wine and oil, and with it signs the cross on the brow, nose, cheeks, lips, breast, and hands of the sick man, reading in the meanwhile a prayer for his recovery. This is done seven times, a fresh stick being used each time, and if seven priests are present, by each of the priests. The service concludes by the sick man asking forgiveness of the priest and of all present. If the

patient be in the article of death, an office is used entitled "The Rite for the Separation of the Soul from the Body." On the assumption that the feebleness of an infant at baptism is no obstacle to his reception of saving grace, it is concluded that a dying man, even though unconscious, may yet be saved; and so the orthodox Church follows him with her prayers to the very gates of death.

In the department of eschatology, the doctrines of the Church, though rigid, are undefined. Prayers are offered statedly for the dead, but not to the extent and not in the sense in which they are offered in the Roman Church. No hierarchical system is built upon the service, and no large sums are exacted by the priests from surviving relatives. The dogma of purgatory is not recognised, and yet there is general expectation that sinners will pass through some purifying process before they enter into the presence of God, and that the prayers of the Church assist that process. M. Boissard puts the case of the belief of the Russian Church thus: "She does not hold as an article of faith the existence of a particular place in which souls are detained in captivity, for the purpose of undergoing purgatorial sufferings. She teaches that the souls which depart this life in a state of faith and penitence, but have not time to bring forth the fruits of repentance before death, go to hell, where they endure torments until they are really purified, and judged worthy of pardon; in this state, they profit by the prayers of the living, by their works of charity, by their offering for them the bloodless sacrifice; and they can be rescued from this state by the prayers of the Church." But the orthodox confession absolutely repudiates the dogma of purgatorial fire "as a means for the purification of souls."

The Russian Church invokes the saints, but, as Dean Stanley says, "the boundary of the rhetorical, poetical addresses to the saints, in the Eastern worship, and the actual invocation of their aid, has never been laid down with precision." She certainly regards them as intercessors before God, yet as holding their mediatorial faculty through Jesus Christ, who is always recognised, in a sense peculiar to Him alone, as the only Mediator between God and man. She venerates the relics of saints, and no church is ever consecrated until some relic has been deposited under its altar. The pictures of saints are hung in the churches and houses, and the faithful are enjoined to reverence them, not as an *act of adoration*, but only of *respectful homage*, with the understanding always that the honour rendered pertains not to the

picture, but the person whom it represents. Statues are repudiated with abhorrence; but the Russian, who would rather die than offer homage to the image of a saint, will bow in reverence before the same saint's picture. The veneration for pictures is one of the most conspicuous and remarkable features of the Russian faith. The sacred picture is everywhere the consecrating element. "In the corner of every room, at the corner of every street, over gateways, in offices, in steamers, in stations, in taverns, is the picture hung, with the lamp burning before it. In domestic life it plays the part of the family Bible, of the wedding gift, of the birthday present, of the ancestral portrait. In the national life it is the watchword, the flag which has supported the courage of generals and roused the patriotism of troops." The churches are full of pictures, "walls, and roof, and screen, and columns" are a mass of gildings and mosaics. These are very seldom works of art, or even of any pretension. There is no aim at artistic effect, but simply at barbaric display. The ruder the art, the more intense is the superstitious veneration which it inspires. The flat, staring, gaudy mosaic is more impressive than "the noblest ideal statue, or the Holy Family with all the magic of light and shade."

The Russian churches are generally built in the Byzantine style, with a cupola over the east end, and a belfry at the west. The cupola is surmounted by a cross, and is ordinarily covered with bright metallic plates. The building consists of three parts: the porch, the nave, which is generally very long, and the space devoted to the altar. This last, which is raised about two feet from the floor, and which extends over the whole width of the building, is fenced off from the nave by an altar-screen gorgeously ornamented with pictures. In this screen are three doors; the centre one is double, and larger than the other two. This double door is called "the royal gates." Behind the screen the officiating priest stands, and during certain portions of the service the royal gates are closed and covered with a silk veil. On the altar are placed the Gospels, a cross for the congregation to kiss, a box to contain the sacramental elements, and other mysteries. By the side of the central altar, which is called "the throne," there is another called "the altar of sacrifice," on which are deposited the *spear*, used in cutting the bread, in remembrance of that which pierced the side of the Saviour; the *spoon* for administering the communion; the *star*, which has also a symbolical meaning, and which covers the plate, and other sacred implements. The congregation stands in the nave or body of

the church; there are no seats, and however fatigued or delicate the worshipper may be, he is compelled to stand throughout the protracted service. The sexes are always separated. The clergy are dressed in splendid garments, and the ritual is most imposing. The service is performed in the ancient church Slavonic, but the sermon is delivered in the common language. The choral parts and responses are devoutly rendered by the congregation; the performance of the choir is singularly beautiful; there is a plentiful use of incense and holy water; and the processions of banners, the presentation of relics, the unexampled harmony of the singing, the constant changes, combine to make the service most impressive and to invest the religion and ritual of the Church with a sort of awe.

The schisms of the Russian Church have had but little influence either on her history or her development. They have never related so much to the doctrines of the Church as to questions of discipline and ritual, and they have generally been retrogressive in their character. The *Uniates*, who had their rise in Lithuania, and who gradually gathered some two millions of followers, abandoned the ritual of the National Church and adopted that of Rome, recognising the supremacy of the Pope. Their story is one of martyrdom and bloodshed, but it belongs to the past. By a ukase of the Emperor Nicholas they were incorporated with the National Church, though not without some constraint, in the year 1839. In 1371 a schism broke out at Pskof, which gradually extended to Novgorod and other cities. It was a protest against payment for ordination, in the first instance, but assumed larger proportions in course of time. It resulted in the founding of the sect of the *Strigolniks*, which, notwithstanding much persecution, survived and flourished for some time. Towards the close of the fifteenth century another sect sprang up at Novgorod, which rejected the doctrine of the Incarnation and the Resurrection, refused to worship either pictures or saints, declined to see in the Eucharist anything but a simple religious exercise, set the Old Testament above the New, condemned monasticism and fasts, and held other heresies. The leaders of the sect, many of whom were nobles and distinguished ecclesiastics, were cruelly put to death, and the heresy was stamped out. But the chief schism of the Russian Church is that of the *Raskolniks*, a generic name for all schismatics, which has at length attached itself to a particular sect. The differences of opinion which lay at the foundation of this schism in earlier ages were

trivial and few. The double or triple utterance of the hallelujah, the eastern or western route of the processions of the clergy at the consecration of churches, the mode of signing the cross, the manner of pronouncing the name of Jesus, and other points of equal indifference, were the questions on which the schism was originally founded. A little forbearance on either side would have settled the difficulty, but on all religious questions a Russian is a fanatic. The revision of the liturgical books under the patriarch Nikon roused afresh the fury of the dissidents, who clung with superstitious tenacity to the ancient ritual. The severe measures adopted by the synods, the proud pretensions of the orthodox party to a monopoly of the truth, and other similar causes, fanned the flame. When the schism had assumed dangerous proportions, persuasion, discussion, argument, and even concession were tried in vain. The priests were authorised to celebrate the offices according to the ancient standards. But the work had gone too far. The violent measures of Peter the Great, the stake, starvation, exile, confiscation, double imposts, banishment to monasteries, made martyrs of the dissidents, but did not lessen their ranks. His successors pursued a similar policy of intolerance. The schism was goaded to completeness, and at this day the Raskolniks, in their various sections, number no less than nine or ten millions. They are in no sense reformers. If they were, there would be some hope for the Russian Church. They view all progress with horror, and would throw back the Church to the superstitions of its earliest history. There are other sects in Russia, as, for instance, the *Doukhobortzis*, who affect a sort of spiritualism; the *Khlestowtchikis*, who are flagellants, and whose dissolute conduct richly merits the castigations which are a part of their creed; the *Malakanes*, whose chief characteristic is that they drink milk during the Lenten fasts, contrary to the discipline of the Church; and the *Skoptsis*, a horrible sect of self-mutilators, whose tenets are little known. Most of these sects are limited to particular districts, but the *Skoptsis* are found even in St. Petersburg. The utmost toleration is allowed to religious opinion. No civil disabilities attach to persons professing a faith different from that of the State. Proselytism is not allowed, and a pervert from the Russian Church is punished. On the other hand, conversion to the Russian faith is accompanied by certain immunities, and, in the case of Jews, by a present of money. The children of a foreigner who marries a Russian must, unless by special exemption, be brought up in the national religion. Foreign

princesses marrying into the imperial family must also embrace the Russian creed. But, with all the fanaticism which distinguishes the Russian Church, the utmost regard is shown to the sacred rights of conscience, and "in the fair of Nijni-Novgorod, on the confluence of the Volga and the Oka, the Mohammedan mosque and the Armenian church stand side by side with the orthodox cathedral."

Public education in Russia is invested with an essentially religious character. The schools are generally under the direction of the clergy, whose influence, however, is not used to the prejudice of the State. There are three kinds of ecclesiastical schools—the district schools, the Government seminaries, and the academies of St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kief, and Kazan. The first are devoted to the education of the children of the clergy, and are mainly elementary. The seminaries aim at a higher class of instruction, and their curriculum embraces the natural sciences, logic, psychology, the study of Holy Scripture, more especially from the apologetic point of view, with exegesis, and hermeneutics. The academies are colleges for the education of priests. It might be thought that the ecclesiastical impress given thus to the studies of the youth of Russia must necessarily issue to the disadvantage of that broad and catholic character which seems essential to intellectual progress. But the utmost licence is allowed to the study of the sciences and other subjects not strictly sacred. One might be naturally jealous of the scholastic influence of the Romish priesthood. The priest of Rome is led by his education and his instincts to subordinate all interests, even the interests of his country, to those of his Church. Romish priests are, therefore, in every land, an isolated caste, with alien sympathies. But the Russian priest is a citizen and a patriot. He has ties to his home and country strong as those of the warrior who goes forth to fight her battles. The civil institutions of his country are as dear to him as the institutions of his Church. Hence the entire history of the Russian Church is a history of devotion to Russia.

It must be confessed that for many centuries the character of the Russian clergy has not been high, either intellectually or morally. Imperfect education, wretched homes and stipends, the contempt of the higher classes, and many other causes have combined to sink the priesthood of the Russian Church to a level lower than that of other churches. But the reproaches which might fairly have been cast on the clergy

of a century ago, and indeed on the clergy of a more recent date, on the score of their intemperance, ignorance, and immorality, are no longer applicable, excepting in rural districts to which the gathering light has not yet penetrated. The tone of the Russian clergy is far higher than it was twenty years ago. The progress of education, the civilising processes of national interchange, and the higher status now accorded to the clergy in the general estimation, have all tended to raise their moral and intellectual character. The clergy are now at the head of almost every progressive movement. Some of the ablest serials of the Russian press are under their direction, and a powerful society has been organised, under the presidency of the venerable and learned metropolitan of Moscow, entitled, "The Society of the Friends of Religious Instruction," the object of which is the fuller enlightenment of the people on religious questions. The means employed by this society are, the publication of religious works, the founding of a library for the clergy and people, the issue of a religious journal, and the giving of lectures on topics affecting the Christian faith and life. And if the past, with its deplorable immoralities and its almost heathenish ignorance, cannot be entirely dismissed, neither let it be forgotten that the Russian clergy have ever been true to their country, that the troubles of the empire have never arisen out of her Church, and that in the day of danger and distress the powers of the land have found among the priesthood their strongest inspiration and their most reliable stay.

We have not space to give to the literature of the Church, to her monastic institutions, and to the relations which she sustains towards other churches. Overtures have been made almost from the earliest ages for an amalgamation between the Russian and Latin communions. Such an amalgamation is simply impossible. The prejudice in the mind of a Russian against the see of Rome is deep and undying. Any approximation on the part of the authorities towards union would rouse the empire. Not more hopeful is the project of union between the Eastern and the Anglican Church. Recent eccentricities in the latter would lead to the assumption that almost any creed might find home and sympathy in her bosom. But anything like union between the Eastern Churches and English Protestantism is utterly and for ever impracticable. Those who favour the notion can have little idea of the real state of the case. The Churches of the East are as far distant from Protestant Christianity as

is the apostate Church of the West. And it is one of the most saddening thoughts which oppress the mind of an enlightened Christian of the present day, that outside the Christianity of England there is a Church numbering fifty millions of votaries, calling on the name of the same Saviour, invoking the aid of the same Holy Spirit, and worshipping the same Father, and yet that there is a great gulf between.

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ART. V.—*The Irish Church Act (1869), with Observations.*  
By CHARLES H. TODD, LL.D., one of her Majesty's  
Counsel, and Vicar-General of the Dioceses of  
Derry and Raphoe. Dublin: Hodges, Foster and  
Co., Grafton Street, Publishers to the University.  
1869.

THE Irish Church is passing through the crisis of her history in a manner that is highly satisfactory and reassuring to the friends of Protestantism. It was very natural that a different result should have been apprehended, even by the most sanguine of her sons. The Bishop of Cork—who presented in his own case a singular example of the power of the voluntary principle, as minister of Trinity Church in Dublin, which had been raised and sustained by that principle, and which constituted a great centre of missionary influence—even Dr. Gregg, with all his constitutional ardour, with all his zeal for the Protestant cause, and all his faith in the power of the Gospel, wrote thus in the Charge which he delivered to his clergy in 1867 :—

“Much apprehension exists in the minds of many, that the property of the Irish Church may be sacrificed to political expediency, or seized upon from exigencies of State. In abatement of this apprehension, it is said by some, but, I think, with very little sagacity, that the Irish Church would be as strong, nay, they confidently aver, stronger and more flourishing than ever, though all public endowments were withdrawn, and the Church left to depend for its support on voluntary aid. . . . It would be *utterly impossible*, and it is altogether futile to expect it, to uphold and maintain *the tenth part* of the churches and ministers now upheld and supported by Church property in Ireland.”

The University must follow the fortunes of the Church: “and if these fountains of knowledge and religion be stopped up by unhallowed hands, the land must inevitably become wild and sterile, only one dry and dreary waste.” The Earl of Bandon, as Chairman of the Central Protestant Association, formed to resist Mr. Gladstone's Bill for disestablishing the Church, drew a most gloomy picture of the consequences of that measure. Speaking of his own town, Bandon, “the Derry of the South,” famous for its Protestantism, he stated,

amidst loud manifestations of assent from an immense meeting of the nobility and gentry, representing all parts of Ireland, that the parish church would be closed and deserted, the sanctuary, hallowed by the associations of the past, would be desolate, the sound of the church-going bell would be heard no more on the Sabbath morning, there would be no minister to unite the people in holy matrimony, or to baptize their offspring, and the town would be abandoned utterly to heathenism and Popery. This spirit of despondency, expressed with more or less force, pervaded the whole body of the clergy and gentry. The Church resembled a timid and nervous person, who had never before seen the sea, and who was about to embark in a boat launched among breakers, trembling with terror at the very sound of the waves falling on the beach.

"The wide, the unbounded prospect lay before,  
But storms, clouds, and darkness rested on it."

How different is the state of feeling now! We cannot express it better than in the words of the same Bishop, addressed to his clergy at his last annual visitation. He has no fear now that nine-tenths of the clergy will abandon their charges, or that their flocks will lapse into heathenism, or take refuge in the bosom of the Church of Rome. He said he had much reason to be thankful for the spirit that had been manifested through the diocese, by the laity and clergy, since the public calamity that had befallen them. The spirit of the Protestants was still unbroken, their demeanour was dignified, their love of country unabated, their attachment to the Church, if possible, increased. They were grieved for the breaches that had been made in their walls, but they were determined, as best they could, to repair them. "Some people thought that the Protestants of the country would succumb to the difficulty, and indolently and despondingly lie down under their load; but they who thought so mistook their men, miscalculated their spirit, and knew not the metal whereof they were made."

This is quite true; the conduct of both clergy and laity since the passing of the Act for the disestablishment of their Church has been admirable, manifesting a degree of moderation, practical wisdom, public spirit, and Christian unity, which has rarely been surpassed in the history of any church, even in those churches which may be said to have been free-born, and which have grown up to maturity and strength in the habits of self-government. The truth is, that the

emancipation from State control, which the Irish Church resisted so strenuously, having no faith in the statesman who professed to undo her fetters and manacles, has made her suddenly conscious of a vigorous life, such as can exist only in a state of freedom. There were some of the clergy who clearly foresaw this result. Among these, one of the most enlightened was Dr. McDonnell, the Dean of Cashel. In 1867, he published a sermon delivered in Belfast at the opening of the Diocesan Conference of Down, Connor, and Dromore, on *The True Life of the Church in Ireland, as distinct from Establishment and Endowment*. He showed in that discourse the manifold evils resulting from the Establishment. The corporate life of the Church was weak, even where personal piety most abounded. Movements for good were for the most part the unconnected and desultory efforts of individuals, with no guarantee for their continuance. Towards the Church of Rome, indeed, the attitude of the whole body was warlike, even where weapons had not been crossed. But union upon the mechanical basis of an Establishment, or of mere opposition to Popery, was something very different from genuine corporate vitality. "What seemed to be a disciplined army when opposed to a common enemy, may, when attacked from some unexpected quarter, dissolve into a disorderly crowd, in which every man's sword is against his fellow."

In the first place there was the absence of any representative assembly to guide and govern the Church. No power existed competent to amend her obsolete canons, or to make the most necessary improvements in her services. The Church had no organ through which she could utter her voice or make her opinions known upon the most sweeping measures of change affecting her own position. Besides, the State held her in such a passive condition of dependence, that she could not avoid being miserably debilitated and helpless. She was not required, nor indeed permitted as a body, to put forth her hands to do the most trifling thing for her own support. Like a paralysed patient she was spoon-fed by the secular power, as a "nursing mother:"—

"The clergy minister," said Dean McDonnell, "and the laity attend their ministry, but how little do the latter feel themselves concerned or interested in anything beyond the particular sermon which has been preached or the hymn which has been sung. The congregations find every requisite for Divine service; even the fuel which warms their churches and the elements which are placed upon

the Lord's table, provided without any forethought or expense on their part. The consequence of this system has too often been to abate their interest in their Church and parish, to paralyse self-reliance and self-sacrifice, and certainly to unfit us for any great crisis in the history of the Church. . . . If an infant's limbs were kept for ever bandaged lest he should walk into the fire or fall from a height, he would never learn to walk at all. His usefulness would be marred and perhaps his life sacrificed by the *insane caution* which professed to act for his welfare."

And so the Dean applied to the Irish Church his appropriate text, "Is not the life more than meat, and the body more than raiment?"

Before proceeding to sketch the deeply interesting work of reconstruction, and the successive processes by which the Irish Episcopalians have arrived at the formation of their General Synod, and "the Church Body," which Mr. Gladstone required to take charge of the reserved endowments and life interests, we shall notice one danger which seriously threatens a disruption of the body, by a violent schism resulting in two separate churches representing two very distinct and antagonistic schools of theology, the Evangelical and the so-called Catholic or Ritualistic. Our readers need not be reminded of the terms of contempt and scorn with which, in this country, the organs of the latter revile and denounce the former. In Ireland the Ritualists are not numerous, although the pretensions of High Churchism and the sacerdotal spirit have been growing of late and making steady progress, not very openly asserting themselves, but advancing timidly and cautiously, to avoid rousing the intensely Protestant spirit which has always pervaded the laity in that country. The present Archbishop of Dublin was at first strongly suspected of encouraging that party, as some of its most advanced members, such as the Rev. William Maturin, of Grangegorman, Dublin, and Archdeacon Lee, were among his prime favourites, while his private chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Dawson, was appointed incumbent of the new church of St. Bartholomew's, in the aristocratic suburb of the Pembroke township, where Ritualism of the most decided character and the most gaudy efflorescence has flourished, and continues to flourish, without any attempt at Episcopal trimming or pruning. The gravity of the danger to which we have alluded will be seen from a few brief extracts taken from the most authoritative utterances of the representatives of the antagonistic schools, showing that the

doctrinal differences between them are fundamental and irreconcilable.

Dr. Lee, Archdeacon of Dublin, in the year 1867 preached two sermons on the position and prospects of the Church of Ireland. The first was delivered in the cathedral at Armagh in the presence of the Lord Primate at the consecration of the Bishop of Derry; the second in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, at the annual visitation of the Archbishop, who adopted the discourse as his own Charge. Neither of the Archbishops ever expressed any disapproval of the sentiments uttered by the Archdeacon on these two important occasions. In the first he contended "that it is the uninterrupted inheritance of *Apostolic succession which constitutes the indefeasible title of the Established Church of these kingdoms to the allegiance of all their inhabitants.*" Referring to one of the highest Churchmen and one of the most unrelenting persecutors of Nonconformists that ever ruled in the Irish Establishment, the Archdeacon said: "When I mention the name of Bramhall I propose an example than which few are brighter in the annals of any Church. Assuredly to emulate the labours of such a predecessor is an object sufficient to stimulate the highest energies and to kindle the warmest zeal."

In the second discourse—the Archiepiscopal Charge—delivered in Dublin, the Archdeacon said:—

"The present juncture calls upon us to urge upon our people the distinctive claims of our Church. . . . The course to be adopted must be the fearless and unswerving assertion by the clergy of the claims of our ancient Church of Ireland, that this Church, as purified at the Reformation, is the sole community in this land, which, by God's blessing, possesses in full measure both Scriptural truth and Apostolic order; the careful exposition to our people that any deviation from the principles which are embodied in our Church formularies, whether that deviation be to the right hand or to the left, is so far forth a departure from the faith once delivered to the saints. On such principles, and on such principles alone, can we call upon our people to rally in defence of the Church."

Such was the appeal issued from the highest seats of authority in the Irish Church, in presence of the two primates, at a time when there were earnest calls from every Church platform, every Church newspaper, and many Church pulpits, to the Presbyterians and Wesleyans to rally in defence of the menaced Establishment. They were entreated to support a body which pronounced, in the most emphatic manner, their exclusion from the visible Church of Christ, and declared that

the least deviation from the formularies of the Book of Common Prayer was a departure from the faith once delivered to the saints! It was quite well understood in Ireland that the dignitary selected by the heads of the Church to speak for it on this critical occasion, was one of the most decided and determined champions of the Ritualistic school of theology, and that one of the largest congregations in his vast parish, St. Peter's, Dublin, was in violent collision with him on this very ground.

Now let us hear what the bishops of the Evangelical school have said in *their* Charges to their clergy, printed for their guidance, and for the instruction of the laity, during the impending crisis. Dr. Gregg, Bishop of Cork, in the Charge quoted above, said:—

"What mean *these miserable men in England* in disturbing the Church and troubling the minds of the people with their frippery in doctrine and trumpery in dress, with their endless processions and prostrations of priests, which can do little more than gratify vanity and feed pride; with their odours and flowers, when all the perfumes of Arabia cannot sweeten their offence in corrupting the truth? Their system is a compound of knavery and folly: the folly is *apparent* and the knavery but ill-concealed. Let the people beware of the evil workers, and set their faces as flint against the evil thing. The English love liberty, and that liberty is now at stake; liberty of conscience, liberty of thought, liberty of speech, and liberty of truth. As a people they love the Bible, and the Bible—if Ritualism prevails—will be where it was before, mouldering in the dusty corner, where profane falsehood and neglect had thrown it. The English laity, the great body of the Church, are amongst the foremost men of all the world, they hate *idolatry* as their fathers did, for they know that it blights where it breathes, and desolates where it comes; it is a creeping pestilence."

More guarded, but not less decided, is the language of the Bishop of Meath, Dr. Butcher, late Regius Professor of Divinity in Trinity College, Dublin, and greatly respected as a divine. In the Charge which he delivered in 1867, he said:

"The Romanising school of Ritualists, or at least some of the more influential and far-seeing of that party, seem to be acting on this principle. Union with Rome is the great ultimate end for which they long and strive. Among the most essential and characteristic dogmas of the Church of Rome, are the objective Presence of Christ in the Eucharist, and the propitiatory Sacrifice of the Mass, which presupposes the former. Once let a man be persuaded to believe these dogmas, and there will be little difficulty in inducing him to enter into hearty communion with Rome; in fact, logical consistency would constrain him

to join her ranks. Now, the ceremonies of the new ritual in connection with the celebration of the Lord's Supper are, in fact, nothing more or less than those of the Church of Rome in connection with the Mass; and, therefore, on the principle of like ceremony like doctrines, the Romish doctrine of the Mass—one of the fundamental points on which our Reformers separated from the Church of Rome—must soon become the accepted belief of the votary of high Ritualism. Thus we see how this Ritualism may become an important instrument in bringing about the much desired union with Rome, and 'healing the unhappy schism which, for more than three centuries, has so needlessly divided the Anglican Church from her affectionate and sorrowing mother.'"

Bishop Verschoyle of Kilmore is as little disposed to union with Rome, or anything tending thereto, as Bishop Butcher. According to him, in his published Charge, "The entrance of Romish bishops in the reign of Elizabeth was like that of a thief climbing over the wall;" and he describes that Church as a great voracious beast, averring that "any settlement short of an absorption of the whole ecclesiastical and lay property of the realm into the '*Maw*' of the Romish Church, would never content the agitators." The Bishop of Tuam, brother to the Earl of Bandon, in his primary Charge, shows himself to be as decidedly a "Bible Protestant" as any Dissenter in the kingdom. He says:—"It is not mere duty, it is pride and glory to declare oneself an attached member of a Church which appeals fearlessly to an open Bible, and knows no reference to authority for her Creeds, her Liturgies, and her Articles, but to that Book of which our Divine Master said, '*Thy Word is Truth.*'"

Referring to high Ritualism, and the vestments with which some members of the Irish Church seek to symbolise doctrines repudiated at the Reformation, he records his solemn conviction against such practices:—

"Believing them calculated to make services only attractive forms, to make processions and crossings and bendings and incensings, if they have no intentional meaning, little better than automaton movements of the clergy, to exalt the Sacraments above the Saviour, and the Church above the Bible, and thus gradually to sap out all spirituality of worship among its votaries.—'Let the fungus of Ritualism and vestimentalism and so-called sacramental teaching fasten upon the sturdy oak of our Reformed Church, though the careless passer by may admire the beauty of its colouring, silently but surely it is sapping out the life-power of the spot on which it fixes, until into the dead, soft, spongy wood it has prepared, the wise instinct of the Church of Rome makes, as with a pickaxe beak, its habitation.'"

In the course of the discussions in the various meetings of delegates, it was manifest that an overwhelming majority of the clergy and the laity, agreed entirely with the Evangelical or Low Church bishops, whose doctrinal sentiments are expressed in the foregoing extracts from their Charges; and on every occasion in which an important principle was involved, they took care to exclude from the new Church organisation everything of a Romeward tendency, everything calculated to give undue power to the clergy, or to foster what one of the lay delegates did not hesitate to call "priestcraft." It is remarkable that some of the most influential of the clergy took a leading part in thus guarding the Protestantism of the Church of the future. The determination of the laity on this point is not less noteworthy when we consider the fact that very few of the delegates belong to the middle classes, the great mass of them being noblemen and gentlemen; for when only one delegate was elected by each parish or union, it was natural that the choice should fall upon the man whose property and social position made him the principal personage in the place. But while there was great firmness evinced, there was also great moderation. The bishops and clergy were treated with all due deference and courtesy, while the deliberate recommendations of the prelates in the Upper House were quietly set aside by overwhelming majorities. Perhaps the better way will be to give a brief narrative of these memorable proceedings in the order of their occurrence.

By the second section of the Irish Church Act, it is provided that after the 1st of January, 1871, "the union created by Act of Parliament between the Churches of England and Ireland shall be dissolved." The Act referred to is the 40 George III. c. 67, which effected the union between Great Britain and Ireland. From the date just mentioned, the Church of Ireland shall "cease to be established by law." Until then, the ecclesiastical law continues to exist as law. But on that date, by the section 3, "every ecclesiastical corporation in Ireland, whether sole or aggregate, and every cathedral corporation in Ireland shall be dissolved." All bishops, deans, archdeacons, prebendaries, incumbents of parishes, &c., are regarded by law as corporations sole, and the Irish Church Act takes away from them their legal character or capacity, but leaves them otherwise untouched. They are each and all deprived of any legal jurisdiction they had exercised, in any cause or matter, matrimonial, spiritual, or ecclesiastical. In a word, the Church will cease to exist

as an institution having any legal sanction or authority, privilege or immunity, derived from the civil law, and will be placed upon a perfect level with other Christian churches and voluntary associations ; but the existing ecclesiastical law, including certain Acts of Parliament, will remain as the rule and law of the free Church, until altered by herself. The ecclesiastical courts, however, are deprived of all coercive jurisdiction, and the rights of patronage are abolished.

On the 1st of January, 1871, all property, real and personal, belonging to the Establishment, shall vest in the three commissioners appointed by the Act, namely, Lord Monck, Mr. Justice Lawson, and Mr. George Alexander Hamilton, late Secretary to the Treasury. By section 30, the plate, furniture, and other movable chattels, belonging to any church or chapel, are exempted, and all such property will become vested in the representative "Church body," when incorporated. All private endowments were also to be exempted, but in lieu of these, a bulk sum of £500,000 was offered by the Government, and accepted. The public property of every kind is subject to the life interests of the present incumbents ; and their incomes may be commuted for the benefit of the Church. If three-fourths of the whole number of ecclesiastical persons in any diocese, or united diocese, have commuted, or agreed to commute, the commissioners are empowered between the 1st of January, 1871, and the 1st of January, 1873, to pay a sum equal to twelve per cent. on the commutation money. The Church is to retain all her places of worship free, except certain ruined churches which are to be maintained by the Commissioners as national monuments. The ecclesiastical residences, with the garden and curtilage belonging to each, are to remain the property of their present occupants, without any building charge. Each incumbent is to pay only ten times the annual value of the site, estimated merely as *land*.

The Act repeals any Act of Parliament, law, or custom which prevented synodical meetings, and leaves the archbishops and bishops, clergy or laity, free to meet in any such synod, or to elect representatives thereto. It does not prescribe any particular form of synod or convention, or that such synods, diocesan or general, shall consist of any particular order or orders of persons ; whether they shall consist solely of the bishops and clergy, or of clergy and laity, or of laity alone, or that there must be representatives of the clergy and laity ; nor does it in any way limit the powers or authority of such synods, nor prescribe the matters upon which they shall treat. The whole effect of the section, says Dr. Todd, in his

excellent commentary on the Act, is to remove impediments, real or imaginary, to the holding of synods, and electing representatives thereto: these latter words were required in consequence of the doubts occasioned by the Convention Act, which prohibited meetings composed of the representatives of the people, or of any portion of them. There is nothing in the section to alter the present constitution of the synods and convocation; it merely sets them *free*. It scrupulously avoids the term "*Convocation*."

The clergy and the laity in all the dioceses having elected representatives to form a synod for each of the two provinces, Armagh and Dublin, it was arranged that both the Synods should meet together in Dublin. Accordingly the first meeting of the united synods was held in St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Tuesday, the 14th of September, each archbishop being accompanied by his suffragans. The Bishop of Limerick, as junior of his province, opened the meeting with prayer. After some formalities were gone through, and standing orders adopted, the Archbishop of Dublin announced from his throne that the invitation sent by him to the archbishop and bishops of the province of Armagh had been accepted. The Dean of St. Patrick's, Dr. John West, was elected prolocutor of the Lower House, and took the chair accordingly, appointing the Rev. Dr. Reeves and Archdeacon Lee his assessors. Shortly after the prolocutor was sent for to the Upper House, and brought back the following "Message":—

"The President, the Archbishop of Dublin, and Bishops send for the consideration of the Lower House (1)—A declaration protesting against the recent legislative measures affecting the Irish branch of the United Church of England and Ireland. That this Synod cannot commence its deliberations without recording, before God and man, its solemn protest against the measure whereby the Imperial Legislature has both deprived the Church of Ireland of its prescriptive rights, and confiscated the endowments which the piety of our ancestors had devoted to the service of God. This Synod accordingly protests against the Act of the Legislature whereby, to the great detriment of the commonwealth, a national profession of the religion of Christ has been repudiated in Ireland, and the connexion between the national Church and the State has been dissolved."

The declaration was unanimously adopted, and returned to the Upper House.

The next message proposed that a diocesan synod should be held in each diocese, and that the clergy should elect the number of clerical representatives required by the Irish Church Act, section 19, as the clerical members of the "General

Synod, or convention of the bishops, clergy, and laity of the Church of Ireland." Their lordships proposed that in addition to these, each diocese should be represented by one dean and one archdeacon, who should, *ex officio*, be entitled to sit and vote in the General Synod along with the elected representatives. They also proposed that the Regius Professor of Divinity, the provost, professors, and fellows of the Dublin University, should be *ex officio* members of the Synod. The total number of clerical representatives to be 124.

Archdeacon Lee suggested that the addition of the laity as a third order, would be effected most suitably by representatives duly chosen from among the communicants of each diocese. He proposed, however, that questions of doctrine and discipline should "be reserved, as from the first, for the care of the bishops and other clergy, each house deliberating and voting by its own order; in all other matters the co-operation of the laity is invited, the lay representatives voting, *when so desired*, in their own order. That the parochial clergy not being sufficiently represented in the present constitution of the Synod, it is important for the well-being of the Church, both that the number of the proctors of the clergy should be increased, and that all the licensed clergy in each diocese should be entitled to vote at procuratorial elections."

The Rev. Dr. Reichel, however, complained that the archdeacon should have seen the document prepared by the bishops on this point before it was regularly submitted to the meeting, and had consultations with the Upper House about it. An animated discussion here arose on the "continuity of synodical lines in the Church," and about the three orders of bishops, clergy, and laity. Dr. Reichel objected to the words, "receiving the laity," as if they were admitting them by an act of grace and favour. Let them be restored to that position from which they had been unjustly ousted since the Papal power became ascendant in this country. The discussion on this important point was to be resumed at the adjourned meeting next day; but Dr. Ball, M.P. for the University, having been associated with the prolocutor as his assessor, and rendering valuable assistance by his knowledge of ecclesiastical law, decided that it was out of order in a clerical assembly to deal with the question of the representation of the laity. It was consequently held over for future discussion. In the meantime, the Synod took up another of the questions on which the bishops had deliberated and decided, namely, the *ex officio* representation of the clergy. The Dean of Cashel, to whose excellent sermon we have already referred, moved an amend-

ment for the rejection of *ex officio* representation altogether in the new Synod or Convention, remarking that several of his brother deans, and not a few of the archdeacons, had agreed with him as to the desirability of such a resolution being come to, and had entrusted him with the amendment. He objected to the presence of such numbers of *ex officio* members—one-sixth of the entire body—as perfectly inconsistent with the objects for which the General Synod was to be brought together. They had before them matters of much greater importance than the mere salvage of their property, they had before them a framing of a system of government, and the constitution of their Church, which should rest on a firm basis, with foundations wide and deep in the affections of every section of the people, and nothing would be more calculated to defeat that object than claiming for any body of men *ex officio* rights.

The Archdeacon of Meath, Dr. Stopford, took the same view of the subject. They were going out into an unknown sea in which they had no pilots who had ever traversed it before, and they could no longer accept old precedents, old forms, and old institutions.

After a good deal of discussion, the Dean of Cashel's motion that the passage recommending *ex officio* representations should be omitted from the Bishop's message, was carried by a very large majority, the numbers being—ayes, 107; noes, 29.

The Rev. Dr. Salmon, F.T.C.D., moved another amendment on the Bishop's message, which was adopted unanimously:—

“That the parochial clergy not being sufficiently represented in the present constitution of this Synod, in addition to the beneficed clergy, all licensed clergy in any diocese or in any jurisdiction derived out of any diocese shall be entitled to vote in and be competent to be elected for the Diocesan Synods, which are to return representatives to the General Synod or Convention aforesaid.”

The question that the clerical Fellows of Trinity College should be admitted to the Synod was also carried unanimously, as well as a resolution that any twelve clergymen, not otherwise represented, might join together and elect a delegate of their own, the object being to secure the presence of men belonging to different “theological schools,” or, in other words, to prevent the exclusion of men whose independence and freedom in the utterance of their thoughts might make them unpopular with the less tolerant portion of the clergy. In

the course of the day a statement, drawn up by a committee appointed for the purpose, was read by the Prolocutor to the Upper House as follows :—

“ I am commanded by the Lower House to apprise your Graces and your Lordships that they have received the message sent down by you, containing ‘ a proposed scheme for the reform of the Provincial Synod, with a view to the union of the Bishops, clergy, and laity of the Church of Ireland in a General Synod,’ and they present to your Lordships the amendments which they have felt it their duty to make in the scheme thus proposed for their consideration. I am further commanded by them respectfully to lay before your Lordships a summary of the reasons which have influenced them in favour of these amendments.”

The Prolocutor returned with an answer from the Upper House, in which the President, the Archbishop of Dublin, and Bishops, having given the fullest consideration to the resolutions and amendments which the Lower House, by their Prolocutor, had placed before them, said, “ they were glad to perceive that in all material points the two Houses were perfectly at one.”

Another great step in the progress of reconstruction was taken on the 12th of October, when the conference of lay delegates from all the dioceses of Ireland was held in Dublin for the purpose of considering the mode and extent of *lay* representation in the future Church body. The meeting was held in the Ancient Concert Room, Great Brunswick Street, the *two* Archbishops presiding. The Lord Primate addressed the assembly, and reminded them that they had to decide a question of the deepest moment, involving the present and future interests of the Church and people. Very shortly after the Irish Church Bill had passed, the Bishops held a meeting, at which the first resolution was to apply to the laity and to seek their cordial and generous aid, fully acknowledging their right to be represented in the Synods of the Church equally with the clergy. The number of clergy was about 220, being the same as they believed the laity would adopt. To-day would be decided the lay portion of that council, consisting of bishops, clergy, and laity, which is to select the representative body of the Church of Ireland which Mr. Gladstone called “ the Church body.” Until this body was appointed, they were at a stand-still; they could not hold the future possession of their churches or their glebes; the clergy would not be able to effect any commutation. In fact they could do nothing in pursuance of the Act till this

body was formed. The assembly was next addressed by the Duke of Abercorn, who moved that the clerical and lay representatives should sit and discuss all questions together in the general Synod, with the right to vote by "orders," if demanded by three of either order present at the meeting. The laity would thus have a sufficient guarantee that the clerical element should at no time be able to obtain the supremacy. Under the Church Act the present doctrine and discipline remain unchanged, unless the Church body should change them. If they voted by orders there would be no possibility of a change without the full concurrence of the laity, as well as that of the bishops and clergy. The Episcopal Churches in America and New Zealand had adopted the plan of voting by orders, and found it to work admirably. It would be the more important that this plan should be adopted because the clergy would attend Synods more steadily and numerously than the laity, and might therefore be able to keep up a constant working majority. A long discussion, ably maintained, and conducted in excellent temper, here arose on the question before the chair, each speaker being restricted to ten minutes. The original motion proposed by the Duke of Abercorn, affirming that the voting should be by orders, was ultimately carried by a large majority.

Not so the motion of Sir Joseph Napier, that there should be an equal number of lay and clerical delegates. Mr. William Johnston, M.P., moved an amendment, that in the future Church body the lay representation should be two to one in the representation of the clergy. That would in no degree interfere with the privileges of the clergy now that separate voting had been decided upon. Another delegate urged the importance of this point, because they could not otherwise have anything like an adequate representation of the middle class in the Church; the lay delegates already returned and likely to be returned, being for the most part noblemen and landed gentry. That being so, they had assembled together in no exclusive spirit, for it soon became apparent that the feeling of the meeting was in favour of a *double number* of lay delegates, and accordingly the amendment was affirmed by an overwhelming majority.

This decision could not be otherwise than painful to the two Archbishops who sat all day as dual chairmen, listening to the discussions in silence. Next morning, after the opening of the meeting, the Lord Primate rose, and requested that they would appoint one of the laity as their chairman. The Duke of Abercorn was then called to the

chair amidst great applause; and during the day, on the motion of Lord Templetown, the thanks of the assembly were expressed to the two Archbishops who convened and opened the meeting. A resolution was then proposed by Lord Bandon to the effect that in all matters connected with the election of parochial and diocesan delegates, and the calling together of the lay portion of the General Convention of the Church, about to assemble under the constitution formed at this meeting, the Duke of Abercorn be requested to act as convener, and the present five secretaries be invited to act with his Grace as secretaries; and that five days' notice at least for parochial, and ten days' notice for diocesan synods be recommended by this meeting. The motion having been seconded, the Vice-Chancellor, Mr. Chatterton, said that it took him quite by surprise. He objected, on principle, that a layman should be called on to convene their meetings. It was an unfortunate departure from the plan hitherto pursued, and it was opposed to the very constitution of the Church, of which he hoped the Bishops would always be considered the heads. The Archbishops were the persons to call general synods, and the Bishops were the only legal persons to convene the diocesan synods. He solemnly adjured the meeting not to do anything that would set aside now and for ever the co-operation of the clergy. He therefore moved as an amendment, "that the Bishops of the various dioceses be requested to take, by means of the churchwardens or otherwise, such steps to facilitate the election of lay delegates from the several parishes and dioceses in Ireland as were adopted for bringing together the present Lay Conference, and that the present secretaries be requested to continue in office." It was seconded by Mr. Johnston, M.P., and being warmly approved by the Duke of Abercorn and Lord Bandon, who withdrew his resolution, it was passed unanimously.

During the subsequent conversations, some amusement was caused by the statement of a delegate, that there were not a few parishes in which two persons of sufficient intelligence and position could not be found to be elected as delegates. And another member said he knew a parish where the only Protestant was the brother of the rector. The next matter of importance discussed, was the nature of the test to which the electors of the delegates should be subjected. The Archdeacon of Dublin, supposed to have been inspired by the Archbishops, had on a previous day, proposed that the electors should be communicants. But Mr. Robert Hamilton of Belfast denounced such a test as tending to raise a spiritual despotism in the Church.

He objected to any religious test, because such tests could not be enforced without organising a spiritual police, a detective system, which would drive some of their most valued members from them. He was equally opposed to a money test, or a property test of any kind. Residence in the parish, and a simple declaration that the elector was a member of the Irish Church, were all the qualifications that ought to be required, and he earnestly contended that women should be allowed to vote. On the last point he was overruled; and the following resolution, moved by Major Cuninghame, was ultimately adopted:—"That, in the opinion of the meeting, no test should be required of any elector in any parish, district, or congregation, except a declaration, made in writing if required, that he is a member of the Church of Ireland, and that he is resident in the parish as a member of the congregation, and at least 21 years of age." With respect to delegates, it was suggested that the persons selected should be more intimately connected with the Church, than by such a test as the one adopted, and this matter was left open for future consideration. The meeting was adjourned *sine die*, to be convened again if necessary.

Let us pause here to consider the spiritual advantages which the Irish Church may be thought to have derived from disestablishment: as against these, the secular power and prestige which she has lost, weigh as such but little in the balance. In the first place, she has obtained freedom and autonomy. Without consulting the Sovereign or the Government of the day, without a license from any earthly power, she can gird herself up for any work which she believes her Divine Master commands her to do, and she can adopt freely her own modes of action without let or hindrance, so long as she abstains from interfering with the civil rights and privileges of the people. She can move about unconstrained, conscious of the power and energy which only freedom can impart. In the second place, she has obtained for herself legitimate organs in which her corporate life is embodied, and through which as a Christian community she can act and speak. In the third place, this body is constitutional and representative; its members are not nominated by the bishops in right of Apostolic succession. Every licensed clergyman of five years' standing can be a member of the General Synod, freely elected by his brethren in the ministry. In the fourth place, two-thirds of its members are laymen, so that in its corporate capacity the Irish Church may be designated more truly than ever "a congregation of faithful men." The importance of this

recognition of the lay power is immense. High Churchmen may consider it "revolutionary," but by the friends of Protestantism it will be regarded as the greatest ecclesiastical reform since the Reformation. The old theocratic theory on which the union of Church and State was based, in accordance with which the canon law was framed, and which regarded the members of both Church and State as identical and inseparable, became an utter absurdity when the Test and Corporation Acts were repealed, when Catholic Emancipation was granted, and when the State, which had supreme power, consisted of Dissenters as well as Churchmen, Catholics as well as Protestants, with a mixture of Unitarians and Jews, and other heterogeneous elements. A lay control through a parliament of this kind satisfied mere statesmen, but it could not possibly satisfy anyone that had a correct idea of what a Church of Christ should be, or of the principles on which it should be governed.

An attempt was made by Archdeacon Lee in the interests of the Ritualistic party to exclude the laity from any voice in the Synod concerning matters of doctrine and discipline. Authority to deal with these reserved questions they claimed as the Divine right of the bishops and clergy, who, according to their system, alone constitute the Church, which has the power of defining dogmas, and decreeing rites and ceremonies. But the Irish laity, with all their respect for their bishops and clergy, firmly resisted such pretensions. By a sort of Protestant instinct inherited from the Puritan settlers, and strengthened by the perpetual conflict with Romanism, they were impelled at once to the conclusion that the "Catholic teaching" of the clerical order unchecked would lead to a rapid development of sacerdotalism, fatal to religious liberty and the right of private judgment. Rejoicing in their newly acquired freedom, they took care that they should not be led back by a circuitous route through dark and crooked ways to the house of bondage.

The great body of the clergy, animated by the spirit of Protestantism, prizing the Bible more than the Prayer Book, concurred with the laity in the constitutional and vital changes with respect to the position of the laity. Some of the prelates, however, did not regard them with the same complacency, and the Archbishop of Dublin could not avoid seizing the first opportunity of giving expression to his disappointment. The opportunity was found on the 19th of October last, when his Grace held his annual visitation of the Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick's Cathedral. His

Charge on that occasion was an elaborate review of the Irish Church Act, the means by which it was passed, and the consequences resulting from it. Amiable and pious as he is, there was a severity in his tone, which his appeals to the charity of his hearers and his exhortations to forgiveness and conciliation, could scarcely conceal. He referred to the fact of the double number of laymen in the forthcoming General Synod, regretting the decision arrived at on that point. He could not forget that a few months before the complaint was rife that the bishops and clergy were planning to monopolise the whole government of the Church, and to frame for it a peculiarly clerical organisation. It was next reported that they intended to manipulate the representation so as to make the voices of the laity virtually powerless. When these rumours were shown to be baseless, new claims were put forward, and the demand was made for a double representation of the laity, which the lay conference had endorsed. He advised the clergy to acquiesce in what had been thus done. Yet owing truth to all men, above all at a crisis like the present, he could not avoid expressing his sorrow that the question had not received another solution.

The Archbishop was very earnest in deprecating any revision of the Prayer Book, depicting in the strongest colours the disastrous results of any successful attempts of that kind. It would inevitably bring about an exceeding jealousy on the part of the clergy, whose liberties might be encroached upon, and whose position might be depressed to one of mere subordination to the laity under the Church Body, which would henceforth be their paymaster. It would at once put a stop to commutation, and cause the clergy to cling to the guarantee of the State for their life incomes, as a sort of citadel of independence; and from this it would be absolutely impossible to dislodge them. There must, therefore, not merely be the absence of agitation on that point, but some security given that nothing of the kind should be attempted. Still he believed that the great body of the laity had quite as little desire as the clergy to lift their anchors and drift. Those who ignorantly proposed such changes were little aware of the consequences. They did not know that others would maintain, at every personal sacrifice, the portions of the Liturgy which they would reject, and that they would simply be turning the standard of union into "a war flag," gathering one portion of the children of the Church for a fratricidal conflict with the other. If the revision party were successful, all fellowship with the English Church would be cut off.

The Irish Church would be isolated and provincialised, "rent to its very foundations, split first into two or three, and then probably into a thousand fragments, Rome making her spoil among our gentry and nobility, and Dissent gathering in its thousands from the middle class and the lower of our people." Nor would he allow any of the clergy to omit portions of the Prayer Book to which they might themselves conscientiously object. He did not "pause to ask the laity how far they are disposed to be at the mercy of their minister to determine what Prayer Book they should use. Let the Church of Ireland resolve that she will retain the same breadth which in time past was her boast, while she and the Church of England constituted one United Church. Let her resolve not to be narrower than her Articles and her Prayer Book; let her resist, I do not say merely the temptation of actually meddling with these, but that no less of seeking to interpret them in such a sense as will exclude any of those who hitherto have ministered at her altars. I know very well that a Church to include must also exclude; that a river without banks is presently no river at all, but a morass; that so long as there is error of doctrine in the Church or in the world, there must be safeguards against the intrusion of this error, barriers raised up against it, and these such as will need to be jealously kept. But what in the permanent interests of the Church of Ireland we have a right to hope is, that these lines of defence shall be drawn on no narrower scheme than that which has hitherto sufficed to preserve the Church in her purity of doctrine and her purity of ritual no less; and even if any should feel or fancy that recent events have given them the power of drawing these lines closer, and so of shutting out some that have hitherto found a place within them, that they refrain from the ill-omened attempt of putting this power into use. For myself, I am bold to say that this Church of ours cannot afford to part with, and would be at a most unhappy strife with its own usefulness if it attempted to part with, either of the great theological tendencies which at this day are making themselves felt within her; that she would be weak indeed if she were not penetrated through and through with old Catholic teaching, and not less weak if she had not so mightily renewed her youth from the fresh fountains of inspiration at that glorious epoch 300 years ago, when the Lord sent a gracious rain upon His inheritance, and refreshed it when it was weary."

At the close of the Charge a very earnest appeal is made for generous contributions towards the re-endowment of what

the Archbishop calls "*our poor despoiled Church.*" But in the earlier part he stated, in a very quiet way, that the sum of six millions sterling was about to be handed over to the new Church Body, and he pointed out how more than another quarter of a million would be gained by general commutation, and that by judicious investments and the capitalisation of annuities some hundreds of thousands more might be obtained. At the same time the actual contributions to the Sustentation Fund are so great, and the prospect of future endowments by the landed proprietors, many of whom will probably transfer the tithe rent charge to the Church, is so bright, that Archbishop Trench, with all his caution and prudence, expresses some apprehension that the clergy after all may be too well endowed, too independent of the people. Perhaps there is even more danger in this direction than he is aware of. No doubt, as he argued, without an independent status in point of income, the ranks of the ministry would not be filled, as they have been, from the class of the landed gentry. But it seems inconsistent that he should in that case anticipate that the aristocracy would join the Church of Rome, for it is a very general complaint among the landlords that they cannot associate with the priests, because they are not "gentlemen." If, however, with such a preponderance of lay votes in the General Synod the clergy should continue to be very much an aristocratic body, retained, as it were, by the landed interest as advocates of its power and privileges and its standard-bearers against democracy, the Church would undoubtedly suffer in the end, for she would lose the people. Neither would the aristocracy be gainers, because the clergy would not be able to make the expected return for their liberal endowments. We do not think that the Archbishop is quite just to the voluntary churches while making his appeals to the voluntary principle. He speaks of his own Church as being stripped of nine-tenths of her property, "and turned upon the world to gather once more, by long and painful efforts, such means as she can, with which to sustain and carry forward the work of ministering to the souls which wait upon her for their spiritual food." Well, a community consisting of only 700,000 souls cannot be so very destitute in starting on a new career with a capital to begin with of six or seven millions sterling—a million for every 100,000—not a bad dowry for a widowed church with troops of wealthy and sympathising friends at home and abroad. The Archbishop has spoken rather unkindly of other Protestant churches as "sects." When he asks,

"Would the Church of Ireland, or what might still call itself the Church of Ireland, find a compensation for those in the greetings with which, no doubt, the *sects* would greet her, the applause with which they would applaud her, as she stripped off from herself, one after another, all those distinctive marks which made her unlike to them, and was intent on becoming altogether as they are?" He repeats, as if unquestionably true, the calumnious imputation that ministers supported on the voluntary principle are compelled to vary their teaching according to the varying humours of their congregations. The United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, the Free Church of Scotland, and the Wesleyan Churches are supported by the contributions of their respective members. But they have not changed their creeds nor modified their doctrines to suit the demands of different classes of people or to secure larger contributions. It is not in those Churches that we hear of different and antagonistic "schools of theology," varying from High Ritualism, which is scarcely disguised Romanism, to the Rationalism of the *Essays and Reviews*. The Archbishop says that he would not have the Irish Church to be a river without banks, losing itself in a morass; but he pleads earnestly that the banks shall be so widely apart, as to include half a dozen currents of theological opinion. It would certainly be very injudicious to raise the question of the revision of the Prayer Book until the Church is fully reconstructed; but judging from the spirit and the votes of the clerical order, as well as of the lay delegates, we can scarcely doubt that the free Church of Ireland will be very decidedly Protestant both in doctrine and worship.

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ART. VII.—1. *Essays on Religion and Literature.* Edited by Dr. MANNING. London: Longmans & Co. 1867.

2. *The Œcumenical Council and the Infallibility of the Roman Pontiff.* A Pastoral Letter. By ARCHBISHOP MANNING. Longmans. 1869.

It was the fancy of the Abbé Gioberti, that France ought to be the leader of Europe in politics, Germany in learning, England in industry, and Italy should hold the ideal primacy, with a creative influence touching the civilisation of all lands. That, however, was the period of a reforming Vatican, when the neo-Catholic spirit fired the hearts of millions, and a new day seemed to have dawned upon the ancient capital of the world. But a single year dispelled the illusion—a year crowded with wrecks and ruins, with the ruins of ancient grandeur, and the wrecks of glorious anticipations—the Vatican recanted its liberalism, recalled the Jesuits, and laid under ban the Giobertis, Rosminis, and Venturas of its reforming days. Ever since that period, however, Rome has become, in a far different sense from the fancy of the Turin philosopher, the centre of a more than “ideal primacy” with a grand ambition to subject all politics, literature, and life to her authority, and to make ceaseless war upon “the great vitiating principle of modern society”—that PROTESTANT IDEA which is working out its strange but beneficent results in all the nations of Europe. Ultramontaniam is the name—though both the name and the thing are very much more ancient—by which we usually explain this new policy and revived vigour of Rome, and it has not come a single moment too soon, if we are to judge by the critical state of her relations with modern society. It is hardly too much to say that the human intellect has almost broken loose from her control in every part of Western Europe; the moral interests of the age are united against her; she has lost the empire of politics as well as thought; the divorce of the ecclesiastical and civil powers is everywhere being accomplished, and Roman Catholic statesmen, on the ground of the distinction between them which the Church of Rome has always regarded as erroneous, are persistently withdrawing everything from the spiritual authority, so that governments are now established and laws made upon lay principles, and nations are everywhere repudiating the ideas upon which the ecclesiastical

power is founded. This complete disseverance of the Papacy from the governments of Europe is what Ultramontane writers call "the desecration of the corporate life and action of society, the dissolution of the Christian society of the world carried out to its last consequence." Dr. Manning admits that nations as political societies are no longer Catholic: he says—"We have now entered a period in which hardly a Catholic nation exists," while he holds that "a new era has opened in which the Church may be borne to power by the democracy." Roman Catholic nations are also casting out monasticism. Count Montalembert tells us that in the five years from 1830 to 1835 no less than 3,000 monasteries disappeared from the soil of Europe, and, ever since, he remarks, "the work of spoliation is proceeding with methodical gravity." But the worst feature in the position of the Roman Catholic Church is, that she is face to face—at least, on the Continent—with a state of society in which the most established maxims of political and moral action, as well as dogmatic facts the most widely recognised, are under constant question, and she is utterly powerless to stem the tide of political and religious anarchy; while, unfortunately for her moral character, all that is warm and generous in human sympathies, all that is hopeful in human progress, all that is true and genuine in native feeling, are on the side of the freethinkers and not of the Church, and her own authority is associated in the popular mind with puerile conceits, intellectual nonsense, and political degradation. There is just reason to fear that, unable to uphold her superstitions, and yet determined to shut out the truth, she may be obliterating still further every sentiment even of a false religion, and strengthening the anarchists of philosophy.

Her position is such, then, as to justify the most powerful application of Ultramontane energy and skill; and there can be no doubt that, at this moment, the pressure of Catholic influence is increasing daily, in all lands, just in proportion to the moral intensity of the forces arrayed against it. But the grand hope of the Papacy now is, that it is destined to have its most unfettered action and its most signal triumphs, in the free nations of Europe and America. There never certainly was a time when the Church of Rome was better equipped for the contest, when she was less embarrassed by religious parties within her bosom, for Gallicanism and Jansenism are now little more than historical names; Dr. Dollinger and the Munich theologians are after all no great trouble to her; there never was a period when she could

command the services of such earnest prelates and priests, or could count upon the unswerving devotion of such a mass of learned laymen; there never was a time of greater submissiveness to Papal decrees within the Church itself, or a more marked revival of all the prevalent modes of propagandism and proselytism, or a more desperate determination to roll back the car of human progress, and plunge mankind anew into the gloom and mental thralldom, of the Middle Ages.

It may be profitable as well as interesting at the present time, while the Ecumenical Council is sitting at Rome, to submit a connected view of the relations of Ultramontaniam to modern society, with the view of showing not only how much it is at war with all the best institutions and ideas of this progressive century, but with the special design of criticising the pretensions of the Church as a leader of civilisation, and displaying its entire inability to cope with admitted evils.

An Ultramontane writer in a monthly journal which is published under Episcopal sanction, is forced to admit that the question of the day is, "Whether Catholicity can flourish and not obstruct material progress and intellectual culture," and he has the surprising hardihood to affirm as follows: "We could state that all progress, whether social, moral, or intellectual, has been greater under her influence than under any other form of faith." The audacity of the writer is very remarkable. Can it have been the force of mere Protestant prejudice that always led us to suppose that the whole Ultramontane system rested on an uncompromising hostility to modern civilisation, to every idea popularly identified with progress and civil liberty, and with the advancement of science and thought? Has not the Pope waged a war of extermination against everything valuable in that civilisation and stigmatised it as "devilish"? Has it not been the familiar policy of prelates in Italy, France, and Spain, to regard the principles of this civilisation, such as social enlightenment, popular education, the power of the press, representative government and religious liberty, as the principles of anarchy? While we ask these questions, we do not for a moment hesitate to acknowledge the important services rendered by the Church to civilisation in the Middle Ages; but the most important and relevant question is, "What has been the civilising power of the Church of Rome since the Reformation?" Is it not the case that while the countries that accepted the Reformation are marked by popular intelligence, freedom, and prosperity, taking the lead in everything

that tends to the elevation of human nature; those which adhere to the Roman Catholic faith, without exception, lag behind or have decayed, in almost exact proportion to the blindness of their bigotry, or make advance only by feeble imitation of their Protestant neighbours, and that always at the expense of their Catholic principles? Is it possible that Ultramontane writers can expect such a question to be argued at all? As a broad and general fact, there is nothing more incontestable. Did not Spain become under Jesuit influence politically defunct? M. Guizot said that the Jesuits in England ruined kings, in Spain the people. Did not Portugal cease to be a maritime or colonising power, and Naples sink into the deepest degradation? While Holland became a formidable State, Prussia, in the course of a century and a half, divided the supremacy of Germany with the old imperial house, and now the political power of Germany is wholly passed into Protestant hands, while Great Britain has become what it is, the most advanced nation of the world. France, midway between north and south, and contested by Papist and Huguenot, derived vigour enough from Protestantism to run an independent course of its own, all its popular movements being after Protestant example, and destined to yet greater success, had they only caught the spirit while aiming at the results of Protestantism. In Switzerland the change from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant canton is a change from apathy and stagnation to enterprise, vitality and power. How, in a word, did it always happen that when a nation rejected the Reformation it was surely devitalised? Do not these facts prove the baselessness of the Ultramontane theory that the Papacy is the leader of progress, as well as demonstrate *e converso* that it is at war with all progress? We would ask Veillot, Bowyer, and Lucas to show what positive influence the Papacy has exercised upon modern nations in the way of developing their greatness. We can therefore cordially concur in the bold and eloquent censure passed upon the Papacy by Senor Castelar in the Spanish Cortes during the past year: "There is not a single progressive principle which has not been cursed by the Catholic Church! This is true of England and Germany as well as of Catholic countries. The Church cursed the French Revolution, the Belgian Constitution, the Italian independence; nevertheless, all these principles have unrolled themselves in spite of it. Not a constitution has been born, not a single progress made, not a solitary reform effected, which has not been under the terrible anathemas of the Church."

The revolutions that have shaken Europe since the fearful outburst of 1789, are in themselves an impressive contribution to our argument. These revolutions have been almost exclusively confined to Roman Catholic nations, and their tendency has uniformly been in the direction of founding free and prosperous communities. Let it be remembered that the nations in question have been under Catholic training for centuries, and yet what a return for all its care! It is the habit of Ultramontane writers to attribute these revolutions to secret societies and to the demoralisation of the lowest classes, but what made the lowest classes so demoralised and prepared them so readily for Carbonarist conspiracies? Machiavelli soundly remarks, "Any attempt at a revolution is a sure sign of bad government, people being more apt to suffer extreme injustice than to have recourse to the extreme remedy of a revolution. It may also be received as an axiom that the more desperate the attempt, the more atrocious must be the Government that drives a people to a hopeless contest." It may be all very natural for Catholic writers to denounce the French Revolution as all that was wicked and horrible, atheistic and bloody—(though, for that matter, Torquemada took more lives in Spain than Robespierre in France)—but the question suggests itself, How came the French to be so cruel and so infidel? Were they not under exclusive Catholic training for a thousand years? The Church of Rome slew the Huguenots, crushed the Jansenists, and then had France altogether to itself—but with what a fatal result! The Revolution in France has not even exhausted itself in eighty years. Like a revolving storm, it has passed round all Europe, paralysing the power of the Papacy in all the Catholic nations it has scourged and blessed. But what kind of influence can have belonged to a church which has left modern France, after half a century of revolutions, destitute of the mental and moral discipline needful to exercise and preserve a legal and well-ordered liberty! And yet, even in those instances where the revolutionary chaos is gradually giving way to purely natural and economic considerations, and a well-understood political mechanism has permanently come in the place of the Roman Catholic power, the Papacy can do nothing still but curse toleration and all the progress of modern times.

So much for Ultramontane argument on the relation of the Papacy to human progress and prosperity. Its relation to civil liberty has also been greatly misrepresented by authors and publicists of this school. We remember some years ago

that Cardinal Wiseman argued in favour of Catholicism as being favourable to civil liberty from the fact that *Magna Charta* was the work of Catholic Englishmen; but he forgot to explain that the Pope of that age, the celebrated Innocent III., opposed their patriotic conduct, and sided with their royal oppressor. Very much has been made of the services rendered by the clergy in the Middle Ages to the cause of popular liberty. We do admit that the early mediæval councils attest the deep interest of the clergy in the ascendancy of law and justice; and to the clergy is undoubtedly due the merit of having at an early period given forth enactments not only favourable to the emancipation of the serfs—that is, of nearly the whole population of Europe—but of setting an example of self-denial and humanity by emancipating those on the estates of the Church. And we cannot deny to Ultramontane writers the pleasure of quoting from Thomas Aquinas and other doctors of the Middle Ages, sentiments as to the relation between kings and their subjects which do honour to their individual sagacity and Christian feeling; but these sentiments were easily expressed, and cost their authors extremely little, but are far indeed from proving that the Church of Rome either originated or worked out the constitutional and legal freedom of Western Europe. Guizot has only expressed the simple historical truth when he says:—“When the question of political guarantees has arisen between power and liberty, when the question was to establish a system of permanent institutions which might truly place liberty beyond the invasions of power, the Church has generally ranged itself on the side of despotism.” It will also be remembered that when those very guarantees which every European nation, Spain itself included, inherited from its ancestors in the form of Parliaments, Cortes, or States-General, were extinguished one by one, there was no voice of rebuke or resistance from the Papacy, and their restoration in modern times has been exclusively the work of the laity.

But whatever may have been the nature and extent of the services rendered by the Papacy to civil freedom, we are left in no doubt whatever as to the estimation in which it holds the great principle of religious freedom. There was a time in these lands when Roman Catholic laymen would have been shocked at the imputation that their Church would persecute for religion, and there was a strong disposition on the part of liberal Protestants to believe that Romanism had greatly changed its nature and improved more than it chose to avow. There was, besides, less persecution within the

last half century in Roman Catholic countries than before; as such a phenomenon was barely possible from the dethronement of Papal principles in the continental kingdoms. We might naturally have expected, under circumstances so peculiarly unfavourable to the carrying out of a persecuting policy—kings having deserted her and the Pope himself not daring to burn a heretic, and almost afraid to kidnap a Jew—that the Church of Rome, making a virtue of necessity, would take immense credit for her tolerance, and proclaim that she both now is, and has always been, the very citadel of toleration and freedom. But our eyes have been opened. It is many years since Lacordaire, Lamennais, and Montalembert went to Rome to get Gregory XVI. to endorse their views of religious liberty, and the separation of Church and State, but they returned home bitterly disappointed. The Encyclical of 1864 might convince even the most sceptical that no desperate humiliations of the Papacy can quell the fierce hope that it may yet be able to cut down heresy with the civil sword. Even English Ultramontanes have arisen in our day to declare that it is the duty of the Catholic Church to persecute, but as duty is limited by power, and that by the public conscience, she must withhold her hand from persecution, for fear of worse consequences in the shape of civil war, or a reaction against her spiritual influence. It is remarkable that Dr. Newman, who is still a thorough Englishman, though sorely spoiled by Jesuit casuistries, while he says that it would kill him to see an *auto-da-fé*, has nowhere breathed a suggestion that such deeds were not righteous or acceptable to God. Mr. Edward Lucas argues that the Church has of Divine right the power of life and death, and quotes with approbation the saying of the Abbé Balmez, that though armed with the power of intolerance, the popes have never shed a drop of blood; as if, to use Senor Castelar's apt illustration, a man were to run you through the body with his sword, and declare that *he* had no hand in it, for his sword had done it; as if the popes had never shared the responsibility of urging kings to put heretics to death; and as if the Inquisition was not founded by a pope, continued by popes, and extended by popes, who, in the midst of its most horrid atrocities, never put forth one effective act or uttered one single word of remonstrance against it. The truth is that the laity always resisted it. France, Venice, Austria, kept it in check, till it was finally destroyed by Napoleon I. in Italy, and by the Spanish Cortes in 1813. Yet Dr. Manning can speak of "the fabulous cruelties of the Inquisition," as if it

were not a fact of history beyond the reach of dispute that Torquemada alone, in the eighteen years of his administration, had not burnt alive in Spain no less than 10,220 men and women.

The time was when Roman Catholics thought it necessary to excuse the old persecutions, as Dr. Lingard excused those of our English Mary; but this concession is now regarded by Ultramontanes as a weakness. It would seem as if every disability that toleration has removed from fanaticism adds but to its virulence and power. Protestants are even taunted for their toleration, and abuse is heaped upon the principle of religious liberty, while the avowal is boldly made that burnings for heresy were right so long as they were possible. They say in effect, to use the language of an able writer, "It is your duty to tolerate us when you are strong, because we are right; and it is our right to persecute you when we are strong, because you are wrong."\*

It may appear somewhat singular under these circumstances, that Ultramontane writers should claim for the Church of Rome a proud pre-eminence in encouraging intellectual development. This is certainly one of their most desperate and, we must say, impossible feats. The late

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\* This curious tendency of Ultramontane opinion to maintain for the Church the right of persecution, yet to represent all past persecutions as fabulous, is exceedingly strange. There have been men like Veuillot who could justify the Inquisition and the St. Bartholomew Massacre, but nearly all Ultramontane writers give the lie to history. We have a signal example in the version which the Christian Brothers give of the persecution of Galileo, the philosopher, in their manual of *Geography for Schools*:—"Such, then, as opposed the Copernican system at its introduction, should not be harshly censured for hesitating to adopt a new opinion in preference to one which had received the universal sanction of mankind for centuries; nor should the Catholic Church be denounced as the enemy of science and literature, because *some of her theologians* opposed the opinions of Galileo." Again, "Nothing could be more contrary to fact. The Church never pronounced an opinion in the matter. The system of Copernicus was not declared heretical, nor was Galileo condemned, or persecuted, or even arraigned on account of the astronomical opinions he propagated. *He was once arraigned for his disobedience and obstinacy, but never for his science and religion.*" (P. 320, third edition, Dublin, 1849). This travesty upon historical writing reminds us of Sir John Acton's remark on the operation of the *Index*:—"Through it an effort had been made to keep the knowledge of ecclesiastical history from the faithful, and to give currency to a fabulous and fictitious picture of the progress and action of the Church." This is the opinion of a liberal English Romanist. The strong point of Ultramontanism is undoubtedly the falsification of history. The facts concerning Galileo are simply these: In 1613 he printed his famous discovery at Rome, and was in consequence imprisoned for several months by the Inquisition. He was then released; but in 1632 he published his *Dialogues of the Two Greatest Systems of the World*, and was sentenced by the Inquisition to imprisonment during pleasure. He was detained a prisoner till 1634, and was therefore between one and two years in confinement for this last offence.

Cardinal Wiseman once undertook to maintain and expound the following thesis:—"Science has nowhere flourished more or originated more sublime or useful discoveries than when it has been pursued under the influence of the Catholic religion." He enumerated a considerable number of scientific discoveries made in Italy, including those of the persecuted Galileo, but the mention of his name might have suggested to him the cry of the Paris crowd to Robespierre, as he essayed to speak on the scaffold, "The blood of Danton chokes you." Yet the Cardinal was not afraid to affirm that "silence was imposed not upon science, but upon Galileo personally," and upon him only when "his theory came into collision with theology." But it seems never to have occurred to him that if a Church, which maintained the authority of tradition against the authority of intellect, was entitled to suppress by force whatever came into collision with itself, the results could scarcely be favourable to the interests of science. For it is beyond all dispute that for ages the Church of Rome did assert that the earth stood still, and punished those daring speculators who said it moved.

But in truth the reference to these Italian discoveries is utterly worthless as an argument for Romanism, because ages before that Church was founded, and even before the Christian era itself, Italy was celebrated not merely as the seat of empire, but as the school of art, and as a mighty focus of intellectual power.\* That Italy, when Italy was alone civilised, should have produced many of the early masters of science, was, of course, to be expected. But if any portion of this progress was due to the authority of the Church of Rome, how has it come to pass that the Italian produce has failed while this authority survives, and other countries that repudiate the Papal authority have acquired more than all the excellence once owned by Italy? What, after all her boasts, has the Church done for the development of the Italian mind? Why is it so far behind the Scottish mind in intelligence? "It is said" (said Senor Chastelar in the Spanish Cortes) "our people are not instructed, and it is true; yet for fifteen centuries the Catholic Church has had the instructing of them." But we must pass the period of the Reformation before we can test the true temper of the Papacy towards intellectual development; for when popes apprehended no mischief from knowledge, they were tolerant

\* "And yet" (some writer remarks), "though she conquered Paganism, the Roman Church could not preserve from decay the civilisation that had grown up under Paganism."

enough of discoveries. The Church was once, indeed, the patron of science, but only of arts and sciences studied on the principles of scholasticism, and when theology was the mistress of all the sciences; but when science began to pursue its own methods, she opposed it. Even still she is not unwilling to encourage the study of abstract science as a plan for drawing off the thoughts of inquiring men from more dangerous departments of thought. But where she has had full power, as in Spain, she has crushed all physical science; and where she has had some power, as in France, she has hampered it and driven it at last into frantic revolt.

Now if Ultramontane writers like Wiseman had wished to prove their case, they should have reviewed the progress of science in Protestant and in Romish countries. They should have explained why science has so remarkably flourished in Great Britain, the Protestant states of Germany, and America, as well as in those Roman Catholic countries that are most largely rationalistic; and then proceeded to account for the deplorable backwardness of Spain, and Mexico, and other thoroughly Catholic countries. They know very well that science would never have been heard of in these lands if the Popish powers in the sixteenth century had succeeded in conquering England. The success of the Spanish Armada would have meant not merely the destruction of the hard-won freedom of our thoughts and the surrender of our proudest national reminiscences, but the mutilation of our splendid literature, if such a literature could have been at all supposed under the circumstances, by the vigorous plying of the *Index*, and the production in the nineteenth century of the poetry, the history, and the philosophy of the fourteenth. How could it be otherwise? The Church of Rome has ever claimed, both in theory and in practice, the right of testing any study, discovery, or pursuit by traditions and maxims of its own. It condemns or tolerates a principle not according to the evidence of reason or experiment, but according to its own predetermined views. It circumscribes the field of study by its own measure, proscribes by its *Index* all books contrary to its own side of an argument, and avowedly subjugates the intellect of man to an irresponsible authority exerted by itself.

Thus we can understand why the Church of Rome has never been successful in wielding a free press. It allows no latitude for the free play of thought. In wholly Roman Catholic countries, like Italy, Spain, and Portugal, religious

journals in the interests of Romanism are almost unknown ; but in periods of revolution or general enlightenment, when the Church is obliged to struggle against enemies who can wield the press with power, the *Veuillot* must appear. And in Protestant countries, where there is a press of great power, —moral, religious, and political—as in England, America, and Germany, the Church finds herself compelled, in spite of the essential antagonism between her system and intellectual development, to wield that very press for her own ends. Yet she handles the uncongenial weapon awkwardly. It is a curious fact that there is hardly an instance known of a man, whose whole training and education have been Roman Catholic, achieving distinction as a journalist. Lamennais was the most gifted writer that had sprung from the bosom of Romanism for a whole century ; yet, devoted as he was in early life to Rome, his genius eventually developed itself, and Rome lost him. As a general rule, wherever you find force, freshness, and scholarship in any Romish journal of England or America, you may be certain that its leading writer became a Roman Catholic in middle life. He acquired his culture and strength in another atmosphere. Thus we find that perverts have filled most of the high places of Romanist journalism, such as Orestes Brownson, M'Masters, and M'Leod in America, Phillips, Yarke, Von Florencourt in Germany, and Lucas and Ward in England. Facts such as these point rather significantly to the weakness of Romanism on the side of intellectual development.

It would be strange to find the Papacy favourable to a policy of international liberalism and good will, especially when we find it so illiberal in other policies. We know how out of the wars of the French Revolution and the fermentation of ideas that preceded them, sprang up among most European nations not only a desire for freer institutions and amended laws, but a greater participation on the part of the people in the functions of government. This change was unfavourable to the Papacy. The people were its enemies, and could at last make their power felt in politics against it. The Papacy could deal with Europe far more easily and summarily under the old system, when diplomacy recognised governments rather than nations, and knew nothing of peoples, or patriots, or parties, or of their having any separate or opposing will to that of their kings ; but the change in modern affairs, by displacing considerations of traditional policy and family alliances, has led to a better understanding among nations, to a clearer perception and a

sounder estimate of international rights, and to a humbler, and therefore a juster, apprehension of each other's position and its claims and duties. Now, unquestionably, the *bête noir* of the Papacy at this hour is that doctrine of non-intervention, which the famous Syllabus has marked with the deep brand of Papal reprobation. And yet this principle is but liberalism carried into the political relations of countries to one another, and it is altogether a popular creation of very recent times. Ultramontane writers regard it as a detestable innovation put forward by the Catholic nations as an obstacle in the way of their zeal on behalf of the Pope; and the sixty-second proposition of the Syllabus was specially intended to rally Austria, Spain, and Catholic Germany to the sinking cause of the Papacy, in the event of Napoleon III. leaving the temporal power to its fate. They may condemn it as a doctrine breaking up all the landmarks of existing institutions, and sigh for the days when a million swords would have leaped from their scabbards to avenge the indignities done to the Papacy; but the age is indeed changed, and Dr. Manning's democracy shows no signs of readiness to carry the Church onward to triumph. The truth is, this change was inevitable: it recognised the rights of other nations to manage their affairs without external interference; for since the Napoleonic era the commercial connections of nations have become so much more close, extensive, and confidential, that a war would be ruinous to every country in a far greater degree than formerly. Popes will no doubt continue to contemplate with distrust and hatred all the beneficent changes in modern politics and diplomacy, which they themselves did nothing to create but everything to destroy; but nations will still continue, we hope, to follow the wise and bountiful paths of peace, shaking hands of brotherhood and goodwill across their mountain barriers, and wishing each other a still expanding career of prosperity.

It is evident from this review of the Papacy in its various relations to modern society, that, in a temporal point of view, it has at all events been a signal failure; while the Reformation is seen sitting enthroned among free nations, rejoicing in the glorious light of liberty, commerce and arts. We can imagine it possible, however, for an Ultramontane to argue that, after all, this civilisation and prosperity is but a delusion of the devil to lull Protestants into self-content, and that the mission of the Church is not to provide nations with bread, but to root out those moral evils which eat like a canker into

national life. Let us understand the argument. The most melancholy fact in Continental life is perhaps the infidel spirit of its populations; and as the Ultramontanes have always claimed for Catholicism the power of grappling successfully with this irreligious and scoffing spirit, it may be interesting as well as important to inquire how far this exclusive claim is founded in truth and justice. We are fully aware that, according to Ultramontane ideas, this infidelity is the natural offspring of Protestantism with its boasted principle of private judgment, and Dr. Manning has recently informed the Church of England as well as the Dissenters that they are so circumstanced that they possess no power of resistance, and that the Church of Rome is the only bulwark against the strong-minded infidelity of the age. Indeed, there is no possible intellectual alternative, according to Dr. Manning, between Rome and infidelity, especially when we consider the perplexities in which Protestant bodies are involved by the advance of science. "Protestantism," he says, "is destroyed by science, and if Protestants will preserve any fragments of religion at all, they must become Catholics."

This is a question of great gravity, and if Ultramontanes can only make out a substantial case for their Church, we may very well overlook the ill results of the Papacy upon the temporal welfare of nations, and consent to place ourselves under its spiritual guidance. Englishmen will be ready at once "to heal the great schism of the West," and become the most obedient of Catholics.

But, *in limine*, we are at issue with Dr. Manning as to the exclusive share of Protestantism in the creation of infidelity. How, let us ask, has it come to pass, that the countries where infidelity is most rife and rampant, are those Catholic nations where Protestantism has never obtained almost any footing? It was not Protestantism surely that produced the infidelity of France, for that had been all but extinguished by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, before infidelity could find room to develop its malignity. It was not Protestantism that produced infidelity among the higher classes of Italy and Spain. But it is alleged that rationalistic Germany—the birth-place of the Reformation—is a capital instance of the sceptical or atheistic tendency of Protestant principles. It so happens, however, that the founder of the rationalistic criticism was no less a personage than Father Simon of the Oratory, who assailed the canon and credibility of Scripture with such marked success, that nothing but the authority of the infallible Church could in his opinion sustain the

credit of documents of such doubtful authority. So dangerous did the critical labours of Father Simon appear to the learned Bossuet, that he succeeded in keeping the work out of France, though it afterwards crossed the border through the more free and unshackled press of Holland. It is also a significant fact that Descartes, whom the Abbé Gioberti regards as the founder of modern rationalism, was a Catholic, and that Leibnitz, whom he regards as one of the foremost advocates of the orthodox philosophy, was a Protestant; while the French, who adopted the Cartesian philosophy, belonged to the infallible Church, and the Germans and British were for a length of time, and to a considerable extent, preserved from infection. If the Ultramontanes disclaim Voltaire, Diderot, and Sieyès—who, be it remembered, were all educated by Jesuits—German Protestantism may be justly allowed to disclaim Strauss and Paulus; and English Protestantism, Hume, Bolingbroke, Herbert, Tindal, and Toland. It is the candid statement of the Abbé Mariotti that “a tendency to infidelity by the side of an abject superstition has been unfailingly evinced by the Italian mind at all times;” and any Church historian will inform us how Italian theologians have had a constant tendency toward Arianism. The family of the Socini—the founders of Socinianism—belonged to Siena in Italy; and Vannini was burnt, as our English deists were not. So far from Protestantism at the Reformation bringing in a reign of scepticism, it is well known that infidelity was fast eating away even the semblance of religion in the Church of Rome itself at that momentous period. Pope Leo X. was a deist; the ordinances of the Church at Rome, so recently guided by the Borgias, were treated with contempt; Erasmus was shocked by the coarse and revolting infidelity of the Roman clergy. Let us not, then, be told any longer of the infidel tendencies of the Reformation, but revolve in our minds the weighty sentence of Dr. Farrar in his Bampton Lectures for 1862:—“The only two great crises in Church history when faith almost entirely died out, and free thought developed into total disbelief of the supernatural, have been in Romish countries, viz., in Italy at this period, and in France during the eighteenth century. In both, the experiment of the authoritative system of the Catholic religion had a fair trial and was found wanting.”

But the truth is, that it is exactly in Roman Catholic countries that we should expect to find the largest growth of infidelity. It is remarkable that the two apparently hostile forces—superstition and infidelity—have often revived sponta-

neously in the past history of the Church; yet so far from being opposed either in the radical principles from which they spring, or in the ultimate issues toward which they tend, they do really develop each other, the tendency of Romanism to engender infidelity being apparent in the case of the most celebrated minds of Europe; while the counter tendency of scepticism to fall at last, an unresisting captive, into the arms of an infallible church, has been illustrated in the laughing Montaigne dying with the host sticking in his throat, and in many other illustrious examples. But we advance another step: we maintain that the Roman Catholic Church has never shown that she has possessed any power of cure whatever in these distressing circumstances. Where has she ever recovered a single inch of the ground lost to infidelity? Surely the proposal of Dr. Manning is very modest; that Protestant England forsooth—if any remnant of Christianity is to be saved out of the lion's mouth—should at once commit its destinies to a Church which has self-evidently failed to cure the infidelity of its own creation over every part of Roman Christendom: we maintain on the other hand that Protestantism has succeeded where Romanism has not, in recovering the ground temporarily lost to infidelity. The case is indisputable. Where is the old Scotch deism of the last century? Is not France just as sceptical now as it was half a century ago? Guizot has made the remark that "attacks on Christianity have been better, because more practically, met in Protestant countries, because faith there was stronger, and the purer creed gives adversaries less hold than elsewhere." If, then, we have had our Chubbs, and Morgans, and Herberts, and Bolingbokes, we had our Butlers, and Lelands, and Sherlocks, to meet them in the field of argument. French Romanism had no men to fight the Encyclopædists. England was saved not less by Butler and the apologists, than by Wesley and Whitfield, and their brother evangelists. What works did French Romanism produce the other day in reply to Renan's blasphemous romance? Did not the substantial work of apology remain in Protestant hands, and Pressensé's elaborate book earn the approbation of the Catholic bishops themselves? We see Germany also rapidly returning to the paths of orthodoxy, discarding its Tübingen theories, and replacing the rationalists by such earnest evangelicals as Hengstenberg, Nitzsch, Olshausen, Tholuck, and Delitzsch. Holland is returning to its ancient theology, and contributes to our store of expository literature works from the pens of Van Oosterzee, Doedes, and others. It is equally well

known that Materialism and Pantheism are giving way in New England to an earnest and enlightened orthodoxy. Thus, everywhere, the positive faith of Protestantism is recovering its hold, while Romanism, by its ever increasing pretensions, is becoming farther and farther divorced from the intellect of Catholic kingdoms.

But the question may be viewed in another aspect. Let us ask, How can Romanism cope more successfully than Protestantism with scepticism and neology? Because, forsooth, it presents the argument of infallibility. But how can that aid you in your fight, say, with Renan or Strauss, who will not acknowledge your infallibility? It may be an excellent argument for believers, but none for unbelievers; in fact, irrelevant for the one class and unnecessary for the other. Ultramontane writers say that they see the truth by a supernatural light, and cannot, therefore, be led astray by science or the rationalists; but the infidel will demand proof of the possession of this supernatural light, else he might just as readily recognise the illumination of the Brahmin or Mormon. What advantage, then, can a Romanist have over a Protestant in arguing with Renan or Comte? for there is no argument capable of being addressed to either which can be employed by a Romanist and not be equally open to the use of a Protestant; while Protestants are not embarrassed by this grave drawback, which is altogether peculiar to Romanists, that objections that are fatal to their doctrines are also fatal to the infallibility of the Church. It is evident, then, that Dr. Manning can afford us no real help without taking up purely Protestant ground, and, as a matter of fact, we may remark that no people are more anxious than Catholics themselves to avail themselves of argument when it can be advantageously employed on their side. We think it is very obvious, then, from the tenour of this discussion, that Romanism is just as ill-adapted for grappling with the religious as with the physical or political evils of the world. The Pope possesses no exclusive power to exorcise them.

It becomes a very interesting question at the present hour how far the Ecumenical Council, now convened at Rome, will alter the character and aims of Ultramontaniam. The crisis is certainly one of extreme gravity. The object of the Council is, evidently, to consult on the best means for re-establishing the old authority of the Church; and this will be done, we may be sure, by no attempt to heal any of her old wounds, or to discover a method by which her claims and pretensions, her doctrines and her discipline, her teaching and her practice,

may be brought more into unison with the general sense and feeling of mankind. The effect will, in all likelihood, be that, by adding new articles to her creed, she will widen the breach between herself and the rest of Christendom, and test, by a most perilous experiment, the disposition of the Catholic world to yield implicit obedience to her decrees. The specific business of the Council is, according to common report, to declare the personal infallibility of the Pope, to adopt the principles of the famous Syllabus of 1864, and to erect into dogma the tradition of the Virgin Mary's corporeal Assumption. Of course, there is much speculation as to whether the Council will pass these decrees. This speculation turns upon the evidence of Catholic restlessness in France and Germany: for it is undoubted that there are among the Catholics of the Continent numbers who condemn the despotism of the popes, their asserted superiority to all law, civil and ecclesiastical, and their systematic warfare against freedom of thought and science. It is always an ominous thing when Germany rebels against Rome. The Catholicism of South Germany uttered a cautious but significant protest at Fulda, when nineteen bishops declared that it would be better for the Church if the question of Papal infallibility were not to be raised in the Council. The theologians of Munich and Wurzburg universities—pursuant to the instructions of Prince Hohenlohe, the Prime Minister of Bavaria, and the brother of a cardinal—have considered the effect of the Syllabus, if its propositions should become articles of faith, upon the constitution of Catholic States; and their judgment, which is substantially approved by Dr. Döllinger, is expressly opposed to the Ultramontane theory. Mgr. Maret, Bishop of Susa, has published a remarkable manifesto with a similar tendency; and Father Hyacinthe, the most eloquent pulpit-orator in France—whose recent movements have been invested with so much interest—protests against “the divorce—impious, as well as foolish—which is sought to be effected between the Church—which is our mother for eternity, and the society of the nineteenth century—of which we are the children for the time, and toward which we owe duties and love.” But the most powerful blow given to the managers of the Council—at least, in literature—is the volume by “Janus,” noticed elsewhere which has appeared at Leipsic in opposition to the dogma of the personal infallibility. The authors—for it is not the work of a single hand—seem to be extraordinarily well versed in scholastic divinity and canon law, and belong to the liberal school of Moehler. But, in spite of all these

liberal movements, we are still strongly of opinion that the Council will decree the Papal infallibility. For the bishops are, already, largely committed. Some years ago, the episcopate received instructions to hold provincial synods, and forward to Rome the result of their deliberations; and no less than 615 bishops out of the whole number in the Catholic Church are said to have pledged themselves to defend the new dogma. They will now be required to redeem their pledges. Authority, not argument, will decide the question. What, though the personal infallibility be opposed by all kinds of evidence; what, though the Christian Fathers teach that the Pope is fallible, and deny him the right of deciding dogmatic questions without a council; what, though ecclesiastical history declares that, for the first four centuries, there is no trace of a dogmatic decree emanating from a pope, that great controversies were settled without the participation of the popes, and that when a pope was condemned for heresy by a general council, the sentence was admitted without protest by his successors? The managers of the Council, now sitting at Rome, consider that the doctrine is already virtually settled, and that those only who believe it are real Catholics.

Let us try to estimate the effect of these Ultramontane decrees upon the mass of the Catholic world. The object is clearly to arrest the action of the independent party within the Church, and to avert for ever the troubles of internal dissension; and, perhaps, the thought is entertained that the Pope's words will be heard with more deference if they are enforced by severer penalties. What will the German Catholics do, who have so earnestly repudiated these additions to the faith? Will they believe them if the Council should so decide? Obedience or excommunication would be a very formidable alternative. An eminent German bishop has affirmed that the effect of the decree will be to make all Germany Protestant. It is impossible to imagine Father Hyacinthe accepting the new dogmas after the memorable sentence to his Carmelite superior:—"My profound conviction is that if France in particular, and the Latin races in general, are delivered up to anarchy,—social, moral, and religious,—the principal cause of the calamity is certainly not in Catholicism itself, but in the manner in which Catholicism has, for a long time, been understood and practised." What will be the position of Oxford perverts like Ffoulkes, who declare their disbelief in the Papal infallibility, and affirm that "truthfulness is not one of the strongest characteristics of the teaching even of the modern Church of Rome"? What

will be the effect upon Protestant England and America? Here, for example, is a man at Rome, who, as a temporal prince, could not maintain himself for an hour without foreign aid, who has shown himself, during his troubled reign, to be short-sighted, vacillating and inconsistent, who has lost almost all influence over the country in which he dwells, whose power, in fact, hardly extends beyond the limits of his own household at Rome; provoking resistance to his power and discredit to his pretensions by straining, so hard, claims to which mankind were never less willing to yield a patient assent, and adding fresh burdens to the believer at a time when he finds himself actually unequal to deal with a general spirit of revolt and unbelief. Surely, the Tractarians themselves will have their eyes finally opened.

But let us also imagine what will be the effect upon the Protestant and Catholic nations alike, of the Syllabus being accepted by the Council. There are exactly eighty propositions in this remarkable document, the last of which is in these ominous words—"The Roman Pontiff cannot reconcile himself, and ought not to reconcile himself, with progress, with liberalism, and with recent civilisation." Imagine the effect upon Catholic or Protestant statesmanship of the two following propositions being turned into articles of faith, binding upon all Catholics:—"The government of the public schools in a Christian State cannot belong, and ought not to belong, to the civil authority;" and "Church and State are not to be separated from each other." Prince Hohenlohe was fully alive to the danger that would result if an intolerant and fanatically reactionary faction were to derive additional authority in the State from any decrees that might be voted by the Council, as he showed by his significant questions to the Bavarian theologians. We believe that we are rapidly approaching a period in our British history when those who guide the vessel of the State will have to contend with blasts of ecclesiastical domination, far louder, and infinitely more dangerous, than they have ever yet encountered. Some English Ultramontanes have boldly affirmed that, for two hundred years past, the Popes have ceased to interfere with politics; and that the sphere now claimed for their authority is so purely spiritual and unworldly that no worldly jurisdiction can suffer from the claim. It may appear very liberal to say that the Pope cannot interfere with any purely political questions, but the difficulty is to define such questions, as he claims to decide what are and what are not political, and will naturally include in the latter

all that touches his own interests and policy. It is quite possible to contract the meaning of the term temporal, and to expand that of the term spiritual, till the scope of the one clashes with the scope of the other; and at the first favourable opportunity, that the spiritual sphere could be so suddenly expanded that nobody could tell what it might not contain. In fact, the Ultramontane supremacy cannot be confined to one department of things; for, as all things have a moral or spiritual side, the Pope may thus command all men, in relation to all things whatsoever.

The pressure of Ultramontanism is being at present specially felt in these countries on the question of education; and it is precisely here that the great battle will be fought within the next two years that will decide whether the denominational system, involving the direct endowment of Romish error, shall be carried into the whole primary, intermediate, and collegiate education of Ireland. This is a very grave question, and it ought to be seriously considered by Protestants of all classes in these kingdoms, and especially by those Nonconformists who are bent upon freeing all our national educational agencies from sectarian influences. It is very remarkable indeed that Ultramontanism should think of promoting popular education at all, but it is evidently compelled to educate in self-defence. An Irish Roman Catholic barrister of the Liberal school, has the following very pertinent and pithy observations upon this point:—

“It has been often asked with reference to this period (the 17th century) and asked most pertinently if the Church felt that her peculiar mission was to take charge of education, why, during these two hundred and fifty years, did she not set about teaching the population of Spain and Italy and Southern Germany? She gave these countries religion, music, art, such as it was, during that period, professional and classical learning, and that only of a very limited kind, for the great classical scholars of the seventeenth century were the Huguenots in France, and the Calvinistic Dutch. But popular education she gave them none. It is only since the French Revolution that the Bishops have found out it was their mission to preside over education. Is the Church only to execute this trust when an angry democracy threatens to execute it without the Church? Or has the Church only discovered the value of popular education from the ideas of 1789?”

Whatever may be the answer to these questions, the Church has at last resolved upon obtaining an exclusively Catholic education at the expense of the State, and her pretensions, as set forth in the memorable resolutions of the Irish Bishops in

September last, have evidently reached a point at which they not only come into collision with the conscience and common-sense of the country, but reduce the whole sacerdotal claims in these matters to mere absurdity and impossibility. They declare plainly that they will not be content with any educational arrangements which do not give to the Church of Rome absolute control of both schools and colleges, for the exclusive use of persons of their own persuasion, and Dr. Cullen lets us understand how he will interpret any interference from within with the episcopal policy, by threatening to debar from the sacraments such parents as will persist in sending their children to the Model schools. The Bishops declare that they can accept no arrangement as final or satisfactory that will not include the following points: Trinity College to be no longer a place of Protestant education, and its endowments to be parcelled out, and a proportionate share to be allotted to the foundation of a purely Roman Catholic college; with a similar partition of the endowments of the Royal schools, the Erasmus Smith schools, and other high schools of the country; and with such a resettlement of the Queen's Colleges as will convert them into purely denominational institutions, the Belfast College being handed over to the Presbyterians, and the colleges of Galway and Cork to the Roman Catholics. Now, when it is remembered that this bold demand is promoted exclusively by ecclesiastics and not by laymen, that it is aimed at the destruction of mixed education, that it has its counterpart at the present hour in every Catholic country in Europe, that the result in the United Kingdom cannot be different from what it is in Belgium and France, where the spirit of liberalism is absolutely irreconcilable with the pretensions of Ultramontane authority, that the Parliament of this empire only last session destroyed the privileges of the minority in Ireland, without intending that what was taken from them should be given to the majority, that the endowment of denominational education would be a reversal of our whole policy just ratified by the nation, and that the State would under any circumstance be very chary in allowing a system to be established under which the whole population from youth to manhood will be educated and socially segregated, not as citizens of the same country, but as partisans of contending churches: when these things are duly weighed and considered, there can be but one answer to such imperious demands. There cannot be a doubt that Mr. Chichester Fortescue seemed to indicate in his reply to Mr. Fawcett's proposal last session, that the Government were contemplating the establishment of denominational col-

leges, and some other changes opposed to the principle of mixed education; but whatever may be the attitude of the Roman Catholic body, clerical or lay, or however the hierarchy may have been encouraged by the vague hints of the Chief Secretary for Ireland, it will be well for the Government to be warned that a retrograde policy with regard to this question will bring with it nothing less than vexation and disaster. The Premier's power would be "shivered like glass," and his majority in England and Scotland would melt away in a twelve-month. Two things are incumbent on the State in view of such demands—no longer to exclude Roman Catholics from any national institution, and not to forward or in any way countenance any national institution from which Protestants are to be excluded. Justice to all parties must henceforth be our legislative watchword, and those who demand more must be resisted as firmly as those who have insisted on giving less.

In concluding this discussion upon the spirit and designs of Ultramontaniam, we cannot but remark that its theory allows no place whatever to the laity, except that of the most unquestioning obedience and subjection. The laity of Ireland have certainly been hitherto no check upon Ultramontane aspirations, and even the old Anglican spirit of this country, which once waged such memorable war against Papal jurisdiction, has sunk into almost Celtic submission. We have often lamented the utter prostration of the lay element in Ireland, for that alone can bridle the clergy, the want of moral courage on the part of the Catholic gentry and the professional classes, in all their relations towards their religious teachers. There are, no doubt, hundreds of this class, independent and tolerant in their views, who will deprecate in the private intercourse of life the exclusive policy and irrational bigotry of their clergy, but they will not dare to come out boldly before the world to stigmatise and condemn them. It is a significant fact, for example, that not a single Catholic voice, with the exception of that of Sergeant Murphy, who was exposed in consequence to the virulent abuse of Romish journals, was raised against the persecution of the Madiari in Tuscany and the converts in Spain, while a general burst of indignation arose through the whole of Protestant Europe at the persecution of Catholics in Sweden. We do not, of course, forget that two Catholic graduates of Trinity College, in urging resistance to the Ultramontane demands, and expressing their opposition to the endowment of any sectarian institution, have explained that they could not

safely interfere at an earlier stage without prejudicing the success of the Irish Church Bill, but now they tell us "to reckon on the active support of the vast majority of the lay Roman Catholics of Ireland." We should certainly be very glad to welcome such allies in the approaching struggle, even for their own sake, as we feel that it is not reasonable to give the hierarchy the means of forcing their opinions upon a reluctant laity; and we shall look forward with a pleasurable anticipation to the formation of a great lay organisation, including the Catholic lawyers, solicitors, physicians, landlords, and magistrates of the country—if we cannot count upon the masses—to demand that the Government shall not accept Ultramontanism as the principle of State dealing with education in Ireland. Above all things, the State must take care that nothing be done to impair the liberal tone and completeness of the higher instruction, and consequently of the institutions by which it is communicated; for our general civilisation, of which popular improvement is only one of many consequences, is dependent upon them in a great degree not only for its progress, but for its permanence.

We can understand something of the exigencies of statesmanship. We can imagine a weak government, existing upon sufferance, purchasing casual support by unworthy concessions, and temporising with plans and doctrines which in better days would be scouted ignominiously and without a hearing. But the present Government are strong in the confidence of the nation; they have no temptation to float hither and thither over the sea of legislation, blown about by every wind of doctrine; and they will seal their own ruin if they dare to hand over a whole nation to a body of ecclesiastics, whose hearts are in the past, who dread the march of mind, who abhor all mental liberty, and the whole spirit of whose policy is avowedly and systematically reactionary. Englishmen must see that this irremediable wrong shall not be done to their Irish fellow-subjects, and they must not shut their eyes to its magnitude; for a nation may gather strength even from religious dissensions, as they stir the faculties and train men to think shrewdly in their temporal affairs; it may develop its greatness amidst bloody and expensive wars, but the despotism of priests enters the soul of a nation, puts out the eyes of its victim, and blinds it even to the very consciousness of its misery.

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- ART. VII.—1. *Le Fellah: Souvenirs d'Egypte*. Par Edmond About. Hachette, 1869.  
 2. *Egypte et Turquie*. Par F. de Lesseps. Plon, 1869.  
 3. *Histoire de l'Isthme de Suez*. Par Olivier Ritt. Hachette, 1869.  
 4. *Inauguration du Canal de Suez*. Par H. Bernard et E. Tissot. Maisonneuve et Cie, 1869.  
 5. *L'isthme de Suez (1854 à 1869), avec carte*. Par H. Silvestre. Libr. Internationale, 1869.  
 6. *Wyld's Map of the Canal and Isthmus*. London, 1869.

UNDOUBTEDLY the Suez Canal is the most important engineering work of our times. Begun amidst much discouragement, it has been carried on with immense perseverance through great material difficulties. In size it matches well with the works of old Egypt; in boldness of conception it may take its place among the triumphs of modern days. It would be useless as well as invidious to try to assess the relative difficulty of this as compared with the Panama Railway, for instance, or that which crosses the centre of the North American continent; but we may safely say that there has seldom been a work which depended so wholly for its execution on the energy and versatile power of a single man.

Of course the occasion has produced a literature of its own, and, in the multitude of books, it is hard to know what to recommend. The French books certainly have the advantage, for among English writers there is generally the embarrassing feeling that M. de Lesseps has been badly treated in our newspapers; we feel that he has succeeded, and yet some of us are even now too intent on justifying their past strictures by proving that his success is incomplete. The books which we have named will give a very good idea, not only of the canal, its history and its working, but of the condition of Egypt, and of the bearing which the canal is likely to have on its condition. We specially recommend M. About's *Fellah*—a story full of fun and incident, yet giving, in that peculiar way which is M. About's *forte*, the truest picture we ever saw of Egyptian society and the best summary of Egyptian prospects. Of the story we will not attempt an analysis; the *dénouement* is a marriage between a model fellah who has won for himself a high position, and

a young English lady endowed with all possible virtues except consideration for "natives." This she is taught in a very amusing way; and the "fellah" is of course an admirable guide to M. About and his friends through strata of Egyptian society which escape the notice of the ordinary traveller. Of the canal itself, the *itinéraire*, or the longer work of M. Ritt, give an intelligible history; and a map like Mr. Wyld's enables the reader to follow "our own correspondent" along the tract which the French Empress and the Emperor of Austria have so lately "inaugurated." If what Ismail Pasha has constantly asserted is true, the idea of this particular canal is Egyptian, and not due to the energetic and persevering man to whom belongs the glory of having accomplished it. Of course canals of some sort have been thought of since Egypt was a kingdom: the First Napoleon mooted a plan very like that actually carried out; he did more, he had the ground surveyed; but the report given in to him, that there was a difference of thirty feet between the level of the two seas, was erroneous, though it was adopted by Lord Palmerston in his confident prophecy that "the thing oughtn't to succeed and couldn't succeed." Ever since the overland route was planned, a canal was, naturally enough, talked about in connection with it. In 1845 Stephenson declared in favour of the roundabout way up the Nile and then across, much the same line as that taken by the old canal of Pharaoh Necho, or by M. de Lesseps' fresh water canal which follows the same direction. But, even then, the enlightened Linant-bey and others drew up a plan for a direct canal and laid it before Mehemet Ali. Possibly the difficulties connected with the opening of the Mahmoudieh, when his ship stuck fast, with the British envoy on board, and had to be pushed along by a little army of soldiers, may have deterred Mehemet from the project. Anyhow it was put aside till October, 1854, when M. de Lesseps broached the subject to Saïd Pasha as they were going across the Libyan desert. Leave was granted for the formation of a company, and at the end of the year Linant and Mougel beys made a new survey, and gave a favourable report. Then began the heart-breaking work. M. de Lesseps had to make his plans known, and to try to persuade the share-buying public to put faith in him. In England, as we all know, he had very poor success. A jaunty minister, always ready to make war on China in order to enforce an illegal and abominable traffic, set his face against the plan: it was started by a Frenchman, and it would make Egypt a French province, and, if it succeeded, would

turn the Red Sea into a French ditch. But there was never any intention of its succeeding, or of any serious work being done along the line so pompously planned out; the whole thing was a sham, got up by collusion between a reckless engineer and an encroaching government. That was Lord Palmerston's view—repeated *ad nauseam* by the *Times*, moralised on by the *Saturday Review*, and supported by the weight of Stephenson's technical knowledge. In France, a Frenchman's design was better received; but, after all, the weight of the business fell on Egypt. The Viceroy took (at the suggestion of France) a full third of the shares, besides making a present of the land, and engaging to find labourers. Then came the diplomatic difficulties: great interest was made with the Sultan, to prevent him from giving his consent as suzerain. The "*Compagnie Universelle*" was not fairly started till 1859, and on the 24th April, in that year, M. de Lesseps took pickaxe in hand, and solemnly set the work going. "Impudent charlatan!" cried the unbelievers, "he only wants to make a new call on his shareholders;" but though the Egyptian contingent did not come up, the great French contractor, Alphonse Hardon, brought a host of experienced navvies, and diggings were at once begun along at several points of the line. The fresh-water canal was, of course, essential to anything like work on a large scale; this was, therefore, first completed across from the Nile to Lake Timseh, which lies about midway between Suez and Port Saïd. Meanwhile, preparations had been making for carrying through a shallow temporary communication between Lake Timseh and the Mediterranean; and, while this was being done, the fresh water canal was pushed up, parallel with this temporary water-way, to Port Saïd. It was, moreover, carried down in the other direction as far as Suez, where it was much wanted, not only to ensure a plentiful water-supply (our transports were supplied from it during the Abyssinian war), but also to bring up stone from the quarries of Djebel Geneffe. All this was not the work of M. Hardon's men alone; in 1861, Saïd Pasha's promised labourers came up, and the same thing began which Egypt had been in the days when the pyramids were built, and often since—forced free-labour, a system more offensive, in some respects, than slavery, the existence of which has done more than anything else to keep Egypt back, for who will embark his capital in a country where the sovereign can, at a moment's notice call the husbandmen off the land, and send them to work for him, several hundred miles off? A great outcry was raised against the Pasha for furnishing men to work

for M. de Lesseps ; but, so long as the system lasted (and it still lasts, though the fellah has, nominally, the power of buying himself off) it made very little difference whether men were torn from their homes and sent to die along the line of the canal or on the banks of the White Nile. So long, too, as the kidnapping of Polynesians to work in Queensland, and elsewhere, went on unchecked, our interference savoured rather of international jealousy than of care for the fellah. However, we did interfere, and so effectually that in 1863, Saïd's successor, Ismaïl Pasha, withdrew the contingent and paid an indemnity instead, buying also the fresh-water canal, and the very fertile "wady" (valley—the ancient Goshen) which M. Guichard had reclaimed along the western part of its course, and binding the Egyptian Government to keep the said fresh-water canal always in good order. This purchase was a bit of diplomacy. It would never do, thought English statesmen, to allow a French company to possess a breadth of fertile land close to Cairo, and within easy reach of Suez ; and so the company had to sell their Goshen, the yearly value of which they had estimated at 600,000 francs. The contingent, however, had broken the neck of the work by taking more than 4,000,000 cubic yards out of the great cutting of El Guisr, which is now 85 feet deep : indeed, 18,000 of them, working day and night, with the inevitable Egyptian accompaniment of the kurbash, ought to have accomplished something. Nevertheless, the loss of them has, more than anything else, conduced to the success of the enterprise ; and the names of Borel, Lavalley, Dessaux, and Couvreux will long be remembered in connection with the wonderful excavators and dredging-machines which the sudden withdrawal of all this human power forced them to invent. Some of us may remember the models of these at the Paris Exhibition of 1867 ; but those who saw them in actual working all speak with wonder, not only of the vast results attained, but of the skilful means employed for obtaining them. By the end of 1864, then, the fresh-water canal had been completed, and was in full use as a means of carrying stone, &c., to points where it was wanted : a narrow salt waterway had been opened from the Mediterranean to Lake Timseh,—which lake, fed of old by the surplus water of the Nile, and used as a preserve for sacred crocodiles, but in modern times usually almost dry, took five months in filling. Towns, too, had been founded at Port Saïd, on the bay of Pelusium, and at Ismaïlia, on Lake Timseh, "the heart of the works : " a harbour had been dug, and jetties, 2,000 and 3000 yards long, had been built at Port Saïd,

partly with stone got from various points along the line, partly with artificial blocks, like those used in the new harbour-works at Marseilles, which are cubes of twelve yards, made of sand mixed with one of those kind of lime which, like lias-lime have the property of hardening under water. A great deal of this lime comes from Santorin and Therasia, the Greek islands, in which, owing to the diggings set going to supply the canal, some pre-historic Pompeiis have lately been discovered. So much had been done by 1864. The last five years were spent in digging the real canal, which may be said to have been completed when, in last March, the Viceroy presided at the letting in of the waters of the Red Sea into that almost dry depression called the Bitter Lakes.

It will be remarked that every advantage has been taken of the natural features of the country. The fresh-water canal follows the line of caravans through the Goshen valley, which is also the line taken by Pharaoh-Necho: the ship canal runs first for twenty miles across the swamp called Lake Menzaleh, then for eleven more through Lake Balleh; then there are eleven miles of higher ground, including the cutting at El Guisr, to Lake Timsleh; then Lake Timseh is three miles long; it is eight thence to the Bitter Lakes, including a cutting of sixty-two feet deep through the huge mound in which stands the Serapeum; the Bitter Lakes are twenty-four miles long, and thence to Suez is twelve miles, partly through high ground, giving a cutting of fifty-six feet. A good deal of this country lies below the level of the sea; and to the outsider the difficulty of carrying a clear way through ground like Lake Menzaleh and the Bitter Lakes seems much greater than that of making the deepest cutting. In these lakes, in fact, great difficulty was experienced; the only way of avoiding the constant falling in of work done, was to follow the natural depression in all its windings: this occasion a good many sharp turns which will not improve the navigation of this part of the canal. The breadth of the canal, except in the deep cuttings, is 328 feet, narrowing to 246 feet at bottom; the guaranteed depth is 26 feet, and the correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who seems to have been as pleased with everything as some of his colleagues were disgusted, says that the soundings gave quite this depth all the way to Ismailia. The grand difficulties, when the primary ones of fresh-water and working power were settled, were dredging and keeping up the embankments of loose sand. We read that even in the worst parts, these latter are now well flaked over, as if there was no drift, but rather a consolidation which time will most probably complete. The dredging will always

have to go on. It is said that M. Lavalley has offered to keep the whole length in working order for £40,000 a year; then, the Khamsin will no doubt cause some damage: but the exaggeration both about the silting up and the filling in with loose sand, and the mischief to the banks by the action of the screws and paddles, seems to have been almost as great as that which we heard at the outset, when one party said, "it must be a stagnant ditch," and the other cried, "it will be a wild, unmanageable current."

A few more details now about the works along the line; but first let us notice that, just as the beginning of the fresh-water canal runs through the biblical Goshen, watered of old by the same Nile which has now again been made to fertilise it, so at its Suez end, where the company have fixed their sluice at the very mouth of the old canal of the Pharaohs, the Clysma, which the Arabs call Colsum, there is a sand-bank of nearly three miles long, separating the Gulf of Suez proper from the lagoons, which may also have played its part in the history of the chosen people. This bank is generally under water; but at the low tides at either equinox it is laid bare, and in spring, when the north wind blows as well, it is left dry for several hours. Did the fresh-water canal known as Necho's exist at the time of the Exodus? If so, its course would naturally determine the line of march. Anyhow, it has been suggested that this sandbank, kept dry by an unusually strong wind for an exceptionally long time, was the way by which the Israelites crossed, while Sethos, grandson of Sesostris, coming on too late, was overtaken by the "sea returning in his strength." This agrees well with "The waters were a wall (a protection) on the one side (that of the lagoons) and on the other." That such a question should arise in connection with M. de Lesseps' work may remind us of the absorbing interest that attaches to the country, and of its wonderfully early civilisation. Taking Rawlinson's (the most moderate) estimate, we have a monarchy in Egypt more than 2,700 years B.C., nearly 2,000 years before Rome was founded, 500 years before the beginning of the Assyrian kingdom. And this country is now going to assert its old place in the family of nations. We do not believe that the fellah is so unimproveable that, when his country has become the highway of the world's trade, he will be content to be hustled aside, and to have *Saturday Reviewers* saying, "Of course, Englishmen and Frenchmen will not put up with Oriental substitutes for justice." We hope to see Egypt by-and-by able to stand by herself. We do not

think she will ever aspire to the headship of Islam, as Mr. Dilke (see his *Greater Britain*) was assured she might any day do, seeing that her tribute makes up so large a part of the Sultan's revenue. But, just as Hindoos are rapidly learning self-government, so will fellahs, as soon as, instead of the cruel consular misrule, a judicial system like that of British India shall (as M. About suggests) have been adopted.

But we were to say something more about the works. Why the point called Port Saïd was fixed upon, instead of the ruins of old Pelusium, was because, while all along that coast it is impossible to get deep water at a reasonable distance, at Port Saïd a depth of thirty feet was secured by throwing out the jetties spoken of above. The whole coast-line is remarkable. Between Lake Menzaleh and the sea is a narrow spit of sand, broken by the three "mouths" which intervene between that of Damietta and the almost closed mouth of Pelusium. On one of these sand-banks were raised the few houses which formed the beginning of a town that now numbers 10,000 people, and has its churches, mosques, hospitals, and hotels. Like the house of the foolish man, Port-Saïd is built upon the sand, the greater part of the ground on which it stands having been dug out of the harbour. The work was a very difficult one; and it is still doubted whether the jetties, or breakwaters, will suffice to keep out the sand which seems determined to make its way between the stones, instead of (as was hoped) cementing them together. The inner harbour was first used in June, 1867, when one of the Messageries' packets put in there, but it was not satisfactorily finished till the end of 1868; the cost of the artificial blocks in the breakwaters was nearly half a million sterling. Kantara, at the southern end of Lake Menzaleh, is remarkable as the crossing place of the caravans on the road from Egypt to Syria; the old bridge has been blown up and a ferry established, and great tanks have been made for the supply of beasts and men who are on their journey. Of Ismaïlia the French are very proud: the *Pall Mall* correspondent found it "a long rambling desert city of flat-roofed houses and tents;" M. About thought it quite a Paris in the wilderness. He landed there at night after a nap on board the packet; and when he was received by a gentleman in a black coat and white tie, and ushered across a garden full of sweet scents to a dressing-room full of the newest luxuries, whence he was conducted to a ball-room where ladies in the latest French costume were dancing to the newest French music, he rubbed his eyes and asked himself if he was still

sleeping. The place was, he found, a regular French country town, full of all the little scandals to which he was accustomed at home, full too of young men of good family who trust to M. de Lesseps to show them how to make their fortunes. A lively, hard-working, pleasure-loving place, it already numbers 5,000 people, and has its churches, schools, library, choral society, club, and even its *cafés-chantants*. "The Venice of the desert," it has been christened by some one who did not see it during the crush and tumult of the recent fêtes. All this dates since 1862. The Serapeum was the cause of a clever bit of engineering; the hill was found very hard, almost bidding defiance to the tools, so M. de Lesseps, fertile in resource, brought up water from his fresh-water canal, and pouring it on the summit, softened the indurated sand so as to make the work of digging through comparatively easy. Here, too, cross-cuts from the fresh-water canal, which is six yards higher in level than the other, were used to bring the machines into position; when they were properly placed they began working, and soon got down to the proper depth below the fresh water. At Suez, which numbers 20,000 people, a breakwater 900 yards long has been built. The whole place looks quite different from what it did in the old days when water, brought from the fountains of Moses, nine miles off, or from Cairo on camels, or more lately in the water-tanks of the Suez railway, was sold at a shilling the skinful. Building is going on at a great rate; Italian masons, Greek joiners, Arab decorators, are hard at work in every street; and, besides its two hospitals, Suez already has a public library, three chief hotels, and most of the adjuncts of European civilisation. Thus the canal is creating a little world of its own along its whole line, and a far more respectable world than that of Alexandria, which, unhappily, is bad enough to make one despair of civilisation.

It is a success hitherto, and the croakers are driven to ask, doubtfully, "How can it pay?" That, of course, is a question for the shareholders. Elaborate calculations are given to show that, whereas the whole Eastern tonnage by the Cape and overland is only four millions, three-fourths of this will have to go by way of the Canal, in order to give even the preference shareholders anything. At eight shillings for each passenger and for each ton of freight, the traffic must clearly be very large in order to give any interest on the twelve millions which have been expended. If it pays the cost of working no doubt it will be kept up: the fact that all former canals were abandoned proves nothing; no previous

canal-makers had M. Lavalley's wonderful dredging machines. Next come the questions what influence will it have on the trade of the East, and what would be its value in a general European war, and what will it do towards resuscitating Egypt, if indeed a second life may, under any circumstances, be hoped for for a nation? All these are very great questions, to which we do not pretend to give definite answers; we mention them to show how many and how important are the interests involved in this matter of the canal. And first, as to trade: at the outset the idea undoubtedly was that it would damage England and proportionally benefit France. If you have to go round the Cape to India or China, Liverpool is about as well situated as any town could be, Cork and Lisbon being left out of account; but if the canal is really a success, England, Holland, and North Germany will be at a considerable disadvantage, while Marseilles, and still more the Italian ports and Trieste and also the Black Sea towns, will be brought very much nearer the far East. Of course the immediate effect on manufacture will not be much, whatever it may be on the carrying trade, for at present the great trade of the East is with England; we consume cotton, indigo, tea, rice, &c., they are large customers of Manchester and other goods. As has been well remarked, Odessa does not want Bombay cotton, and Bombay does not want Black Sea wheat. But France is already a manufacturing country, and Italy has lately done wonders in the way of reviving what she was once so famous for. Austria, too, has manufactures, and to all those countries the stimulus would be immense of being able to get the raw material direct. There can be no reason in the nature of things why Lancashire should go on for ever with a practical monopoly of the world's calico-making, though she has the immense advantage of having been a long while in the field. No doubt we shall not give up our position without such a vigorous effort as will, very probably, enable us rather to improve it. Already we are told that, since the canal is naturally unsuitable for our very large-sized ships, a Liverpool company is building a fleet of smaller ships, expressly for the China tea-trade; so that, after all, Lord Palmerston's fears, so cleverly used by M. de Lesseps in influencing his countrymen, will, probably, prove unfounded. The immediate gain to Italy, Southern and Eastern Germany, and Russia, is more evident than that to France. Brindisi is only seventy-four hours from Port Saïd, so that the postal route, and that which consignments of specie will generally take, is clearly marked out. Russia, it is

supposed, has been watching the work with peculiar interest; and even those who are freest from Russophobia feel that she will spare no expense to make her flag known in the Indian seas, and to push, at every possible point, that propagandism which she has been so widely carrying on in Central Asia. M. About sums up the case as follows:—"Egypt will have spent most, France will have got most glory, but England will profit most by the work." We certainly shall not do so unless we take care to make India safe; with a second Ireland at the far end of the overland route, we should be incomparably worse off with the canal than without it. India can only be safe while it is well governed; perhaps this consideration may make Members of Parliament a little more tolerant of "the assumed dulness of Indian debates." This leads, naturally, to the second question—what would happen in case of a general war? Of course, had not Lord Palmerston insisted that the company should acquire no land along the canal banks, we might, at any time, have been blocked out from the overland route altogether. As it is, in spite of the talk of "neutralizing" the canal, we cannot but fancy that it would be seized by the power which happened to have the largest available force in its neighbourhood: in the struggle there would be abundant occasion for a second Aboukir. Hence, Gibraltar becomes doubly important; and hence, too, it becomes, more than ever desirable to carry out the other overland route along the Euphrates, with one branch to the Syrian sea-coast, and another through Asia Minor to Constantinople. We should thus have a war-route open, in case the commercial route by the canal were closed against us. The opening of the canal, then, makes it more necessary than ever to watch, not at all in a captious spirit, but carefully, the conduct of Russia. In the present state of India, unscrupulous intrigue, backed up by show of power, may do us vast mischief: for, canal or no canal, with India we are strong; without India, we should have at once to come down from our place among the nations of the world.

And what will be the effect of the canal upon the country through which it passes? In the first place M. About is very sanguine about its good influence on the climate: the large tracts of water will draw the clouds and bring rain; rain will make forests possible, and forests will supply fruit and vegetable mould. By this not Goshen only, but the whole desert between the two seas may be turned into a vast cattle farm. Lake Timseh, too, and the Bitter Lakes may be used for fish and oyster culture; and Lake Menzaleh will

make splendid rice-fields. But these are small matters: the great point is, will Egypt rise to anything like real national life? Hitherto, since Mehemet Ali's day, she has been a huge estate, cultivated at a ruinous expense, for the profit (or at any rate for the glory) of a single family and the enriching of a swarm of European bloodsuckers. Meanwhile, her population has diminished; and those who are worse off rather than better for all her "material progress." To settle this point—the possible resuscitation of Egypt, we must determine what are the chief evils from which she suffers; and of these the worst is "the internal despotism of the judges combined with the internal despotism of the consuls." M. de Lesseps has been found fault with in some quarters for decrying the consular system. M. About's readers will think that, instead of overstating the case, he has been too mild in his condemnation of one of the most crying injustices which the world has ever seen. Here is a case in point: M. About is smoking a cigar on the fore-deck of the steamer from Marseilles, when he hears a group of French and Italians talking of Egypt as the true land of promise, where colossal fortunes can be made at railroad pace, and wondering why the Jews ever left it.

" 'Why, there are actually no taxes to pay' says one. 'Taxes, indeed! they are all screwed out of the fellahs.' 'Rent, too,' replies another, 'is just a legal fiction. I'll tell you what happened to me. I took a house at a thousand *talaris* from an Arab landlord, and the first time he came for his money I said, "Don't bother me, you blackamoor; be off to the consul, and he'll see all fair between us." Away he goes, the fool, and begins a law-suit, of which he has, of course, to pay the costs in advance. The suit drags on more than six months; I take care to watch, and just when I'm afraid of being cast in it, I simply transfer the house to a Belgian, who gives me a hundred louis for the goodwill. The old law-suit now goes for nothing; *the jurisdiction is changed*. A new plaint must be laid, and a new deposit paid—this time at the Belgian consulate. Consul's law is slow in working, and the Belgian has time to pass the house on to a Greek, the Greek to an Italian, and so on. I believe they're at it still; for there are seventeen consuls in the town, all there for the very purpose of protecting their countrymen. So you may fancy what a dance the Arab has been led. He'll be cured of asking a European for rent before they've done with him.' Others detail similar experiences; one is indignant because, because would you believe it? 'those creatures they call police wanted actually to make me keep my footpath swept. Of course, I sheltered myself under the Capitulation; and these cavasses soon found that foreigners are at home in Egypt, and that it is not wise to try to put pressure on them.' Another

grumbles because the cavasses break into his (illegal) gambling house to stop a row in which some of the players are shooting one another. 'What an outrage on Christianity! of course your consul interfered?' 'Hush, my consul did his duty; all that makes me mad is that I was fool enough to go in for moderate damages; they'd have given me anything I liked to ask,' they were so frightened."

Another tells how he got damages because, having obtained leave to set up a row of dressing boxes for bathers, he had them all blown over by the first stong wind:—"I brought an action against the Government for not giving me due warning about the strength of the wind on that coast when they granted their authorisation; and, by Jove, I pocketed my 30,000 francs." More cases than these are given; and, at the same time, a story is told of a poor bootmaker, to whom the Government owes two and thirty francs, and whose consul tells him he must never hope to be paid. Gentlemen who are busy helping swindlers to pocket thousands can't be expected to put themselves out of the way for the price of a pair of boots.

The whole system is infamous. Its moral effect on the fellah must be such as to outweigh all the boasted "influences of our higher civilisation." What can he think, when he sees the men who have the higher knowledge, who bring steam engines, and telegraphs, and such like, putting their trust in wrong and robbery and thriving thereby—what, but that all the foundations of the earth are out of course? "Do you think I'd be of that man's religion?" said a very enlightened Hindoo to a friend who was urging him to conform to the Christianity which he more than half believed,— "that man" being a well-known Bombay sharp practitioner. The case must be worse where Christianity is chiefly represented by a swarm of Levantine scoundrels, the off-scourings of every southern nationality. No wonder the educated Mussulman loses faith and comes to say, "this only is true, that sugar is sweet;" and no wonder the poor fellah clings all the more closely to his creed and looks with loathing upon the religion which in his mind is associated with beings so inconceivably mean and unscrupulous. What a Nemesis that word "Capitulation" implies. From the days of old travellers like Tavernier, when a man before he went to the East had to put money into the hands of the king's intendant at Marseilles, "in case he should commit any damage in the Grand Turk's dominions," and when consular jurisdictions grew up because Turkish officials did not care to take cognisance of the petty squabbles of Frank

traders ; it is a startling change to the present system, when Europe pours into Egypt the overflowings of her rascality, and when every one of these choice samples of Christian civilisation wholly disregards the laws of the country in which he lives. It is to be hoped that M. de Lesseps is wrong in saying that France opposes the alteration of the consular system. Altered it must be, or Egypt cannot be a country.

Another crying evil is the want of security: during the cotton famine, more than forty millions sterling were paid into Egypt, but a great part of this vast sum (says M. About) is buried in the earth. Connected with this is the forced labour of which we spoke above. This causes a sad waste of human life ; and the harem system is still more wasteful. Then there is the total disregard of health, the people dreading, as Lady Duff Gordon told us, the Pasha's doctors as if they were wholesale poisoners. Only one child in five lives ; and no fellah gets sufficient nourishment—causes enough these for decrease of population in a country where labour is much wanted. Other evils are, the want of education (when a force-pump wants mending, a workman has to be sent for from Marseilles) the low status of the women, and the universal corruption of officials. Will the canal help to mend any of these ? It will make (it has already made) coal much cheaper ; during the *fêtes* an English collier of 800 tons was met in Lake Timsch ; and therefore manufactures will be more profitable—though it would be wise (says M. About) to work them wholly by foreign hands, and to leave the fellah free to devote himself to the land. But will it make the government better, or secure impartial justice ?

Hitherto European example has done but little good ; we have brought in watches, and hurry, and feverish excitement, destroying what was good without giving any equivalent, just as we have filled the Pasha's many palaces with outré decorations and third-rate European grimcracks, to the exclusion of the really tasteful and rich garniture which the East can supply. If the canal is merely to make Egypt more accessible to the class of Europeans who have so long disgraced us over there, better, as far as Egypt is concerned, that it should silt up in a year ; but if it becomes the occasion of an improvement in political and judicial administration, it will be a boon indeed. The people have many good points ; readers of Lady Duff Gordon's Letters know what these are, and those who do not should read these admirable letters to correct the false notions given by travellers, who are sure to see the worst side, especially of a people which has suffered

by being made a show of for so many years. M. About says of the modern Egyptians, they cannot restore or even keep from crumbling to decay the wonderful "tombs of the Caliphs;" but then, they have built Mehëmet Ali's mosque. Education is at a low ebb, yet if you go into a Cairo coffee-shop you may often hear a young student come in and read to a criticising audience a chapter of a serial which he is bringing out. Literature is not dead; there is faith enough to keep hundreds of "poor scholars" at work upon the Koran; and the remarkable absence of bigotry, as to which Lady Duff Gordon's experience is by no means singular, warrants the hope that missionary effort, if carefully directed, will be abundantly rewarded. No doubt the French idea was to cut Egypt off from the Porte, and so to "bring it more directly into the circle of Western civilisation." Whether the canal and Sir S. Baker's conquests may combine to effect this separation or not, Egypt will at once be brought nearer Europe in every sense—whether for good or evil will depend on the temper of Egypt's rulers, and on the course adopted by the European states, which will naturally have a good deal of influence, not only over the foreign politics of the Khedive, but also over his relations with his subjects.

We have said very little about the inaugural *fêtes*, because they have been so fully detailed in the newspapers. The accounts bear almost unvarying testimony to the success of the achievement. Even the sceptical *Saturday Review* has at last made up its mind that there is nothing but the difficulty of keeping the Port Saïd channel open to hinder a free and permanent passage. But they are not at all pleasant reading, on account of the contrast which they force us to draw between the dignified manners of Orientals and the vulgar pushing ways of Western Europeans. Perhaps the prize for impudence should be divided between the man who, finding that the Khedive supplied his guests with everything, said, "Play is a necessary of existence for me, but I have not the wherewithal to make a start; let his highness furnish me with a hundred francs," and him who asked for a private audience with Ismaïl in order to complain that he had actually been put into a double-bedded room. All are agreed in praising M. de Lesseps' imperturbable good humour and unvarying courtesy; he seemed to multiply himself—attending to the remarks of the humblest tourists, though crowned heads were eager to catch his words. This happy organisation, no less than his tenacity of purpose and versatile tact, ensured his success from the beginning of the enterprise. We must

remember that he is the projector, not the engineer, and that his great work has been, not to construct, but to smooth away difficulties and to arouse enthusiasm. He seemed determined to subject his work to the severest possible trial by moving to the front in the *Peluse*, the heaviest and most unwieldy of the Messageries' boats. The trial appears to have been wonderfully met, the only part that showed signs of weakness was a bit of the way between the last Bitter Lake and Suez, where the wash of the Red Sea tide is so strong as to injure the banks, and even to displace the stones with which they are faced. Locks or other contrivances will conquer this difficulty; bent grass or Malay bind-weed will stop any drifting above water; screws, which are already almost universal, will cause far less wash than paddles, and even some plan may be found for obviating the need of so much costly dredging at Port Saïd. We stated why this particular point was chosen for the outlet—because it promised the greatest depth of water. Experience has shown that the choice was a mistake. So was also the laying down of random blocks to form the breakwaters, instead of regularly building them (as they are doing at Algiers), at a heavier first cost, but with much after saving. The breakwaters at present are quite pervious to mud and sand; and even when they become filled in, the accumulation of deposit outside them will constantly drive the town and port inland. Already the lighthouse, which was at the very point, is fully a quarter of a mile from the sea. The rate at which the Nile silts up may be judged from the fact that the Peninsular and Oriental Canal near Cairo, which had thirty feet of water fifteen years ago, is now a mudbank. It is easy to see that the entrance cannot be very safe when a deposit is going on outside at anything like this rate. However, there is no doubt that if the traffic of the world takes this route, it will be worth while both to keep the way open at any cost, either by widening the canal, or by stone-facing it in parts, and also to put the Port Saïd channel beyond the possibility of becoming impracticable.

Then there is the war question: the *Economist* says, "Any power that could keep the seas has always had the Cape route open, and might have invaded India by it." No doubt the canal would be no help to any power which should attack us single-handed, but if an attempt is made simultaneously on England and on her Eastern dominions, then the ownership of a short direct route becomes of immense importance. We can fancy a terrible struggle going on for the possession of it. When we think that Port Saïd and Ismaïlia, and six or

eight stations more, depend for their existence on a fresh-water canal, which an enemy might turn away in a day, we see how novel will be the conditions under which a campaign on the canal will be fought out. Anyhow, M. de Lesseps has forced us from that neutrality which has for years been our boast, and has made it essential to our national greatness that we should attend to what is going on abroad. To our manufacturers, too, he has given a sharp lesson—we all know how much prestige has been lost in the East by cargoes of cotton goods so rotten that they had to be dug out of the ships' holds, and by other tricks of trade, unworthy of the position in which the honesty of our forefathers had placed us. These kinds of things must be given up at once. We are now exposed to the severest competition in what has been hitherto practically our own private market. Whether ships have had to leave their cargoes at Suez or not before making the passage—whether the success of the opening is due or not to this year's exceptionally high Nile, we may be sure that the canal will be used; and (as we said above) it gives our commercial rivals an advantage which will compensate for the benefits of its establishment.

M. de Lesseps' pamphlet is interesting owing to the quarrels which the Khedive's assumptions have caused between him and the Sultan. In a letter which M. de Lesseps wrote to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe in 1855, and which he here reprints, he says his canal at once puts Egypt out of danger: "Its perilous importance as the highway of commerce is done away with. No European power would care to seize Egypt, now that not it, but a canal outside its boundaries is the line of communication." In this he evidently meditated the cession to the company of the land along the canal, which was then (by some not very clear process) to be "neutralized."

With reference to the disputes between Egypt and the Porte, the following is significant: "Whenever Egypt has been reduced to the position of a province, one of these alternatives has invariably taken place—either its prosperity has been stifled by a system of administration unsuited to its wants, or else it has recovered its independence. You cannot rule Egypt as you would any other Turkish province." The sick man, we are constantly told, is far nearer his end than we in England are willing to admit. If so, we surely ought to take care betimes. It would never do for us to have Egypt occupied by one foreign power and Constantinople by another, and thus to risk being cut off both from the Suez and from the Euphrates routes.

ART. VIII. — *Nouveaux Lundis*. Tomes I—XI. Paris: Michel Lévy. 1869.

WHEN the decease of M. Sainte-Beuve was announced, we were engaged in reading the latter volumes of the *Nouveaux Lundis*, especially the remarkable articles on Lacordaire, Lamennais, and Renan: articles which derive an additional and affecting interest from the circumstances of the brilliant author's end. His death was consistent with his life in its calm but decisive independence of the Christian faith. He had written as much about Christianity and the Gallican Church as any man living, not professionally interested; he had advocated free thought, and never scrupled to avow his own disbelief; but his anti-Christian principles had never been offensively or wantonly obtruded on the public. So it was in his death. He left positive instructions that his corpse was not to be taken to a church, and that his funeral was not to have the slightest religious ceremonial connected with it. A more strikingly unchristian exit from the scene there could not be: "Adieu, Sante-Beuve, adieu, adieu, our friend! Gentlemen who have accompanied us, receive our acknowledgments in his name. Gentlemen, the ceremony is over." It is not easy to dismiss the subject thus; at least no one who has made himself familiar with the writings of this most graceful and sincere writer will fail to turn to the last volumes, just published, of his writings with a deep feeling of pity that a man so richly gifted, who knew the truth so well, who had paid such genial and faithful tributes to eminent Christian characters, should have so completely guarded his heart by the thick veil of indifference from the access of those truths and influences which most sincere men who know them turn to in death for their consolation. That a French littérateur should end thus is not very remarkable, and would occasion no comment in these pages. But that such a French writer—more than half English too—should so end, is matter of pondering. We shall pay a brief tribute to M. Sainte-Beuve's genius, dwelling particularly on his essay on Renan, with whose name his own is very generally associated in the English mind. The combination will give an opportunity of supplying our readers with some information

on the literary enterprise which has made M. Renan's name famous.

The biography of M. Sainte-Beuve does not present many points of interest; his life was lived out, as it were, in literature. He was born in 1804, of an English mother, and in what may be called the border town between England and France, Boulogne. His earliest training was conducted under the eye of his mother, who gave his critical tastes a permanent direction towards poetry, including the best English poets, and developed in him almost too early the critical faculty to which he subsequently owed much of his distinction. After finishing his studies at Paris he entered the medical profession. He was passionately fond of anatomy; and might have attained a high place in the schools had not literature, in the shape of the *Globe*, seduced his attention. He very soon stamped his own character on the weekly and monthly journals as the first critic in the language, French poetry being his chief subject. He began and for some years continued in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, and elsewhere, a series of exquisite literary portraits, besides publishing a volume or two of poems, much valued by his countrymen, with which we have no acquaintance. In 1832 he made the acquaintance of Lamennais, and was fascinated by a charm that none could ever resist. How far the influence was a religious one M. Sainte-Beuve does not permit us to know; suffice that he was earnestly invited to take refuge from the world in a devout life, and that he resisted the invitation. He was then twenty-eight, too late even for a Frenchman to cultivate a new enthusiasm. So he turned his emotions to literary profit, and carried on the contest between flesh and spirit in a romance called *Volupté*. It may be suspected that this was, however, a turning point in his life. From a letter which he wrote to the biographer of M. Lacordaire we take the following extract:—

“I was indeed familiarly acquainted with Father Lacordaire, especially when he was only abbé, and about 1830. He was such as I have described him in this portrait, modest, eloquent as soon as he began to speak, and of a fervour that betrayed itself in his last words. He was then very straitly connected with M. de Lamennais, nor could there be found the slightest shade of distinction between them. When I composed the romance of *Volupté*, which indeed is not precisely a romance, but contains a great deal of my observation and even of my own experience, it was necessary that I should invent at least a conclusion, and I was anxious that it should be as true and as real as the rest. Having to conduct my hero to the Seminary, I

addressed myself to M. Lacordaire to ask some specific points of information. He offered himself to take me to the Seminary of Issy. I continued to see the abbé Lacordaire during all the years that preceded his entrance into a religious order. I remember that when he returned from Rome with the abbé Lamennais, I went to visit them, and found M. de Lamennais expressing himself on what passed in Rome with a carelessness that astonished me, since he had just ostensibly made his submission. He spoke of the Pope as one of those men who are destined to great and desperate remedies. On the contrary, when I went into the chamber where Lacordaire was, I was struck with the contrast: he spoke only with an extreme reserve and submission of the rebuffs that they had received, and employed a comparison of the 'grain which, even supposing it to have a good nature, needs to be kept back in its germination and to sleep a whole winter in the earth.' It was thus that he explained and justified, while admitting part of the truth in the *Avenir*, the strictness and resistance of the Holy See. I concluded that there was not a perfect accord between the two men."

The keen interest with which the critic followed the fates and analysed the writings of these victims of Ultramontanism whose destiny has been so different, and the zest with which he has reviewed the theological productions of most of the leaders of thought in the Gallican Church, indicate very plainly that the religious question was once one that occupied his mind very deeply. The same inference may be drawn from the fact that he made the Jesuits and Jansenists the object of a long and exhaustive study. In 1837, during a short residence in Switzerland, he was invited to give some lectures at Lausanne. These readings he expanded into that most interesting set of volumes on *Port Royal*, which are almost the perfection of history, and even ecclesiastical history, abating always the tone of scepticism that runs through them. In these six volumes the reader has a narrative that weaves some of the greatest names in religious literature into its web with singular grace, and traces the immortal contest between the two parties in one Church with impartiality, adding a most abundant collection of illustrative documents that leave no information wanting. In 1845 M. Sainte-Beuve reached the high distinction of the Academy. For more than twenty years he has been writing, on almost every subject, essays that carry the French tongue to perfection while showing its unlimited capacities for clear statement and subtle analysis. Most of these essays have been collected in two series of *Causeries du lundi*, so called from the day of their weekly publication. By these essays

he has achieved, in the estimation of his contemporaries generally, a reputation surpassed by none. His prose is his own, resembling in many respects that of our De Quincey; piquant, subtle, with wonderful combinations, all the more effective that they are unforeseen, and delicate graces of composition, especially in the selection of words, that elude those who do not make his style a familiar study. Few writers produce so much effect, whether in the toning down or in the brightening of a sentence, by the insertion of a felicitous word. His moods run through all ranges of feeling, from the coldest dialectics to the most glowing enthusiasm; and his spirit, generally speaking, is courtesy and grace itself. An able author in extended works, such as the *Port Royal* and the *History of French Poetry in the Sixteenth Century*, and capable of a connected and concentrated critical effort on a large subject, as his two volumes of study on Virgil show; it is in the short Review that his talent found its most elect instrument and commanded the widest homage.

We have said that the most elaborate criticisms in these *Lundis* are dedicated to M. Renan. We shall turn now from the critic to his subject, who survives him as an *alter ego*.

Ernest Renan was born at Tréguier in Brittany in 1823. He sprang from a pure Breton stock, "that sad, gentle, inflexible race," of which he himself says so much in his essay on Lamennais, as distinguished for faith, seriousness, and sense of the *Divine*; qualities which he rejoices to appropriate as his own, notwithstanding all imputations of infidelity. He was the youngest of a large family, and owed much to the care of an elder sister, who accompanied him to Palestine and died there. He was also deeply indebted to the good instructions of the priests in the school of his native town. At sixteen he went to Paris, exchanging the simple superstitious religiousness of Brittany for the false glitter of Parisian Catholicism. His nature felt the shock, but it was not till he removed, after three years, to the seminary of St. Sulpice, that his first serious doubts arose. These were the results of the study of natural science, and were suppressed for a time. M. Sainte-Beuve indulges himself here in some characteristic remarks:—

"Notwithstanding, these growing doubts admitted the light of many kinds of explanation, and our young Sulpician in his transition state was, I imagine, in one of those phases of Christian philosophy, one of those intermediate stations which Malebranche, whom he was then reading, had known, and in which the great Oratorian had in his day been able to take refuge, and construct his airy tents. But

our generation, badly sheltered and open to all the winds, no longer permits these ephemeral institutions. The fine structures of a Malebranche would in our time be very soon swept away by the tempests or the lesser breezes that come every morning from all points of the horizon. M. Renan, after these two years at Issy, came to Paris for his course of theology, and it was there that, while he saw unfolded before him in all its crudeness and rigidity the scholastic theology, the old doctrine of St. Thomas 'fashioned and furnished by twenty generations of Sorbonne,' his critical sense, already awakened, took offence. He could not restrain himself; so many objections imprudently suggested, and which a robust or subtle logic vainly supposed it could refute, so many and so rude attacks upon historical truth, wounded him in spite of his prudence, and at length forced him to come from behind his entrenchments. 'How many minds,' he himself says somewhere, 'have been initiated into heterodoxy by nothing but the *Solvuntur objecta* of theological treatises.'

There is much truth in this last remark, especially as referred to the method of Romanist theology. When once the spirit of question is raised, it seems wonderful that it should ever be laid again or satisfied by a system of teaching that adds to the difficulties of the faith such a boundless mass of gratuitous and supernumerary stumbling-blocks—difficulties they cannot be called—which no faith would attempt to leap over, unless perfectly blind. But a youth of nineteen or twenty, religiously educated, must have lost some precious moral restraint before so complete a rupture could have so suddenly taken place. Not that the rupture was suddenly irretrievable. He studied German, and envied the Christianity of Herder, who could admit all the consequences of criticism without losing his respect and even enthusiasm for religion. He felt that if he had lived in Germany he might have found positions favourable to an independent and respectful study without being obliged absolutely to break with venerable names and venerable beliefs. A Frenchman, however, "cannot allow himself these oftentimes nourishing and fruitful indecisions; he must choose the *yes* or the *no*." During the vacation, after the second year at St. Sulpice, he took his final decision, and announced to his masters that he would not study a third year with them. He took private rooms, and, with his sister as housekeeper, meditated on the dignity of life untrammelled by Christianity, and on visions of internal advancement in a freer and more philosophical path.

We shall quote an elaborate passage on which M. Sainte-Beuve has spent much pains, and in which we cannot help

thinking he has another mind to analyse besides Renan's. There is much autobiography throughout these essays :—

"The character of this intellectual emancipation deserves to be well understood and defined. It was not, in a certain sense, a struggle, a violent storm, a rending; there was no day, no hour, no moment of solemnity for him when the veil of the temple was rent before his eyes; it was not the counterpart of St. Paul, who was smitten down on the road to Damascus, and by the same blow converted. Philosophy did not appear to him one morning or one evening like Minerva fully armed; she was not announced by a thunder-clap as happened, I should think, to Lamennais, and in some degree to Jouffroy. He had no sweat of combat like Jacob with the angel, nor his solitary vigil of agony. Nothing of that kind: if there was any rending it was of another kind—in his personal relations. It was painful and sad, no doubt, to have to separate from respectable men, to whom he was attached by sentiments of affection and gratitude; he suffered inasmuch as he was under the necessity of announcing to them an irrevocable resolution. He was timid, he was unformed in manners. This man whom we hear now expressing himself with so much firmness, vigour, delicacy, and without ever hesitating in the shade of his expression, had then to surmount much hesitation and modesty. He had a tender forehead, as they said of Nicole, and then his Breton heart was tender too, and could not remain altogether insensible in this divorce, slowly brought about, but decisive and without change, from the faiths of the cradle and infancy. It cost him much to separate from things as well as from men. But, this said, he had no other effort to make, in this life of his spirit, than to let himself ripen and grow. He had had his evolution (not his revolution). The modern scientific spirit had taken him by degrees and won him, like the light which rises in the horizon, and does not pause till it fills all space. The old provisional edifice crumbled within him stone by stone; but at the point when it completely fell, it had been replaced by another of profound and solid substructure. In a word, M. Renan in passing from dogma to science presents a most noteworthy contrast with Lamennais. He is a young Lamennais, enlightened early, and without hurricane or tempest; a progressive and not volcanic Lamennais. Behold him at the moment when he comes forth and appears: he has nothing to overturn, he has no rupture to effect, he detaches himself before every engagement. Thus his serenity as a man of letters, even when his labours most increased, was never troubled. He felt no irritation against what he was leaving; a light movement of reaction, soon suppressed, barely marks his first writings."

The parallel with Lamennais is striking, but it suggests a different line of reflection from that which is here pursued. The perversion of the great genius who wrote the *Essay on*

*Indifference* was the slow process through which a thoughtful spirit, alienated by the corruption and tyranny of his Church, and never once essaying to find help in the pure Word or in a purer creed, took refuge in the entire abandonment of faith. Lamennais was sincere when he set out, but had not known the power of religion. His correspondence, recently published, betrays the fact that his entering into the priesthood was a fearful mistake. It was only through an untold martyrdom that he entered the sacred ministry. Writing to a brother, he said that he was and must ever be most miserable: "I aspire only to oblivion, in all senses; would to God that I could forget my very self! I have thirty-four years behind me; I have seen life under all its aspects, and can no more be the dupe of illusions with which they might attempt to soothe me. I utter no reproaches against any; there are inevitable destinies, but if I had been less trusting or less feeble, my position would be very different. However, it is what it is; and all that remains is for me to arrange all for the best, and, if I can, to sleep at the foot of the stake at which they have riveted my chain: happy if I can secure that no one shall come, under a thousand fatiguing pretexts, to trouble my sleep!" Not much more than a year after this he published the first volume of the great work on *Religious Indifference*, one of the finest Christian apologies of this century, of which some one said, "It is a work to wake the dead." To read that volume and then turn to the letters is to encounter one of the most startling paradoxes of human nature, one of the strangest psychological revelations conceivable. The book had an extraordinary popularity; its poor writer says aside, while multitudes are feeling their faith quickened, "I cannot go to work on the second volume. All is a trouble to me; life weighs too heavily on my soul. What a terrible thought to have reduced a human spirit to such a state!" Long years afterwards came the great explosion in the *Paroles d'un Croyant*, which the recent protest of Father Hyacinthe has brought so much before the public mind.

Renan's was a very different case. A mere youth, he no sooner comes in contact with science, and the questions in debate between science and Scripture, than he renounces the faith of his fathers, and decides questions of infinite moment. The mortal distress of a soul like Lamennais, vainly striving to hold fast what it foresees must be renounced, and pondering the questions of eternal moment for many years, striving, by teaching and convincing others, to teach and convince

itself, cannot but excite some degree of pity. But the scepticism of a boy passing from school to college excites a very different feeling. M. Renan never knew Christianity. He is not now writing volumes concerning a creed that he has studied and found wanting. We must always regard him as a philosophic heathen, well read in our holy writings, and making them and the Lord whom they proclaim the object of a mere artistic criticism. The attack of a man like Lamennais would be a very different kind of thing; equally futile, but more to be respected in its futility.

But to return: What is that "firm and durable substructure," which was ready to be revealed when this not complacent youth had thrown off the last stone of the old edifice of the faith in his precocious mind? A more absurd sentence than that from which we here quote, was never penned: like many others, it shows that this superlative critic of the human heart, and analyst of human action, was warped from his art, and lost his delicacy of thought when religion was in question. Anything less solid, less real, than M. Renan's religious superstructure cannot be conceived. We will give it in M. Sainte-Beuve's own words, which will again serve the double purpose of exhibiting the critic as well as the subject of his criticism. We cannot reproduce the subtle shades of thought and diction which here as everywhere abound in his writings, but here is the substance:—

"Surrendered henceforward to himself, he must needs try another career: towards 1848 he entered the University, and undertook the study of Philosophy. But the philosophical teaching did not suit him; and in his essay on *The Future of Metaphysics* he has sufficiently explained the reason. He has no taste for abstract study, for the idea in itself, separated like fruit from its stem and viewed in isolation: he has confidence only in history, in history considered as a process, and in its wide extent; in a truly comparative human history.

"In general the critical procedure which he applies to every branch of study, and which he has elevated almost into an art, is this: he seeks to draw up the formula, the idea, the compendious image of each country, of each race, of each historical group, of each marked individual, in order to admit each to his rank in that *ideal representation* which bears the successive elect of humanity. This he calls the *consciousness of the human race*, a sort of superior and mobile mirror, in which are concentrated and reflected the principal rays, the principal traits of the past. This consciousness, this memory of the human race, is like an abiding Noah's Ark, in which only the leaders in the ranks of man, of each race, of each series, can enter. I picture to myself again this symbolical humanity of M. Renan as Dante's great Eagle (in the *Paradiso*), that marvellous bird which is

altogether made up of lights, souls and eyes. It is for science to determine by test what in each branch is worthy to enter. We have, according to this method, a kind of equivalent for immortality, the idea of which is only changed and translated. For, what nobler can a great soul ask, if unhappily life and individual consciousness continue not for ever, but to vanish after this mortal life? It may demand that at least its own work shall subsist; that that better part of itself, into which it has thrown the vigour of its thought, and all its flame, should hereafter enter into the common heritage, into the general result of human travail, into the great consciousness of humanity: it is thus that it is redeemed from destruction, and lives on."

Before we proceed to M. Renan's substitute for the God of Christianity, let us pause to note well this *translation* of the Christian notion of immortality; it may seem cloudy, and perhaps after all M. Renan would have better explained his own youthful idea. He would tell us, he has told us, that the works of each man are his immortal part. "Glory is not a vain word, and we critics and historians render in some sense a true judgment of God. This judgment is not everything, doubtless; humanity is often but an inexact interpreter of absolute justice. But what seems to me to result from the general spectacle of the world is this, that it is constructing an infinite work, in which each inserts his action as an atom. This action once deposited, is an eternal fact." No wonder that M. Sainte-Beuve hangs back a little from all this. The man who can talk in such a style, he thinks, ought not to be charged with being irreligious; but while he is pleading thus, the fine French spirit of logical analysis comes over him, and few sentences are finer than that in which he mocks it all, though half unconsciously, and declares that he is tempted to think that M. Renan "bears truly a high respect indeed for her majesty the human mind!" Still he thinks that he was specially raised up, or one of those specially raised up by destiny, to be a counterpoise to the incredulous, malignant, mocking intelligences that abound in France.

M. Renan is therefore, according to his critic, a very different kind of person from the audacious and flippant perverter of the Gospels that we have been accustomed to repute him. He is a reformer, protesting by the piety and earnestness of his writings against the worst tendencies of French literature and French thought. M. Sainte-Beuve was no vilifier of France; on the contrary, the Gallic vein was very strongly marked in his constitution; but these are the words of the Cretan testimony that he bears:—

"From the beginning, the French genius has leaned towards gaiety, frivolity, prompt but petulant, imprudent and scornful good sense, towards satire, malice, and, let me add, *la gaudriole*; now, if this element alone governed, what would become of the character of our language, of our literature? It will still have all its *esprit*; would it have also all its greatness, its force, its *éclat*, and, to sum all, its *trempe*? That which we call its *trempe*, results only from elements or qualities opposite and combined, which hold each other in check. At all times these counterpoises are not more than enough to correct in France, and to temper the Gallic spirit with which all are only too apt to be confederate. It is absolutely necessary to re-establish the equilibrium, and to maintain the composition of the French mind, considered in its higher expression, that we should have not only serious spirits, but spirits dignified and worthy, heroic poets in the ages of heroism; great and eloquent bishops in the religious monarchical age, writers bearing the sceptre, and authorities in literature. M. Renan is of this race of high intelligences: he is an intellect aristocratic and royal in the sense of Platon; one that has retained something of the sacerdotal and sacred in turn and tendency, even in the midst of his entire philosophic emancipation. Hence I can understand how he declaims against Béranger and his influence."

M. Renan, then, is a peculiarly religious nature. While working with scientific and analytical methods, his form and his substance are on the side of the ideal and the infinite: he is "a Brahmin armed to the teeth with modern science," but who has retained in its methods and processes something of the original impress of his natural vocation. But what is his highest notion of religion? "The man who takes life seriously, and employs his activity in the pursuit of a generous end, is the religious man; the frivolous, superficial man, without high morality, is the irreligious." And what, to go higher, is his notion of God? This we find it hard to determine, nor can his critic much help us. It is a most extraordinary offshoot of Pantheism, which, however, no systematic Pantheistic thinker of any age would recognise, unless perhaps Comte might find a place for it. Even M. Sainte-Beuve thought some of his impressions trifling and somewhat too patronising for a thorough-bred philosopher. The word *God* seems sometimes to be the representative symbol of the finest and most beautiful ideas which humanity conceives; then it is the ideal assemblage of all things great in human nature gathered into one mystical thought; then it is a certain indefinable unknown, but, as he wishes us to believe, real existence, which the intelligence perfect and limitless possesses. He even now and then bursts into the

language of prayer to that being; and not merely in the way of conventional ejaculation, but as formal and seemingly sincere address. It is this that makes M. Renan, and some others of the same French school, not excepting Comte himself, such a mystery to our keener-minded, colder-hearted English Atheists. They cannot understand how their leaders, after giving them so much aid in their emancipation from religious belief and thralldom, can still bow down as they do in the house of Rimmon. So Lord Herbert's Deistic followers did not relish his deference to a voice from heaven; so Comte's atheistic followers are offended at his later developments. Hear M. Sainte-Beuve's meek apology: "There may be in all this, I know, the part which must be played by a certain poetic, metaphorical language, which this distinguished writer finds it hard to throw off. But, where M. Renan seems to me most surely convicted of latent Deism, is in his conceiving the work of humanity to be holy and sacred; that he marvels at and respects, in the course of historical developments, an excellent order, an order pre-established, which has the air of having been conceived by a superior and Supreme Design." To us the matter seems very plain. There is something in M. Renan deeper than his Breton nature, which suggests the central truth to his mind, and confronts him with it in the midst of every speculation. He has not succeeded so thoroughly as some of his compeers—if indeed they have succeeded—in appeasing what he himself calls the *doute inébranlable*: it haunts him always, and in all places. Reading his writings, we can mark, as it were in the very page, the effects of the sudden irruption of the nobler idea. The sentence halts, trembles, becomes confused, and before it ends confesses the reality and personality of God. Hence, the paragraph may begin with asserting that the work of every one worthy to live survives in the memory and conscience of great humanity: it ends by admitting that many worthy to live have remained obscure, and that, "in the eyes of God alone, man is immortal." It may begin by declaring that the religious man is one who is living for some generous end, the highest object of religion; it ends by avowing that the individual "has a moral and intellectual perfection to reach:" the inconsistency here becomes more apparent when the train of his own remarks is observed. In some of his moods, the sentiment may be sheer Pantheism, dimly conscious of an inhabiting God, thinking that its own every movement is a pulsation of the Divine heart, beating very near, and at the same time luxuriating, as we are sure all Pantheists do, in the very

vagueness and indeterminateness of their wonderful creed, *quis Deus incertum est, habitat Deus*; but in another and better page, this Soul of the Universe, living a myriad-formed life, without any revealed personality of its own, takes something like shape before him, apart from the universe, and becomes a Being before whom his own being bows down. Now the laborious speculations of what Frenchmen call, with a peculiar meaning, the ages of faith, seem one vast mental aberration, a wild dream, oppressing mankind as with a nightmare. Then again, the sentiment of the Infinite was the great acquisition made by humanity during this apparent sleep of a thousand years. In some of his writings, he absolutely disclaims the *supernatural*; but the better nature comes out when he strongly pleads for the *Divine*. On the one hand, his essentially modern spirit admits that the divers races of mankind were produced on this globe successively, and by distinct generation,—at least he is strongly inclined to admit this; but he takes infinite pains to negative the admission and save us the shock of his example, by upholding the sacred dogma of the unity of mankind, all men being children of God, and therefore brethren. It is an unspeakable blessing, since such men as Renan, Comte, and Sainte-Beuve are read and admired among us, that they are so naïve (to use their own words) in the revelation of their protests against themselves.

M. Sainte-Beuve lays much of this to the account of Renan's fine taste as an artist and critic. Bald incredulity, blunt negation, "bare and brutal facts," offended early his fine and delicate æsthetic nature. His essay on Averroes gives some instances of this. There he speaks in the most eloquent terms of Petrarch, whom, the prince of poets and literary men of his age, he proclaims to have been the first man of modern times, inasmuch as he re seized and first inaugurated the sentiment of ancient culture, and found the lost secret of that noble, generous, and liberal manner of understanding life, which had disappeared from among men since the irruption of the barbarians. He admires the aversion which Petrarch felt for the materialistic unbelief of the Averroists; and quotes, as we also quote for our own sake, the words of the Italian: "As for me," wrote Petrarch, "the more I hear them decry faith in Jesus Christ, the more I love Christ, and the more confirmed I am in His doctrine. It is with me as with a child whose filial tenderness had become chilled, and who, hearing the honour of his father assailed, feels lighted again in his heart the love which appeared extinct. I call Him to witness, that oftentimes the blasphemies of heresies have transformed me

from a Christian into a *very* Christian man." On which Renan remarks, and his words almost make good the critic's assertion, that good taste has much to do with Renan's piety. "This Tuscan, full of tact and delicacy, could not endure the hard and pedantic tone of Venetian materialism. Many delicate spirits had rather be believers than unbelievers of bad taste." This is very refreshing. So, speaking of that modern heathen Béranger, he said, "We are tempted to make ourselves Atheists to escape his Deism, and devotees in order that we may not become accomplices of his obscenity." It is question simply of æsthetics, and the sensibility of the moral or rather the artistic epidermis.

We must do the French nation the justice to remember that Renan's scepticism met with a public and most effective rebuke some ten years since. In the year 1850, he had been appointed to an office in the Imperial Library, where he prosecuted his Oriental studies with great effect. His *Histoire Générale des Langues Sémitiques*, which had been crowned, or gained the first prize in 1847, was enlarged into a much more ambitious treatise on the same subject, in which he applies to the Semitic tongues the principles which Bopp had so industriously applied to the Indo-European. This success was such as to mark him out for an Oriental chair, likely at that time to be soon vacant. And certainly his claim was, so far as regards the Semitic languages, a just one. His history of these languages is a very valuable book. It is true that many critics have accused him of concealing, under brilliant generalities, considerable ignorance of the more recondite points of philology, while others have ascribed most of his matter to the Germans. But the originality of many parts of the work, and the singular grace of style with which he has invested a dry and repulsive subject, cannot be disputed. Suffice that he was called to the Academy in 1856, and in 1860 was entrusted with a mission to Syria to collect such relics as might be found of ancient Phœnician civilisation. During his mission he heard that he was suggested for a Chair, and replied that he would accept only that of M. Quatremère, the deceased Professor of Hebrew in the College of France. But there was a vigorous remonstrance. The independence of his opinions, and the license with which he criticised sacred things, outweighed, in the estimation of many, the claims of his scholarship, and the fascination of his professorial style. The youth of the college prepared something like a counter demonstration. The opening lecture (February, 1862) was the occasion of such an excitement, that the authorities were frightened: the

Course was indefinitely interrupted, and French orthodoxy triumphed as against infidelity. M. Renan protested in a pamphlet, in which he maintains that the Professor of Hebrew is entitled to deal freely with the highest problems of religious history, and to resolve them according to the principles of science. However, he received a check which it is much to the credit of the French authorities that they were disposed and able to administer. We cannot but think of our own land; and may express our hope that with all our superior lights and pretensions, we may be able to keep such Professors out of Chairs nearer home. Since this rebuff, the silenced Professor has known how to take his revenge by assailing the Faith of Christendom in the person of its Founder; or rather by dedicating his great powers and greater industry to the evolution of an infidel theory of the Origines of Christianity.

We have elsewhere, and at length, estimated the character of this attempt to account for the phenomenon of Christianity on philosophic principles. It will not be necessary, therefore, to make any further reference to it; especially as the concluding volumes are hastening onwards, and we shall soon be able to contemplate the work as a whole. Meanwhile, it is interesting to study Renan the Theologian, as it were at home, and hear what position his literary production took in France.

No apologist was more enthusiastic than M. Sainte-Beuve. He starts by pointing to the fact that, precisely one hundred years before, Jean Jacques Rousseau was warned of a decree of Parliament issued against him for the publication of *Emile*, and the profession of the Savoy vicar's faith contained in it. He had to leave France that very night, though under the protection of the Prince of Conti. M. Renan, however, publishes this book, which gives just such an interpretation of the Gospel as the Savoy vicar would have conceived it, and then goes down to Brittany, takes the baths, and watches the current of opinion with the utmost calmness. According to his apologist, he is comforted by the reflection that he is not a destructive "un-nicher of saints," but that he is actuated by a desire to refine the superstitious piety of his country, to nourish and deepen it, and to give it its satisfaction under a new and unexpected form. So far from being a positive enemy of religion, he always publicly allowed that he had no desire to detach anyone violently from the old creed, at any rate, to "shake off from the trunk no soul that was not ripe." M. Sainte-Beuve introduces his plea by a very lively account of the effect produced by the book, or rather of the disappoint-

ment produced in many quarters by the author's moderation. We shall give a few lively extracts, which, however, in the process of translation, we shall slightly abridge.

"M. Renan, it must be acknowledged, by this extraordinary book has not pleased the sceptics better than he has pleased the believers. I have three friends—I have them in all camps—these three friends came to me, not together, like the friends of Job, but one after the other, on the same day, to talk to me about the *Vie de Jésus*, and, under pretext of asking my opinion, they gave me their own, as often happens when people ask advice.

"The first said: 'This criticism of the Gospels is as feeble as it is rash; as soon as it passes from negative, which it was, to positive, it condemns itself. It is full of reckless assertions, of general and doubtful formulas, from which are drawn distant and uncertain consequences which are represented as facts established. Such a book, betraying the feebleness and imprudence of the attack, will have as its first effect to fortify the faith of the believers. If this is indeed the last word of unbelief, it will require henceforward as much faith or more to accept consequences which bear the name of philosophic or historical, to believe in conjectures which spring from one single brain, as is required by us Christians to continue to believe in tradition, in the Church, in the visible miracle of a Divine institution always existing, in the majestic triumph, the evidence of which is written in the universal agreement which results from the concert of the first and only witnesses.'"

This friend was a Catholic, and evidently sketched from the life, as he gives the reasons of his faith with some degree of ardour; abstaining, in his good taste and charity, from speaking anything injurious of the man though condemning his doctrine, and leaving his friend to infer, though he did not say it, that the brain which had engendered these chimeras was, in his opinion, infirm and diseased. We confess we should be much of this "docile" Catholic's opinion. He speaks the very truth.

"The second friend, who is, for his part, a sceptic, and one of those who under this modest name conceal a good deal of true knowledge of what they think about, entered rather impetuously, and addressed me with a baffled and almost irritated air, as if there was something personal between us, and said (observe that I had not yet opened my lips): 'You may say what you will, this book is a retreat. It is full of concessions—concessions calculated or sincere, no matter! I cannot understand how a man, such as the author paints Jesus, can be so Divine without being God, at least in a very great degree. As for me, I know men only as Horace and all the moralists knew them. The best is he who has the fewest defects and vices. I have never known men of any other stuff than this. M. Renan presents us a

man the like of whom there has never been, beyond humanity, and after no known man-type. That being so, I don't know what to do. Ideal for ideal, chimera for chimera, I liked the other as well. In truth, the author appears to have had but one object, to wrest from the founder of Christianity His descent from God. This point gained, he is full of indemnities and praises which are not stinted in compensation; provided he undoes the God, it is nothing to him that he exaggerates the man. He offers him in lieu of His lost God-head all the most honourable and superlative names. He makes Him a bridge of gold. We know how Charles II. treated Monk, how Louis XVIII. would have treated General Buonaparte if he had consented to play Monk's part. He would have been made constable, and I know not what more. Well, here we have, in another sphere and degree, the same thing. Be everything, save king. Be everything, save God.' And my friend continued in the same lively strain; he rebelled against that philosophy of history which is so huge and so mysterious an affair, so marvellous a production, at the same time that it is so convenient an instrument in the service of *doctrinaires* with new theories. They make history into something sacred, and notwithstanding they do not admit that there has been a primitive plan traced, an overruling Providence whose hand is in it all. This is a huge inconsistency. 'History,' said my friend, who is not inconsistent, and holds to Hume and Fontenelle, 'is often, and especially so far back as this, only a conventional fable. But,' added he, 'all this is not to be delivered over to the public. Let us remain in the calm and reserved region, in the corner where the wise look out. As soon as we leave it we run the risk of employing terms which, as happens in M. Renan's book, have an ambiguous meaning, not being understood in the same sense on each side.'

Our philosophic sceptic also has much right on his side, and his strictures on M. Renan, even where his principles are wrong, are sound in their issues. M. Sainte-Beuve—or the shrewd Frenchman whom he invents to express his opinion—is quite justified in complaining of the unreality of the character of Jesus in the pages of Renan. The same unreality adheres to every sketch of His sacred person that has ever been produced under influences of reverence and desire to do Him honour. The question addressed to them all is, *Why callest thou Me good?* Each, one after another, describes a more than human excellence, and endeavours to explain it on only human principles. Elsewhere the critic gives vent to his feeling thus: "Is it nothing in this shipwreck of so many doctrines, of so many beliefs, to avoid frivolity and encounter a moving science that guides you, and to ascend the hill with Him whom it is not interdicted to honour and adore under some form?" Now, the method and style of

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M. Renan is also an adoration, but after the manner of free and philosophic spirits. There are—Jesus has said so—more mansions than one in the Father's house. There are more roads than one that lead to Jerusalem, there are more stations than one in the way to Calvary." This, loose and indeed meaningless as it is, is better than the callous criticism that dares to penetrate our Saviour's human secrets, and find there calculation, scheming, and imposture.

"A third friend came to me before the close of the day. This one was very measured and very circumspect, a prudent and politic man. He saw the book on my table, asked me a question only for form's sake, and then said, without awaiting my reply, 'I don't like this kind of books, nor to see these questions agitated again and again. Society has not too much foundation to rest on; it cannot afford to lose any of its pillars. I have not examined to the bottom of it, but time has assembled and amassed around these ancient and secular institutions so many interests, so many moral and other existences, so many virtues, so many weaknesses, so many timorous and tender consciences, so many benefits mingled with the inconveniences that are found more or less everywhere, so many habitudes rooted and respectable, that it cannot be invaded or shaken, without imperilling the future of all society.' What followed is plain. I have limited myself to indicating the keynote of each, and the general strain of my three friends' reasonings.

"And what of a fourth friend? I shall speak for him in my turn. Those who have preceded have said very much that is true, but the originality of M. Renan in his much controverted book is this, that while taking these three orders of objection into account, and expecting, as it were, this triple fire of opposed and convergent objections, he dared to take his own position in spite of them all."

Although we have not to do with Renan's *History of the Origins of Christianity* now, yet the sketch given by M. Sainte-Beuve of the posture of French faith when it issued, is of sufficient independent interest to warrant brief reference to it.

Much of the interest with which the *Vie de Jésus* was received, sprang from the fact that France had fallen behind the age in the literature of infidelity. Much was written and more was said in the century that had been forgotten. Voltaire had filled his writings with hints that had never germinated: or rather, with arrows that overshot their mark. All the works of the Holbach Society that waged war against Christianity, with whatever vigour planned and however abounding in shrewd remarks, were spoiled for their object by passionate declamation and by immature assertions. The

whole series of these French writings, auxiliary pamphlets as it were of the great encyclopædia movement, had been buried with the century that gave them birth. It was reserved for Protestant Germany to make a regular science of the criticism and exegesis of Scripture, of the examination into its claims, and that with a methodical attack which had an almost military precision. But, according to M. Sainte-Beuve, the sceptical writings of Germany had never forced their way into France. When they penetrated, it was through the writings of the Swiss theologians and the writers of the *Revue Germanique*. But the great mass of the French people, Protestant and Catholics alike, remained slightly informed and comparatively indifferent upon these points.

When we say "indifferent," we do not mean that the sentiment of religion was extinguished. The state of things in this respect had become very different from that which prevailed in the eighteenth century, and during the first years of the Restoration. For twenty or thirty years there had been steadily increasing a theological or semi-theological spirit. "Men reasoned, they excited themselves voluntarily and seriously about these things: they laughed at them no more." Public lectures, and even a certain class of romances, fomented this vague kind of religiousness, "sending men to seek for I know not what God, but some God." The most grotesque superstitions came in: "chase religion out of the door, it will enter by the window." Suffice that sceptical curiosity and the French longing for something to worship, combined to pave the way for Renan's startling work. But we must once more take up the thread of M. Sainte-Beuve's reflections on the state of things in our own day:—

"Religious indifference, in spite of the apparent or partly real awakenings that I have noted, is great, and beyond anything that has been hitherto known; the anarchy, in this range of ideas, is increasing and widening day by day. The far larger number of persons believe not; and yet at the same time are not decidedly or systematically unbelieving. Among believers, and the unbelievers properly so called, there is a considerable floating mass, as yet undecided, who will go neither to the one, nor to the other; and who, given up to the positive cares of life, devoted to mediating ideas, and to secondary interests, to natural and honourably directed sentiments, to all that belongs to good sense, are capable and worthy of instruction, and curious to receive it in a certain degree. This floating mass of thinkers, too deeply imbued with the general results, or the notions vaguely diffused of science, and who have breathed too freely the modern spirit ever to return to the ancient faith, need nevertheless

in their own way to be edified and instructed. The religious question, the Christian question, has never been presented to them under a form that has been conformed to the spirit of this nineteenth century, of this age, which, I repeat, is neither believing nor unbelieving, which follows neither De Maistre nor Voltaire. It is to this great and numerous public, that M. Renan has been bold enough to address himself, and this great and numerous public have at once leapt to receive him: they have responded, they have read, they have entered into a thousand reasonings, and made endless comments, some of them doubtless much wide of the mark; but, sometimes approving, sometimes censuring, they have never been scandalized, they have launched no anathemas, this weeping being no longer after our mind, or according to our custom; they have recognised a superior spirit, who came and talked to them a language which (save in some occasional passages) they could understand, a language always noble, elegant, even eloquent; they have, in fact, thought of nothing but being informed and instructed."

M. Sainte-Beuve's criticism is exceedingly discriminating, though it pronounces its strictures and cautions with very careful reserve. There is something very French in the account given of the new version of the Gospels that M. Renan has been pleased to make. He admits that the narrative is in a great degree imaginary, and only wonders at the skill shown in its construction. "Suppose, for simplicity, that things passed as it is here stated, and you will not be very far from the truth"—is the representation given of the author's theory. But the tone with which the beauty of the Gospel precepts and morality is dilated upon, however gratifying after reading the pages of mockery that occur in some of our English literature, becomes by degrees painful even to the verge of being unendurable. The patronising air seems almost as if assumed for a purpose. Thus we are told that when we enter the Gospels without any preconception whatever—as if such a thing as that were a possibility—we perceive, in the midst of much obscurity, and of much contradiction, a breath, an emanation of moral truth quite new; the artless and sublime language of piety, mercy, meekness, and where justice is vivified by the spirit, and the spirit is always above and beyond the letter; where the pleasures and beginnings of an endless life reign. In the midst of much conceived in this strain, M. Sainte-Beuve apologises for those instances in which there is "excess in the precept," or an "air of folly:" to his mind, an extravagance which is an extravagance of tenderness for men, is one of the finest to which an exalted and compassionate nature could give birth. Thus the excel-

lence of our Saviour's teachings that run in harmony with the common notions of men are extolled as none but Frenchmen can praise; while all in the Gospels that goes beyond the sober line of human good nature is put down to the amiable weakness of a noble nature. Those points which to us declare that God has come down to our nature to teach us are to this critic proof that the Human Teacher was only too subject to human infirmities. The utter unreality of all this we cannot too often impress upon our own minds.

There is also a highly dramatic apostrophe to M. Renan's adversaries. It seems to the critic amazing that any can be insensible to the grace with which he has rendered the beginnings of the Galilean ministry, the lovely parables that ought to have enchanted the corn-fields and hill sides, the new meaning put into the Prayer, and the whole of the Sermon on the Mount, by this charming interpreter. And he thinks that those critics who have exhibited such animosity are greatly mistaken, and will rue their error in due time, when it will be too late to repair their injustice to this writer. "A day will come when they or their sons will regret this *Life of Jesus* thus presented. Then harsh and evil spirits will have arisen and occupied themselves in their turn with the subject, casting down and ravaging rudely all around them; and, at such a time, all who shall be more attached to the spirit than to the letter, more Christians in heart than orthodox in theory, will cry, 'Let them give back to us Renan's *Life of Jesus*; he at least did not misconceive the gentle Master.'"

This is pathetic, and gives a very characteristic touch of French criticism. But the critic is honest, and he admits that the critical point where the Saviour passes from the tender humility of His first sermon to His Divine rôle, and His affectation of the Messiahship, is a very perilous one to the historian. He cannot assert that M. Renan has extricated himself from this difficulty to the satisfaction of all his readers, or even to his own satisfaction; but this he avers, that if the theories of "graduated sincerity" and "fruitful *malentendus*" are not satisfactory to all, at least his skill and subtlety and dexterity in explanations show him to be a consummate artist. M. Renan is welcome to all this kind of praise: it is the praise which condemns. We rather incline to think that the consciousness of failure, of egregious and absolute failure, to which a thousand critics have helped his quick mind, has not been without its influence on the later stages of his undertaking. The *Apostles* was not nearly so

much marred by this miserable special pleading, though very far from being without it. And the recent *St. Paul*, which we have yet to review in detail, is comparatively free. It is based upon falsity and the unphilosophic spirit, as well as the offspring of a certain kind of unbelief.

Undoubtedly, the latter part of the *Life of Jesus* has not satisfied the French philosophic criticism, though it is too polite, and too full of the ardour of partisan love, to say so. "If," says M. Sainte-Beuve, "I had to do with a dramatic author, I should say that his fifth Act is the weakest: humanised as it is, and robbed of its mystery, it is necessarily somewhat discredited. The Calvary is less high: there may be as much pity there, but there is less terror around this Golgotha." It is a great relief to find our critic reviewing the past, so cautiously and advisedly turning away from this subject. It is a relief not to have to follow him. But this silence is a striking one, after all; especially as there is no disposition to be reserved elsewhere. The fact is, the mystery of the Cross and the Resurrection is absolutely unsolvable, and indeed unapproachable and eternally repellant to the sceptics who regard the Person and earlier teaching of Christ with respect. To those who take the common views of old English infidelity, there is merely an end to be accounted for on human grounds; nor is that hard, with Romans and Jews, with malice and power, as unlimited elements at their disposal. But to such writers as Renan, and the modern Gallico-German school of admiring enemies of Christ's Divinity and Atonement, devotees of His Person, and deadly enemies of His work, the final days of the Son of Man must be a miserable disenchantment, and one that they do not love to dwell upon. We are not, however, discussing the Renan theory, or reminding our readers of it; our object solely is to give the latest and most brilliant philosophic French criticism on the work of their most notorious infidel.

Before concluding his vindictory Essays, M. Sainte-Beuve reveals more of the *odium theologicum* than we should have expected, more than he would have liked to suspect in his own nature. He begins to wind up by absurdly complimenting M. Renan on the dignified position he sustains before the Christian world in the publication of his volumes. He thinks that the work is a proof of the author's humility and deference for the mass of mankind: "it is assuredly to show that we have a high regard for the intellect of the majority of men, when we aspire to modify and direct their opinions in matters like these." But the critic forgets the countless multitudes

whom the reader knew he should have on his side, and whose suffrages would be a most fragrant homage to his nature. He forgets that M. Renan's work was not altogether a sacrifice to duty. He had the ordinary incentive to literary activity; he had abundant materials in German mines, which he could very much more skilfully use than German workmen themselves, and he had an old grudge against Christian orthodoxy. This may qualify the acceptance we give to the glowing eulogy on M. Renan's self-sacrifice in entering the theological arena. "He must needs expose himself to multitudes of inconveniences; and among them the theological warfare, of all warfares the most disagreeable and envenomed. Many persons, to avoid this, would resign themselves submissively to having no formal opinion—especially not to pronounce any—on the miracles of Bethany or Capernaum. M. Renan, in acting differently, has shown a courage equal to his ambition." We can hardly understand what need there can be of so much courage, when all the literatures of Europe swarm with similar productions. All is of a piece: the book is unreal, the criticism in it unreal, all unreal.

The cheer with which the sceptic is sent on his way is very sincere. He is told that with his name will be henceforward connected principles, the triumph of which is only matter of time; and we are reminded that, as each age discerns and calls for the form of philosophic historian that suits it, so M. Renan is the appropriate philosophic champion of this second half of the nineteenth century; an age, the character of which is not to be irritated or chagrined by great historical results, but to accept them, and set to work to account for them. "I establish no parallel, I remark only the difference of processes, of methods, and of intellectual physiognomies: we have had Bayle, we have had Voltaire, we have M. Renan."

Meanwhile there have not been wanting a series of vigorous, earnest, and more or less successful advocates of Christianity, who in France have exposed the sentimental pages of this author with effect. We are not now speaking of the learned labours of De Pressensé and others of that class only, but of the innumerable small demonstrations, of a loyal character, that have been made in the serial press and lighter literature. Some of these gave, evidently, huge offence to this *facile princeps* of the weekly critics, and for them he reserves some parting words, which we translate:—

"We might make quite a library of what has been written *pro* and *con*, on occasion of the work of M. Renan. Theology, the higher

and the middle theology, armed with all its artillery, has given and gives still and will yet give its answers; there is no sign of its keeping silence. I speak only here of literature. But, at the same time, a piquant phenomenon, and one that throws its revelation on manners, has taken place. Formerly, as we know, all the pirates, corsairs, and buccaneers of the sea were miscreants or infidels; it was also the same with the corsairs of literature. Now a large part of these new seafaring marauders are come back, if they are not indeed converted, and henceforward they go in phalanx, armed like the knights of Malta; they carry the cross, and amid their scandalous chronicles, their rapes and their robberies, and other gaieties of this kind, they take up the gloves in defence of the Divinity of Christ. It is at first sight a singular phenomenon."

What specific meaning there is here we cannot tell, but we could wish that there were more defenders of the Divinity of the Lord Jesus, from the highest to the lowest representatives of literature.

M. Renan still lives, and we sincerely hope he will live to accomplish his task. Possibly he may solve some things as he goes, and find light where all is darkness or obscurity. His critic is gone into the land where there are no more human censors. After passing in review and summoning all France to hear his judgments upon almost all the leading names in theological literature, and always as a sceptical observer without definite faith of his own, he is gone where there will be no more opinions to be formed or condemned. While pondering his end, and its dramatic independence of every Christian element of consolation, we have been reminded of some striking passages in his elaborate review of M. Guizot's *Meditations on Religion*. The whole is very vigorous and original, as a kind of apology for unbelief, but the sad tone escapes everywhere.

"I have not finished: every man, by the mere fact that he lives, has a secret horror of total annihilation; we take our changes as we may, we wish at least to wrestle against oblivion, to leave some remembrance, to leave behind a name. The wise and the learned man, such as I have here sketched him, knows, alas! too well that this is a last form of deception, a final mirage which the imagination of men projects before itself. Every being (and I speak now of the elect and well circumstanced) in this immense and innumerable series where he is but one atom added, has had his day, his hour of brilliant unfolding, his sacred spring; after which comes the decline, and the shadow, and the night. Those who flatter themselves that they will live in history, are for the most part the playthings of a sort of subtle illusion; some short ages in advance, and sometimes as soon as to-morrow comes, their very names, the names

reputed most immortal, no longer signify the beings that once were, such as they veritably existed, but such as they have been made by the phantasies or the interests of successive generations. With the exception of a very small number, the great mass of names celebrated for a short moment is devoted quickly to a sure forgetfulness. Instead of conquerors who run with torch in hand, I see only shipwrecked companies succeeding one another; some as they swim bear and sustain in life as far as they can the survivors of a preceding wreck; but they themselves, after a certain space of effort, are also engulfed and disappear together with their burden."

He has no word beyond this. Alas! that men who renounce the creed of their fathers are content to go on to the end without a substitute. This sceptic was much impressed by M. Guizot. He had a thorough knowledge of that purer faith which has never failed to find a refuge in the midst of the corruptions of Gallican Romanism. But for all that Protestantism could give him he had no relish. It also was too strait for his undisciplined mind, impatient of every restraint. With all respect for the philosophic Christian statesman, he thus dismisses him:—

"This vigorous and neat spirit loves order in all things. He is a Protestant; he remains such, but he does not concede to Protestants an indefinite liberty. *Every Protestant is a Pope with a Bible in hand.* Yes, doubtless, but on the condition that in the Bible he shall not go beyond a certain interpretation. To be a Christian in the eyes of M. Guizot, and to be a member of his church, a man must admit and respect a certain symbol, the first articles of which are revelation, miracles, Divinity of Christ. He is not for the grand Catholic hierarchical church, nor for absolute emancipation and a universal free church; just as in politics he was not for the monarchical form or pure aristocracy, nor for democratic liberty and universal suffrage. His communion, even when he opens it most freely, has its insurmountable barrier and remains closed at one extremity. On this closed side he stands as a vigilant sentinel, and declares that if you pass on you are lost."

Hence there is no Christianity for M. Sainte-Beuve and such free spirits. Having burst the restraints of faith, they expand in the freedom of their spirits, until every gate is too strait and they remain without. They take their chance with a God that has given no revelation of Himself and with a church that has no terms of communion: large as the race, and free as the universe, but a church no longer.

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## LITERARY NOTICES.

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### I. THEOLOGICAL: ENGLISH AND FOREIGN.

#### Theologische Studien und Kritiken. I. Carl Immanuel Nitzsch.

THE present number of this ancient Journal devotes an interesting paper to the memory of one of its most illustrious founders and writers. By its aid we shall be able to give our readers some notion of a profound and orthodox divine, whom Europe lost more than a year since.

Carl Immanuel Nitzsch was brought up, though not born, in the birthplace of the German Reformation: his father, Carl Ludwig Nitzsch, himself a Lutheran dignitary, writer and teacher of some eminence, dedicated him from early youth to the ministry, and conducted his training with reference to that vocation at home, until his sixteenth year. At the Grammar School at Pforta he was thoroughly grounded in classics, but always complained that the classical literature of his own country had been neglected. Hence, we are told that his Latin composition was always more elegant than his German: a fact which those who know the harshness of the latter can easily believe. He began his academic studies in Wittenberg at the age of nineteen; but his tastes were then in the direction rather of philosophy than of theology; and he would probably have strayed from his calling, had not his own father been his theological teacher. This father was a hard thinker, with no touch of mysticism, though a disciple of Kant; his theology was a cold middle term between Rationalism and Supranaturalism, which, while it saved many from infidelity, was found insufficient by those who surrendered themselves to the influences of the theological revival of that time. Schleiermacher was then in the full strength of his influence, wielding a sway over young men that has not often had its parallel. His writings touched a mystical or pietistic chord in young Nitzsch's nature, which began to send out music that never ceased to the end of his long life. Hence it can be understood how his father was at first both baffled and affected by the son's more susceptible nature. Long afterwards he said that this son had not only given him great joy from the beginning, but had also inspired him with a feeling of reverence.

After the usual tests, well sustained, Carl Immanuel was ordained

by his father to the Diaconate in Wittenberg. Then came the struggles of Fatherland with the French; and the first years of Nitzsch's ministry were spent amidst the miseries of a town under perpetual bombardment. When the war ended, its consequences remained: the congregations were very slow in recovery, and the old University entirely succumbed. It was transplanted to Halle; but in its place a seminary for preachers was established, in which Nitzsch—for whom a learned treatise on the historical development of the doctrine of the Trinity had obtained considerable fame—had an office, which partook both of ecclesiastical history and pastoral theology, and gave him employment perfectly congenial. In the year 1817—the Reformation Jubilee—he received from Berlin the seal of his theological dignity in a diploma of Doctorship: it was dated on the foundation day of the Evangelical Union, to which Nitzsch as well as his father gave a hearty adhesion, when it encountered many enemies, and found cordial acceptance with but few.

Nitzsch married, and left his father's house when thirty-one. After refusing several earnest solicitations from other Universities, in 1821 he accepted the theological tutorship at Bonn. It was a great change, and roused all his faculties to the utmost. He now began his studies and teaching in systematic theology. Schleiermacher was his starting point; but he improved immeasurably on his master, inasmuch as he established the necessity of an objective Word to be the regulative standard of Christian experience, and supplied the doctrinal elements of the Trinity and the Person of Christ. But he retained the essentially experimental and practical character of that theology, as may be seen in the *System of Christian Doctrine*, a translation of which was published by Messrs. Clark in 1849. Repulsive in style, this is a book of very great value. In 1828, he assisted in the establishment of the celebrated theological *Studien und Kritiken*, which has been enriched by many valuable contributions from his pen. But his most important works were his polemical treatises, on the one hand against the Romanist Möhler, whose *Symbolik*, in 1835, gave a wonderful impetus to the Romish controversy, and on the other, against Strauss, in which the Christian argument for miracle and authoritative Revelation is stated with remarkable power, though in a dull and unattractive style. Amongst the many replies and defences which Möhler and Strauss called forth, none were in Germany deemed of more importance than those of Nitzsch.

At this time he was an indefatigable lecturer, but his lectures were not generally written, or at least written for permanence. On the history of Christian doctrine, within and without the Bible, especially, but also through the whole encyclopædia of theological sciences, as studied in an original manner by himself, he poured out an unrivalled stream; but was not always understood, as we should gather from the following testimony: He who attended Nitzsch's lecture without preliminary theological training, felt like a child who was listening to the discourse of grave men: By degrees, after becoming acquainted with his peculiar style of exposition, and with the theology of

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Schleiermacher in particular, more than mere understanding came, there was the highest intellectual enjoyment. Nitzsch's discourse was living and free, without rhetoric, and without any specific harshness in form, unless we so consider his unpopular style, and the habit of not making prominent the salient points of his thought. Polemics entered sparingly and mildly, and not without an occasional touch of humour. The earnestness of his spirit corresponded to the solemnity of his matter: without deviating from the strictly scientific method, or taking an expressly devotional form, his method of treatment inspired reverent and even devotional attention. Practical theology was in his estimation the crown of the whole, and his work on that subject is the best of his writings.

Schleiermacher's good beginning, Nitzsch with far higher evangelical truth continued and matured. His influence perhaps surpassed that of any living teacher, when, having passed the meridian of life, he was called to enter deeply into the great question that distracted the united Church, as to what we should call the terms of subscription. He was the leading spirit of the celebrated Synod of 1846, and encountered much obloquy on account of the tolerance—the not unfaithful tolerance—which he advocated. But his services were appreciated by the Minister presiding at that Synod, who appointed him the Chair of Theology in Berlin. But as his entrance in the ministry had been connected with the troubles of war, so was his second great beginning: the Revolution of 1848 tested his vigour, found him faithful, and left him rector at the head of the University. Space will not allow us to sketch his manifold relations with the politics—or rather the theocratic politics—of the time; or to enumerate his literary services to the cause of order and theological moderation, in the *Deutsche Zeitschrift*, which, in concert with Müller and Neander, he established. Nor can we more than refer to his noble stand for the old Union, which was jeopardised in 1852 by a projected royal decree. He resisted the division of the courts into Lutheran and Reformed, declaring, as the rallying point of his friends, that “he belonged to both Evangelical professions, that is, to their consensus.” He added to this effective service, that of writing an account of union-projects from the Reformation, preceded by an admirable summary of the Augsburg Confession, exhibited with great skill. Though his moderation pleased neither party, honours flowed in upon him. He was elevated to the highest ecclesiastical position in the State, and for some few years both preached and lectured with all the vigour of youth. “In his sixty-eighth year he was permitted to discharge all these offices with vigour. He did not indeed collect a great congregation around him in St. Nicholas' church: the peculiar profundity of his sermons surpassed the receptivity of a non-academical audience; and by degrees his voice failed to fill the great Gothic building. But a select little company came from far and near to surround his pulpit, always experiencing that inexhaustible fascination which his congregation had experienced in Bonn. His academic lectures he continued with great freshness, now altogether

without notes; since his theological development had been complete, they had become part of his mind." A selection was published, from the notes of a pupil, which, however, have not had much circulation.

He rejoiced in the Alliance gathering of 1857; received, in 1860, the jubilee of his pulpit life, "from all sides, unanimous testimony how the Evangelical Fatherland honoured in him the *præceptor Germaniæ*. He attended the Halle conferences for the revision of Luther's Bible. He found two months' leisure in feebleness and partial blindness, to finish his great work on *Practical Theology*, an effort that hastened the end. He celebrated in secret the Halle-Wittenberg Reformatory Jubilee in 1867. Paralysis struck him. He was withdrawn from the outer world, and lived for some time as in a dream, talking about the Jubilee, preaching touching snatches of sermons. He just lived to feel the gladness of his golden wedding-day. He was trying to persuade himself to give up his pastoral office, when a gentle death made his decision needless. Not long before these days, he wrote, 'My notions of the other world become, as I grow older, more concrete, and I have a decided feeling that my place there is properly prepared for me by my beloved ones who have gone before.'

Nitzsch was not a great writer, and in England his writings are not much known. But his name is to all who love the Gospel dear, as that of one of the last remaining of a little company who were faithful in a time of pressure, such as we, with all our difficulties, can hardly estimate. His singularly lovely character is thus epitomised by one who was in former days a pupil:—

"If we look for one comprehensive word that may express the peculiarity of the departed, that on which rested the influence, the charm of his personality—it is the unusual harmony of his nature. Others have done much by mental energy in one direction, he did much by the beautiful uniformity of his powers and gifts. With the deep mystical trait of his being was connected the not less powerfully stamped ethical character of it; with the self-collected and condensed vigour of the deep thinker there was marvellously combined the practical interest in Church life and practical affairs. Thus, one characteristic was the counterpoise of another. It was this specific perfection that made him so valuable a mediator; as he himself was a composite of mysticism and ethics, of biblical and speculative theology, of free science and ecclesiasticism, so it was the inmost impulse of his heart to reconcile the same contrasts, or counterparts, or antitheses in the theology, and in the Church around. But he never sought to reconcile opposites that had no middle ground.

"The harmony of his being was not only a character of his nature, it was a great moral victory achieved. It was reflected in his outer man: his very appearance had in it something beneficent and edifying. The spiritual beauty of his youthful features shone still upon the countenance of the old man; only that an intermediate history of a life full of care and labour, full also of victory and peace, had stamped itself upon his features. A high, but unartificial and never relaxed

dignity commanded the stranger's reverence: while those who had nearer relations with him, were all the more won by the gentleness, affection, and cordiality which were blended with that dignity. As the fundamental tone of his thinking and speaking was a holy earnestness, so the largeness and breadth of his views, which banished all that was gloomy and narrow, made on that account all the deeper impression. Everything passionate was foreign to his nature. 'God has given me few passions,' he once said, at a time of great excitement; but it was not merely nature, it was the power and discipline of the Spirit, which enabled him at moments of the utmost excitement, to preserve his moderation, and blend with an immovable firmness a peaceable and conciliatory conduct. Though he had a clear and penetrating insight into the relations of the world and the characters of men, his judgment of individuals was strikingly gentle; and it was much more usual with him to overvalue than to disparage persons with whom he might have no affinity. Conscious as he was of his power and judgment, he was so far from ambition and self-seeking, that even his enemies never ventured to impute to him any motive but the common good. His learning, his profound copiousness of thought, his scientific comprehensiveness, excited wonder; but what his disciples and his friends regarded with most reverence in him, was his religious consecration which was shed over all this greatness, the palpable and visible unity of his teachings and of his life. 'He is a man in Christ,' said of him one of his colleagues, now gone to heaven: 'babes in Christ there are many, but he is a man.'

It is said that Nitzsch once had a Luther-album placed before him, in which many had expressed their thoughts and sentiments in lofty terms: he wrote simply the words, "Domine, da nobis alterum Lutherum." We close this sketch with these words, referring them to himself.

D. Richard Rothe. Von Ernst Achelis. Gotha: F. A. Perthes.

No one among the great divines who have recently been taken from Germany, has left a more spotless or more respected memory than the man who is generally known by no other name than that of Richard Rothe. In his earlier life a profound and retired thinker, in his later life made prominent in ecclesiastical politics, in both he was a devout and evangelical Christian, a simple and pure lover of the Lord Jesus. He was born at Posen in 1799, and received his earliest education at Stettin, and the first record of his religious life shows him to us as a meditative youth whose devotions were directed with unusual directness to the person and name of Jesus. Young Rothe was touched by the fury for Fatherland which all the youths of that period were inspired with, but he was rather more disposed to look with awe at the conqueror than others did. At eighteen he went to Heidelberg to study, carrying his poetic favourites, chiefly Hardenberg or Novalis, with him. There what is known as the romantic school was in full sway. But

the Divine Spirit rested on this youth, whose graceful, retired, and decorous manners got him the name of the "Little Prince;" he read the Bible much, and acquired the habit of independent thought and study—a dangerous habit to acquire so early—from the effects of which none ever thoroughly escape, and Rothe did not. He removed to Berlin after two years with the character of a born "supernaturalist," with much skill in Luther's writings, an earnest dislike to Rationalism in every form, and a Christian character just reaching maturity. Rothe was soon among the "Neandrians," or followers of the great ecclesiastic historian whose simplicity of character and encyclopædic learning were then the amazement of Germany. But his religious ideas and feelings were much moulded by Baron Kottwitz, the baron, whose name is so familiar to every reader of the religious history of those days. So Rothe became a Pietist. But his pietism did not take away or blunt his original genius and independence; the great preacher of the Pietists did not altogether please him; "he seemed to have poured vinegar into the Gospel." Schleiermacher he also heard, but the influence which he exerted was neither at the time nor afterwards acknowledged, perhaps not felt, so much as those who read the writings of the two men would naturally expect. Next came Wittenberg, and two years of cordial Christian fellowship with some of the rarest Christian spirits of the time. He carried with him into married life, and ordination, and the chaplaincy to the Prussian Embassy in Rome, a melancholy enthusiasm which bordered on asceticism. This was much qualified, perhaps impaired or lost, by his intercourse with Bunsen, by philosophical reflection on the world-wide and all-comprehensive mission of Christianity, and by the character of his select and refined auditory in Rome. Four years in the office of Bunsen's chaplain, spending much time in his household, could not but exert their influence.

Thence Rothe returned to his old seminary at Wittenberg, and became one of the professors of theology. His subject being "Church Life," he lectured on the history of Christianity as distinguished from the history of the Church. After a time he became Ephoros, which gave him the pastoral charge of the future preachers. His Sunday exercises were deeply prized by himself and of great service to the students. Then he began his literary career. The book on the *Beginnings or Origines of the Christian Church* made its mark; but its startling theories, and still more the tendency of those theories, made the best friends of religion recoil, and the second volume of the book was not published. The view he adopted of the origin of episcopacy gave umbrage to the stiff Presbyterians of Lutheranism, and his free theories of the expansive adaptation of Christianity and the gradual absorption of the Church in the Christianised state, were displeasing to the Pietists of all shades. In our judgment these notions would never have commanded much attention, much permanent attention, had they not been wrought out more elaborately in the greater work, *Theological Ethics*, on which Rothe's claim to remembrance rests. His views are speculative and paradoxical, where there is not much room

for speculation and ought not to be much temptation to paradox. There is no trace that episcopacy and the Catholic principle were adopted by the Church after the death of the earlier apostles, and with the concurrence of the survivor, St. John, as a defence against dangers from without. Those dangers existed in St. Paul's days, and were otherwise encountered by him. And as it regards the transitional character of the Christian Church as such, and its perishing by giving its life to all forms of social and political organisation, it is contrary to all that the New Testament says concerning the mission, destiny, and continuance of that Church which, as a Church with its ordinances, Christ will come back and visit.

In 1837 Rothe received his diploma from Heidelberg, where he established his professional character by his lectures on Ethics. In this work, which we cannot appreciate in few words, the subjective element is too preponderant. Its fundamental theory assigns too much importance to the power, value, and certainty of the pious intuitions of the regenerate soul. To what extent he diverged from the standard of orthodoxy with which he set out in life, there are no means of estimating with precision, because of the vagueness of some of his language. He was a "born supernaturalist," they said in his youth, and to the end he believed firmly the existence of spiritual beings good and evil, the personality of the tempter; in all that is miraculous in Scripture he held fast his confidence, much to the dismay of Dr. Schenkel and many who are anxious to claim his name as that of an associate in free handling and free thinking in theology. In 1849 he removed to Bonn, and enjoyed much pious intercourse with some of the greatest theologians of the day, Bleek, Dorner, and others. He was much beloved as a tutor, and in Bonn, as elsewhere, added largely to that fund of grateful reminiscence that his students carry with them into every part of Germany.

We shall not refer much to the closing eight years of his life, which were troubled, we might almost say embroiled, by public ecclesiastical affairs. The *Protestantenverein*, a league for the removal of everything distinctively Christian from Christianity, inaugurated by Dr. Schenkel and others, was dignified by the adhesion of Rothe, who, in fact, delivered the opening address in Eisenach in 1865. Rothe must have been mistaken in its object. Fascinated by the notion that Trinitarians and Unitarians, Rationalists and Pietists might combine and work together, we are persuaded that what Rothe approved in it was simply its protest against the High Church, and the rigidly hierarchical, hyper-confessionalism of the Church. But there must, after all, have been a sad speculative taint in the views of a divine who could be confederate with such men for any purpose. But we must not brand his memory in the absence of fuller light. Suffice that on his death-bed in 1867 he begged that all his friends might be informed that "he died in the faith in which he had lived, which has never been obscured, but has become more steadfast and heartfelt to the end." In all respects his end was peace.

Friedrich Wilhelm Krummacker. An Autobiography. Edited by his Daughter. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

PASSING from Nitzsch and Rothe to Krummacker is a great transition; it is making the descent from men of profound thought and immense learning to a superficial purveyor of theology for the multitude. But for one reader who took up and read through the works of the former, a hundred might be found who devoured the writings of the latter. And it should be remembered that Krummacker was always clear and simple and practical, which Nitzsch was not, and always orthodox and evangelical, which can hardly be said of Rothe. Comparisons, however, are idle here. The three men stood nobly in the van of the religious revival, and deserve well alike of all who love the Gospel.

Krummacker was born in 1796 at Mons, on the Rhine. His father's family life was disturbed when he was a mere youth by the overwhelming troubles that French ambition brought on Germany. In common with all the venerable Germans who were born about the beginning of the century, young Krummacker's earliest remembrances were of foreign despotism, patriotic resistance, and German emancipation. Not one of the veterans who are now dropping off by degrees from the stage, but has carried through life a deep impression of those days of terrible excitement. Krummacker was one of many young heroes who had to be kept in the gymnasium at their lessons by authority. In 1815 he went to the University of Halle, and saw Rationalism at its worst. The revival of religion, to which both friends and foes have given the name of Pietism, was at hand, and its healthy preintimations were seen and heard in a thousand ways. But, precisely on that account, the neology of the time became more hard and cold; its darkest hour was just before the dawn. Gesenius, the founder of modern Oriental literature, was then in the zenith of his power and fame. Wegscheider was rendering the same service to neology that Gesenius rendered to Hebrew, making his predecessor's elements the basis of a new system, while Niemeyer, the author of the *Charakteristik*, was wavering between his devotion to truth and the scepticism of the day, and rendering a silent homage to the Redeemer all the more impressive because it was so unconscious and spontaneous. The following is deeply interesting, and in Krummacker's best style:—"With what confidence did he bring the prophets and apostles into subjection to his ideas of humanity, and with what dexterity was he wont to leap over those stones of stumbling which stood in his way—the miracles of Scripture—observing merely in passing that they were devoid of any immediate practical significance for us! But that which always impressed us most in his lectures was, along with the elegance of his style of exposition, in which he frequently rose to a high poetic elevation of thought, the singularly respectful reserve and awe with which he was wont to speak of the person of Jesus. He could never bring himself to rank Him among those personages whom he designated and described in his *Characters of the Bible*, according to a purely

human estimate. Perhaps he felt, though he did not acknowledge it, that in Him he had to do with a superhuman being; and if he protested against being numbered among the rationalists, he had grounds for doing so, or in so far at least as his feeling was more orthodox than his creed."

The entire sketch of the Rationalism of those days, as well as of its undefined, mystic, unreduced Pietism, will deeply interest the readers of this volume. After removing to Gena for a short time, Krummacher took an assistant-preachership in Frankfort, where he came under the salutary influence of that wonderful combination of mysticism and orthodoxy, J. F. von Meyer. This good man, not, indeed, without a name of his own in theological literature, was, nevertheless, still more famous in the reflected lustre of those whom he helped to form to a higher, deeper, nobler apprehension of the heavenly meaning of the Word of God as such. From Frankfort the popular young minister removed to the neighbourhood of Heidelberg, thence to Barmen, thence to Elberfeld. In 1847 he settled in Berlin, after a restless life, and soon was made minister of the Garrison-Kirche, and Court preacher. He died in 1868.

Krummacher was one of an illustrious Lutheran family. His father, Friedrich Adolf, was a man of some theological importance, who wrote many now forgotten books, amongst which his *Parables* may scarcely be said to be forgotten. His uncle, Gottfried Daniel, was a much stronger and more original thinker, whose preaching and pastoral influence were immense while he lived, and survived him in a large district for a long time. His own brother, Emil Wilhelm, was also a minister, who distinguished himself by his intense opposition to the sentiments of Bunsen, at the Evangelical Alliance in Berlin. But the Krummacher of whom we now write, is the only member of the family who has made his name known beyond his own country. His *Elijah the Tishbite*, published in 1828, and which reached a fifth German edition in 1860, was his most popular book; it was once much read in England and America. *Elisha* was a less successful continuation of his volumes of sermons, published under several rather fantastical names; we need not speak. Krummacher was a man of a lively fancy and deep feeling, which, from early life, was brought under the control and stimulant of evangelical religion; hence he became one of the most eminent preachers in Germany. But the charm of this deeply interesting volume is its rich collection of personal remembrances and striking memorials of some of the leading theological personages of Lutheranism, during the last half century.

**The Early Years of Christianity.** By E. de Pressensé.  
Translated by Annie Harwood. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

HAVING once and again introduced Dr. Pressensé and his labours to our readers, it is not necessary to do more than characterise briefly this new instalment of his important work. The author has made the

origins of Christianity his subject, even as his contemporary, M. Renan, has done in another field, though in the same language. His plan has immensely the advantage of Renan's in its starting-point. Dr. Pressensé's sketch of the Divine preparations for Christianity in Paganism has been some time before the public; and, in this valuable work, all that it is lawful to say concerning the human fountains of Christianity, has been well said. The peculiarity of the present volume is, that in compliment to England it is edited and prepared for our public by the author himself. As we now have it, it takes into its sweep the whole Apostolic age; and is to be followed by two further volumes, occupied with the Christianity of the "Martyrs and Confessors," and a general summary of Ante-Nicene theology. The concluding volume, as it appears in its French form, we notice elsewhere.

For many reasons Dr. Pressensé wishes to direct the minds of his fellow-Christians more earnestly than ever to the Apostolic age. Perhaps he rather exaggerates in his zeal the necessity for such an admonition as addressed to us. English theologians of the best class have for some time been endeavouring to depict the early ages, and to make the Apostolic form of Christianity vivid and real to the present generation. But he well says: "The Primitive Church is of necessity the medium between us and Him; through it alone can we know Him; it is to us as the channel which conveys the water from the fountain." Doubtless, this is true. But the ideal Church of the future which Dr. Pressensé and many others are always dwelling upon, insisting that "aspiration towards the Church of the future is becoming more general, more ardent," is, to our practical mind, a great unreality.

We do not expect to see any such uniformity upon earth. And we much fear that the restoration of the Church to the simplicity of Apostolic times means something much more lax and unformed than we should be glad to welcome.

There is danger of some confusion here. In a very needless manner the author divides the Apostolic times into three departments—the eras of St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. John. This might pass; but not the generalisation that the former, St. Peter's age, is distinguished by more direct supernatural influence, "the Divine element predominating almost to the exclusion of the human, which is, in comparison, reduced to passivity." This is a description which is appropriate only to the morning of the Day of Pentecost, though scarcely true of that. The whole period of the Apostolical influence, so far as records allow us to note it, is marked by a uniform and equal exhibition of the Divine power, which always, from the very first illapse of Pentecost, controls and informs man's energy, but does not supersede it. Again, when it is said that, in the second and third periods, those of St. Paul and St. John, the human element is more apparent, "great questions are stated and debated; Church organisation begins; doctrine becomes more defined; and, if miracles are still many, they are less abundant than before." We fail to see any ground for such a statement. Organisation began as soon as the Spirit came. Apostolic doctrine was

defined from the beginning. In fact, there is much more of the homogeneous character than all this supposes. Whatever differences occurred were of an order different from that here assumed.

The historical part of the volume is ably executed, though without any tokens of originality. The element of undue simplification here and there comes in to vitiate the conclusion, as when it is said that "the Apostles were not the only speakers; the other Christians spoke as freely as they of the wonderful works of God." Now, it is undeniable that, in the outpouring of the Divine Spirit, the whole Church of the one hundred and twenty received the anointing, and joined in the first post-Pentecostal magnificat; they all declared the wonderful works of God, thinking only of His glory. But Dr. Pressensé makes this evidence that the original "teaching did not take the form of preaching, properly so called; it was an unstudied speech, springing from the heart." So, again, we continually find, in relation to the Apostles, the same tendency to exaggerated statement: condemning, and rightly condemning, sacerdotalism, the writer says: "The Apostles were not the sole organs of inspiration, for the Holy Spirit was promised and granted to all the disciples assembled in the upper chamber on the very day of the Lord's resurrection." We cannot understand this; it seems a tissue of confused statements. The Saviour did not promise the Holy Ghost to His assembled Church, save as the promise, to some extent, passed to them through the Apostles; and there is a distinction and difference to be observed in the promises given. The tendency of this book is to a removal of the land-marks. These instances are but specimens; but we direct special attention to them, because the book will be popular, deservedly popular, and we would fain be useful in suggesting a wholesome caution.

The crucial passage on this subject is, of course, the mission of Peter and John to Samaria. "If the Holy Spirit was not given to the Samaritans until after the arrival of Peter and John, we hold, with Neander, that the cause must have been a purely moral one. Their preaching rapidly developed the germ of the new life in the neophytes of Sychar, who had possibly at first embraced Christianity only in outward form. It is surely more honourable to the Apostles to suppose the results to have been wrought by the living power of their words than by any outward and material act—the transmission of some mysterious, magnetic fluid from their persons. Such theories are truly derogatory, and lower the Apostles to the rank of the magicians, whose power they had come to destroy." This is scarcely the way to defend the truth. The assertors of the hierarchical view do not maintain that any "magnetic power" accompanied the Apostles; but that it pleased God to limit the bestowment of the Holy Ghost to the instrumentality of the Apostles, and of men who have, in long and orderly series, continued to exercise their prerogatives. We have no sympathy with that view. But we can refute it more effectually by granting what basis of truth it has, namely, that the Apostles were ordinarily the elect instruments of imparting the Holy Spirit in those critical eras

which were stamped with special significance. The admission of Samaria into the Christian fold—thereby fulfilling some of our Saviour's short affecting prophecies, and bringing to the sickle the harvest of His own sowing—was one of those great occasions which it pleased the Head of the Church to signalise by this most solemn Apostolic inauguration.

But, in connection with this same narrative, the account of Simon Magus is very full and suggestive. "Simon recognised a first hidden, invisible principle, of which the world is the eternal manifestation. This first principle has two modes of manifestation; it reveals itself first as an active and spiritual, next as a passive and receptive principle. Dualism is thus at the outset clearly stated. The receptive or passive principle deteriorates continually, and finally becomes altogether materialised. Helena was the personification of this principle. The mission of Simon, the sorcerer, was to effect her deliverance, which was to be that of all mankind. He pretended himself to represent the active and spiritual principle, and thus to incarnate the great power of God." This will be enough to indicate what importance Dr. Pressensé attaches to Simon Magus as bringing the old Phœnician dualism into the sphere of the Gospel history, and introducing into contact with the Church the first germ of Gnosticism. "He held a doctrine of perdition; but this perdition was not the result of sin; since it was, like matter, eternal and fatal. Nor had salvation in his system any moral character; it consisted only in subtle artifices, and the pretended Saviour was nothing but a magician; thus, by diabolic art, the desire after redemption, so keenly alive at this period, was miserably cheated. Simon acquired a very great influence over the Samaritan people. He, in a manner, bewitched them."

Passing over the many sections of Apostolical history in which Dr. Pressensé simply sets in his own striking frame the common facts, we are arrested by his noble delineation of St. Paul. After indicating the miraculous element in his conversion, so as to make his sketch a perfect antidote to M. Renan's, we find the writer relapsing into a confused method of stating what is substantially true.

"Paul declares that the Gospel which he preached came not from man. Are we to conclude from these words that he received, by direct revelation, the whole Divine history of salvation? We think not. God never works useless miracles; He does not communicate by supernatural means that which can be acquired without such aid. When Paul speaks of his Gospel, he intended, by this word, his own manner of presenting the truth, and especially his profound view of the old and new covenant, of the Law and justification by faith. These great truths he did not receive from any man—they were given him by the Holy Ghost."

This is a hasty decision. Again and again the Apostle intimates that he received from the Lord information direct as to events in the Gospel history, notably the institution of the Supper; and surely he never made the "mission to the Gentiles" the great substance of the

mystery revealed to him. The whole tenour of St. Paul's words to the Galatians, as well as the constant current of his declarations concerning his own vocation, show that he was, in the wise counsel of the Head of the Church, taken into direct communication with Himself, and placed by that immediate training on a level with the other Apostles.

But here we must suspend these miscellaneous remarks; space will not allow of our analysing the book. Were we to do so, we should find it necessary to point out several passages that indicate the same tendency to laxity in statement of doctrine that we referred to in a former notice. Dr. Pressensé is not to be entirely trusted on the doctrine of the person of our Lord, of the Christian atonement, of the Lord's infant-baptism. Not that we accuse him of heresy; it is rather statement than belief which we should challenge. If the student will bear this in mind, and be on his guard—studying this book rather as a contribution to Apostolical history than as a review of Apostolical doctrine—he will find it deeply interesting. On the whole, this well translated and beautiful volume may be said to be the best and most comprehensive—that of Dr. Schaff excepted—that we have received from abroad.

Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews. By Franz Delitzsch, D.D. Translated from the German by Thomas L. Kingsbury, M.A. Vol. I. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1868.

Der Hebraerbrief erklärt von Dr. Friedrich Bleek. Herausgegeben von Karl August Windrath, Pfarrer in Lieberhausen. Elberfeld. 1868.

Der Brief an die Hebraer erklärt von Dr. J. H. Kurtz. Mitau. 1869.

It is easy to account for the fascination which the Epistle to the Hebrews exercises upon Biblical critics and expositors. The difficulties which beset the question of its authorship, are only equalled by those which arise when we come to consider its specific purport and aim. Its use of Old Testament Scripture is often as startling as its doctrinal logic is recondite, subtle, and labyrinthine. Inspiration never soars on a stronger wing than it does here; never sweeps through vaster circles of Divine thought and operation. Withal, that unearthly strain of homiletic appeal, which, never lost to the ear, breaks out again and again in the Epistle, commingles in its tones a severity and a sympathy, a majesty and a gentleness, such as thrill the heart at once with delight and awe. No wonder that men of the most divergent schools of theological opinion have found a common point of attraction in so remarkable a book of Scripture, and that the roll of writers upon it includes some of the greatest names known to the Biblical literature of modern times.

The three works named above are among the most recent contribu-

tions made by the prolific pen of Germany to the already lengthened catalogue of commentaries on the Hebrews; and while they differ in dimension, in style, and in dogmatic tinge, no less than in a multitude of details of criticism and interpretation, they are all products of independent study and research, and are marked in common by reverence of tone, by conscientiousness of treatment, and by wide, exact, and sometimes affluent learning.

Dr. Friedrich Bleek's extended and masterly work on *The Hebrews*, published between the years 1828 and 1840, is well known to critical students of Scripture both on the Continent and in England; and though not a safe guide to the dogmatic teaching of the Epistle, it is a thesaurus of acute and suggestive exposition, on which subsequent writers have drawn with a lavish hand, and which, however drawn upon, will long remain unexhausted. The volume named above is not a re-publication of Bleek's Commentary. The original work is expensive, and, on this account, has been inaccessible to large numbers of the German clergy. The Rev. K. A. Windrath, a former pupil and warm admirer of Bleek's, has therefore given to the world in a more compendious form—we presume from MS. notes of his own and other pupils—the Lectures on the Epistle which Bleek was accustomed to deliver in the University of Bonn, up to his death in 1859. Substantially the Lectures and the Commentary are one, the differences being rather formal than real. If Bleek can only be heard with absolute certainty through the Commentary, the Lectures will at least be recognised as the utterance of the same voice, and, we doubt not, will be welcome to many as a substitute for the larger and costlier work. One circumstance gives to the Lectures an importance which, considering in how careful and conscientious a manner the task of the editor seems to be executed, will not fail to command for them the attention both of the followers of Bleek and of New Testament critics in general. Bleek, like most other wise men, did not allow twenty or thirty years of life to run on without altering his opinions; and in his University Lectures he not only presented, under certain new aspects, principles or arguments embodied in his Commentary, but even expressly retracted views and interpretations which he here advanced and contended for. For example, as the editor of the Lectures points out, Bleek, in his Lectures, takes the *εἰς τὴν δὲ πάλιν εισαγωγή* κ.τ.λ. of chap. i. ver. 6, in the usual way, and thus relinquishes the view expressed in his Commentary. Again, in opposition to the Commentary, we regret to find him in the Lectures explaining the *οἰκουμένη μέλλουσα* of chap. ii., ver. 5, of an order of things which does not begin until the second advent of Christ. So likewise, in interpreting chap. iv., verses 2 and 3, the Lectures renounce the Commentary by connecting the *καθὼς εἶπεν* κ.τ.λ. of verse 3 directly with the second clause of verse 2, and by taking the former part of verse 3 as a parenthesis. And there are other instances of a similar kind scattered through the posthumous volume. Whatever scruple may be felt in accepting the now published "Lectures" as an absolute embodiment of the maturest

views of Bleek upon the Epistle, Bleek must not be credited henceforth with opinions which the Lectures expressly retract, and it will be only just both to his memory and to his theme, that his Commentary, as a whole, should be quoted, subject to such qualifications as the contents of the Lectures put upon it.

Dr. Kurtz's name is happily familiar to a large circle of English students of Scripture and of Church history; and we trust, at no distant day, his new work on *The Hebrews* may emerge from the torturing German which now involves it into such Anglo-Saxon as some of Messrs. Clark's most practised translators know how to fashion. Meanwhile, we need only say, that the diffidence with which Dr. Kurtz introduces his Commentary to the public is the language of a genuine modesty, and not of self-conscious weakness, and that the same high qualities of devoutness, of independent but careful investigation, and of solid and available knowledge, which distinguish the earlier productions of his pen, are present here in full and harmonious proportion. Doctrinally, Dr. Kurtz is a safer guide than Bleek, but he is the slave of no system, and is true to the principle to which he pledges himself in his preface, "We can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth."

As will be seen above, the first volume of an English translation of our third Commentary on the Epistle, viz., Delitzsch's, was published last year by Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh; and the second and concluding volume is advertised as one of the first issues of their Foreign Theological Library for 1870. This is a more copious, and in some respects a more elaborate, work than either of the two already noticed, though the prolegomena are scantier than those of Kurtz, as these, again, are much less extended than those of Bleek. And in point of spirit, method, and general execution, Delitzsch's *Hebrews* must take rank among the noblest pieces of critical Scripture exegesis to be found in modern literature. The Commentary is much freer from the jargon of grammatical and philosophical technicalities than most German works of its class; and, what are no small virtues, it keeps the controversial element within reasonable bounds, and does not weary the reader with endless quotations from preceding writers. At the same time it evades no difficulty, whether of language or dogma. Every question with which an interpreter ought to deal is looked fairly in the face, and the crucial texts of the Epistle, in particular, are discussed with admirable impartiality, vigour, and thoroughness. The argument of the sacred writer is usually developed with a clearness and conclusiveness which have little to be desired, while a multitude of important passages devoted to lexical, historical, or theological criticism—some running to considerable length—are so skilfully interwrought into the fabric of the Commentary as to add much to its value without seriously impairing its symmetry. We have rarely met with an interpreter of Scripture from whose critical judgments we see reason to differ so seldom as from those of Delitzsch. And in this work on *The Hebrews* there is often a dignified eloquence in his expositions which shows how

well he has caught the spirit of the wonderful book upon which he writes. It is a principal aim of his Commentary to exhibit the theological significance of the Epistle, and, both as to substance and form, he is perhaps more successful than any interpreter before him in achieving this most important and difficult task. His own views of the general character of the Epistle are expressed in the forcible and vivid words with which the introduction to the Commentary opens. "The Epistle to the Hebrews has not its like among the Epistles of the New Testament, resembling in this uniqueness of position the great prophetic exhortation of Isaiah xl.—lxvi. . . . The tone of thought in both these portions of Scripture has the same transcendental character; each has a threefold division of its contents; the same majestic march and flight of language characterises each—the same Easter-breath from another world; and the same tantalising veil is suspended before the eyes of the vexed inquirer, now half revealing, now concealing the origin and authorship of either composition. No other book of the New Testament is distinguished by such brilliant eloquence and euphonious rhythm as our Epistle, and this rhetorical form is not superinduced on the subject, but is its true expression, as setting forth the special glories of the new covenant, and of a new and Christ-transfigured world. Old and New Testaments are set the one over against the other, the moonlight of the Old Testament paling once and again before the sunrise of the New. . . . The language is more oratorical than dialectic, not so excited and lively as in the Epistle to the Galatians, not pressing forward with such quick or triumphant step as in the Epistle to the Romans, not so unrestrained and superabundant as in that to the Ephesians, but characterised throughout by conscious repose, dignified solemnity, and majestic quietude." It is not too much to say that Delitzsch's Commentary is a worthy counterpart of the estimate which he thus forms of the Epistle.

The English Commentary upon *The Hebrews* is yet to come. We fear we must wait for it until the patient, grammatical exactness of an Ellicott, and the antique yet fervid spirit of a Wordsworth, shall gird themselves to the task in happy conjunction, with something like the towering Christian genius and penetrating theological insight of a Richard Watson.

**The Pope and the Council.** By Janus. Authorised Translation from the German. Rivingtons. 1869.

To Janus belonged the epithet *bifrons*; and we apprehend that this volume, confessedly the work of more hands than one, is, in fact, the fruit of two minds working in common. It is a very remarkable book, perhaps the boldest which has in recent times been produced by "Catholic" authorship. It is a book which will mark, as we cannot but think, an era in the history of the great and ancient Western "Catholic" Church.

We can neither understand the history of the past, nor the elements and the questions which belong to the present; we cannot maintain in

our souls any light or strength of Christian faith, hope, and charity in the broad survey of the world's course during the last fifty generations; unless we continually bear in mind the momentous distinction between the Western Catholic Church, viewed as a concrete and manifold whole, and the Roman Curia, the proper and characteristic development of Papal Rome, with the system of doctrines and assumptions thereto pertaining. Within the vast and various Western Church there has ever been not a little good as well as very much evil, and light has never been wholly wanting, even in the days of deepest darkness; whereas the system of Papal usurpations, falsehoods, forgeries, and corruptions has been an ever-developing masterpiece of all that could be worst in craft and tyranny.

At the Council of Constance the Church rebelled against the Pope, partially and for a season; but the Papal power soon reasserted itself in greater sway than ever. A hundred years later, when the profligacy of Papal ambition and corruption was at its worst, the Church rebelled again; the Reformation was the result. Since that time there has been within the Roman Catholic community a growth of liberality and intelligence, counteracted by an antagonist growth of organised evil. German Catholicism conquered some rights for herself from Rome at the time of the Reformation, and has gradually been becoming more enlightened ever since. The Gallican Church has distinguished itself by its steadfast protest against mere Papalism. Italy has not been uninfluenced by the learning and liberality of Germany and France; nor has the land of Savonarola ever quite forgotten his name. Meantime, however, the Jesuits, a disciplined, indefatigable, intrepid, unscrupulous army of Ultramontane partisans, of Papal fanatics, have maintained a hard fight against the growing liberty and illumination, and have often seemed entirely to turn the tide of influence. Proscribed, abolished, hated, suspected, and, above all, feared, they have yet survived or reappeared; and during the last generation their power has seemed to be greater than ever. In Rome, in Spain, in France, in Germany, even in England, they have "practised and prospered."

It is between the Catholic nationalists on the one hand, who detest the Jesuits and the Ultramontane claims, and, on the other hand, the Pope, with the Jesuits to sustain him, that the present contest is waged. Of late years the Jesuits have been foiled repeatedly. In Italy and in Germany, even in Austria, they have suffered heavy defeats; their claims and their concordats have been disallowed. In England only have they appeared to win any marked success. Here they have been sustained by the perverse zeal and logic of Dr. Manning, who, although not of their society, acts as if he were under their inspiration, and has been greatly helped by the Romeward movement of a large number of Anglican clergy. For some reason the present infatuated Pontiff has been brought to the conclusion that his best policy is to be more aggressive than any of his predecessors; that audacity will insure success. Hence he has summoned the Council, vainly claiming to be Oecumenical.

The challenge to the "liberal Catholic" party, the friends of Catholic nationalism, is loud and daring. This volume comes as the answer from Germany. Its authors are "Catholics;" but so systematic, thorough, unsparing an exposure of Papal usurpations, Papal lies, Papal forgeries, Papal contradictions, Papal tyrannies, Papal anti-Christianity, has hardly ever, we imagine, been set forth by any Protestant polemic. The style is temperate, but the logic is tremendous. From the pseudo-Isidorian forgery of the false decretals, and from the pretended donation of Constantine, through every invention and pretence, the Papal duplicity is tracked down the history of a thousand years. The errors, heresies, contradictions, recantations of Popes and anti-Popes, are also here set forth. A view is afforded of what the approaching Council is to be and do. The essential antagonism of the Papacy to all that is true, free, and holy, is made fearfully plain.

It is evident that after the Council has consummated its heresy and impiety—in which the English archbishop is to take a leading part—the nationalist Catholics represented by Janus will feel themselves to be anti-Papists. Catholics, so called, they will remain, but will belong to the rapidly increasing body of Catholic nationalists, as opposed to Catholic Papists. Let civil liberty only be secured and enforced for every citizen, whatever his professed religion or that which prevails throughout his country; and let complete national independence of all Romish and Papal claims be vindicated for every state and government, and the result must be the bursting of all the vital ligaments by which Papal Rome has held the States attached to itself, as the head and centre of ecclesiastical authority and unity; the destruction of that manifold web, equally subtle and strong, which the Papacy has spun around the souls and liberties alike of individuals and of nations. National life and liberty, in its strong and steadfast uprising, must be the destruction of the Papal dominion. There will still be Catholicism, there will be national Catholic Churches, but Popery will decline and die.

We do not need to add any explicit recommendation of our own to the general voice which has singled out the volume of Janus as one of altogether extraordinary interest and value.

**Discourses on Redemption.** By the Rev. Stuart Robinson, D.D., lately Professor of Church Government and Pastoral Theology at Danville, Kentucky. Second Edition. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

THESE are "specimen" discourses, which, in the author's view, accord with the true theory of preaching, as gathered from the Scriptures, namely, "to show the people how to read the Word of God, and lead them to feel that this day is this Scripture fulfilled in their ears, and that these are the words of a Jesus who not only *spoke* by holy men of old, but who is *now speaking* with living utterance to the men of this generation." That something like this should be the prominent aim of

every preacher we willingly allow, but can scarcely accept Dr. Robinson's descriptions as exhausting pulpit duty. Indeed, he himself in these sermons goes much beyond it. In "rhetorical" features they are the reverse of deficient. Here is an example, taken at random, which will show that he has and puts to use no mean ability of this kind. The preacher is describing "the relative figures at the Crucifixion," and says, "Within this outer circle, and nearer the centre of the knoll, is another of these relative objects, illustrating the singular contrasts of humanity brought in contact with the wonders of the Gospel. It is a little cluster of military men, sitting as calm and unmoved as if lounging at some Roman outpost. Four of them seem to be intent upon a game of chance, the stake being a beautiful homespun robe without seam, evidently the work of delicate fingers, as a gift of affection. Under the stony eye of the soldier we detect the hyæna glance of the gambler, as the successive throws of the dice indicate hope or despair of winning the prize. But how does amazement fill our hearts as the thought occurs of the old prophet's complaint, who seems to wake from the dead after a thousand years, and wail over the scene,—'They parted my garments among them, and upon my vesture did they cast lots.' The insignificant toss of a Roman soldier's hand is executing the eternal decrees of God, and registering the description that marks the stripped owner of this robe as the Messiah, to whom the prophets bare witness."—P. 303.

That "persuasive" and "emotional appeal" too, which in the preface the writer also serves to disparage, is present in commendable abundance in his discourses. Three of these are introductory; the remaining seventeen are arranged in six sections, the leading topics of which are as follows:—Redemption as revealed to the Patriarchs in the Theophanies; in the Laws and Ordinances of the Theocratic Era; through the Spirit of Christ in the Prophets; as taught by Jesus the Incarnate Word; as preached by Apostles under the Dispensation of the Spirit; and as proclaimed by Jesus ascended. The range is wide, indeed, but the preacher's view is clear and comprehensive; his grasp of Scripture is firm and full; he knows how to summarise and make compact on occasion, and the result is an able volume, showing how harmonious and full is the witness of both Testaments to redemption by Jesus Christ. A more complete filling up of his outline is contemplated by the publication of some other discourses. A Genevan tint of doctrine more or less appears throughout; and in the sermon on "The Apostolic Grounds of Christian Comfort," this colouring grows strong. Many mischievous errors of the time are confronted, however, by vital and saving truths, which are upheld and enforced with power. The style is often graphic, always vigorous, sometimes rough—now and then to excess, as on p. 185—"What is again raging at the prophet that troubled Israel? All seems lost. Elijah feels badly, very badly." (!) But on the whole, here is preaching which we readily believe to have been "permanently attractive, alike among professional and public men in the capital," "professional men and

students in a city of colleges," and "among business men in commercial cities."

The Gospel in the Book of Joshua. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.

THIS little work reminds us of Archbishop Whately's saying, that any book at all may be made to yield a profitable meaning, if we ourselves *put* that meaning into it, and choose to consider it as "a great parable" of something that we have not learned from it, but have known already by some other means. While less liable to objection than some other productions of the same type, its writer does not duly remember that what may do good service as a similitude or an illustration of truth, may, at the same time, be utterly incompetent to "teach" it. Moreover, the governing analogy of the book is out of joint, for whereas the River Jordan is more than once spoken of in it as "the river of Death or of Judgment," the doings of Joshua and the Israelites in Canaan are taken to represent the spiritual history of Christians on earth. Almost every page, however, contains "that which is good to the use of edifying" in some form or degree, and it ought both fresh and forcible are not lacking. In the completeness of Christ's redemption the writer delights, and desires to stimulate believers in the pursuit of corresponding attainments. But sometimes he says what we can object to, and suppresses, or at least omits, what we should expect and wish to be said. For instance, he maintains that "prayer is not worship" (p. 92), and says that "there is no return from being in Christ" (p. 105). Throughout, repentance, as a condition of salvation, appears to be studiously ignored, and some passages seem intended to deny its necessity. We say—"seem intended;" for although the book is generally well written, it contains not only clumsily worded sentences, but not a few that leave us doubting whether the author quite wishes us at once to know all his mind.

History of the Christian Church. By Philip Schaff, D.D. Three Vols. Edinburgh: Clark.

DR. SCHAFF we have again and again had occasion to recommend to our readers. This History of the Apostolic Church shows him to be a writer who unites in himself many qualities which seldom meet in one man. He is a thoroughly learned man, and yet knows how to present the results without the cumbrous apparatus. He is profound and yet popular in his style; at the right time and place even picturesque. He is evangelical to the core, and yet takes care to do justice to all manifestations of historical Christianity.

This History gives proof that a writer may be thus in the best sense of the term Catholic, without surrendering any interest that the truth and these times require us tenaciously to hold fast and exhibit. Dr. Schaff pays a generous tribute to the older historians of all communions: the Benedictine editors, the Bollandists, the Annalists of

the Councils, Petavius as well as Bull, Tillemont as well as Bingham, Fleury as well as Schroeck, receive his impartial tribute, whilst the modern Germans have the superiority conceded to them in respect to critical sifting, philosophical grasp, artistic reproduction of the material, and impartiality and freedom of spirit. These characteristics of the modern Teutonic ecclesiastical history have no better representative than Dr. Schaff.

But we have here what is really an original English work. The work was prepared in German; and it is with the German edition that we have been familiar. But Dr. Schaff is master of English, and translated part of the work, committing the remainder to an English writer still more able than himself to do justice to our tongue, Dr. Yeomans. Dr. Schaff rightly praises his translator or coadjutor; and we are able, from our familiarity with both the German and English address, to confirm every word of his praise.

Having some time ago earnestly commended the book in its German form, we now still more earnestly commend this English reproduction. It is really an original English work; and its fine form, in three large volumes, with clear type and ample margin, contrasts very favourably with the cramped and eye-grieving pages of the German. The price must needs be a deduction; but, apart from that, we could wish every student to study ancient Christianity in these volumes, and make them a text-book. We know no book that, take it altogether, so entirely commands our respect as a comprehensive, luminous, catholic, evangelical view of the Patristic Church. It will be a great blessing to literature if the learned and pious author is spared to continue these labours.

A Key to the Knowledge of Church History [Ancient].  
 Edited by John Henry Blunt, M.A., Editor of "The  
 Annotated Book of Common Prayer," &c. Rivingtons.  
 1869.

WHAT the Editor is as a Churchman was tolerably well known before. If it had not been, the first two pages of this manual for the indoctrination of innocents would have made it sufficiently apparent. "These means of grace (Baptism and the Holy Eucharist) are dispensed by priests, who receive authority and power to execute their ministerial functions from bishops, successors of the Apostles, and are assisted in their ministry by the inferior order of deacons." . . . "Spiritual life being derived from union with our Lord's Sacred Humanity, whereby Christians are also made 'partakers of the Divine nature,' their birth-sin being at the same time washed away by the virtue of His Cleansing Blood. This life, once begun, is kept up in faithful Christians by believing and persevering use of the Mystical Food provided for its sustenance in their souls—the Blessed Body and Precious Blood thus given to them being a continual extension of the Incarnation; whilst their actual sins are forgiven by the absolving

word of the Priest, and the pleading of the One Sacrifice, unceasingly presented in Heaven, and constantly shown forth and mystically offered on the altars of the Church on earth." "The distinguishing grace given (by the Apostles) to those who were called to the office of elder or presbyter by the 'laying on of hands' was, as it still is, the power of consecrating and offering the Holy Eucharist, that so, according to St. Paul's words to the Elders of Ephesus, they may 'feed the Church of God,' not, as in the case of deacons, with 'the meat that perisheth,' but with the bread of God which cometh down from heaven."

The writer who can find in St. Paul's address to the Ephesian elders (Acts xx.) the power of priestly consecration upon the elements in the Eucharist, can of course find anything anywhere, and have no difficulty in discovering episcopal consecration in St. Paul's Epistles to Timothy and Titus.

By such radical dishonesty and assumptions as these a careful and useful summary of Church History till the end of the twelfth century is completely marred.

A Dictionary and Concordance of the Names and Persons and Places, and of some of the more remarkable Terms, which occur in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments. Compiled by William Henderson, M.D. Edinburgh: Clarks.

THIS elaborate work is a boon to all who can afford to place it on their shelves. It occupies a place which is not filled up by any of the Biblical dictionaries. It is a concordance to a very large and a very important part of the Bible; but it is more than a concordance, it is a dictionary also, and condenses into a few lines an immense mass of profitable information. The same plan applied to a much wider range than proper names, would be found successful, in the hands of a competent labourer.

The Hebrew and Greek terms are given with their pronunciation. It would have been as well to accentuate the terms, and thus help the English reader to the pronunciation. But this is a slight deduction. For this, also, as for many other most important contributions to theology, the student owes a large debt to the well-directed enterprise of Messrs. Clark.

A Course of Lectures delivered to Candidates for Holy Orders: comprising a Summary of the Whole System of Theology, Natural and Revealed: to which is prefixed an Inaugural Address. By John Randolph, D.D., some time Bishop of London. In Three Volumes. Vol. I. Natural and Revealed. London: Rivingtons.

THIS is the first volume of a series of three; the second and third, yet to be published, will be historical and doctrinal. The present

instalment we have read with great satisfaction; it contains a clear and simple view of the preliminaries of a system of theology proper, exhibiting the perils of sound learning in a style remarkably plain. The treatment is of course somewhat archaic, as the lectures were delivered some generations ago; but the student of the present day will find much that will instruct him. The remaining volumes will perhaps be more adapted to students preparing for orders in the Church of England than for theologians generally. But a careful reading of this one has given us a hearty inclination to read the rest. The eminent services rendered to theology and the cause of religion by Bishop Randolph in his day, incline those who are acquainted with those services to receive this monument to his memory with gratitude.

**The Story of the Gospels in a Single Narrative.** Combined from the Four Evangelists, showing in a New Translation their Unity. To which is added a like Continuous Narrative in the Original Greek. By the Rev. William Pound, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. In Two Volumes. London: Rivingtons.

THESE magnificent volumes we can do little more at present than announce. They are occupied with the most difficult question of that branch of theological science in which criticism and exegesis meet. So far as our glance—too hasty to allow the expression of formal judgment—will allow us to judge, this work is valuable in parts, but not a very important contribution to the subject as a whole. There is a remarkable assumption of independence—startling indeed, when we consider what men, German and English, have reared themselves monuments on this very subject. The work is superbly printed, and sent out in such a style generally as makes it a luxury to look over it.

**Ascetic Library. Vol. III. Counsels on Holiness of Life.** Being the First Part of the Sinner's Guide. Translated from the Spanish of Luis de Granada. Together with a Life of the Author. Edited by the Rev. Orby Shipley, M.A. Rivingtons. 1869.

MR. LIDDON is the preacher and divine of the advanced Anglo-Catholics; Dr. Hamilton, of Salisbury, was their bishop, and Mr. Keble, their poet; Mr. Baring-Gould is their metaphysician and historical philosopher; and—the distance is immense—Mr. Orby Shipley is their master of ascetic discipline. The present volume is a devotional book written by a Spanish monk—Fray Luis de Granada—who lived in the sixteenth century. Mr. Shipley has considerably relieved the sketch of this monk's life of some particulars which as yet would have been too strong meat even for the ascetic Anglo-Catholic School.

**On Some Points in Dispute between Jews and Christians ;  
being an Examination of Twelve Sermons by Dr. Her-  
mann Adler.** London : Longman and Co.

DR. ADLER'S volume is on many accounts one of singular interest. It puts the case of the Jew as opposed to Christianity in its strongest form ; and not only deserved but imperatively demanded a vigorous reply. In our own pages the volume has been dealt with according to its merits, but rather as an exhibition of one of the phases of modern Judaism. This pamphlet is an admirable answer to some of the salient points of attack ; those who have read the sermons will read it with great admiration and profit ; and those who never saw, or may see, Dr. Adler's volume will find it a most profitable return for the trifle that it demands from them.

**The Epistle of Paul to the Romans.** By J. P. Lange, D.D.,  
and the Rev. F. R. Fay. Translated from the German.  
By J. F. Hurst, D.D., with additions by P. Schaff, D.D.,  
and the Rev. M. B. Riddle. Edinburgh : Clark.

THIS immense volume is the counterpart of that on the Epistles to the Corinthians ; and the same general criticism which we applied to that volume applies to this. It is more profitable than pleasant to read the German commentaries generally, with their endless comments on the comments of others, even when governed by one controlling mind. Still less is it pleasant to read a volume that is the production of more minds than one, and composed on the principle of a great mosaic work. But while not pleasant it may be very useful. And this is a book which no one should fail to have at hand and consult whenever the Epistle to the Romans is the subject of his study. It is a mine of critical and exegetical information.

**Scenes and Incidents in the Life of the Apostle Paul. Viewed  
as Illustrating the Nature and Influence of the Christian  
Religion.** By Albert Barnes. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

For a certain class of readers this volume will have a great interest ; but that class will not include those who study St. Paul and his writings in their relation to the origin of Christianity, the development of the Christian faith, and modern theories concerning both. The number and variety of works recently published on this most absorbing subject afford scarcely any chance of a hearing for any books on St. Paul which do not touch the questions of the times. But Mr. Barnes has formed his own circle of readers, and has abundantly earned a right to be heard on this or any subject connected with Biblical history. For its own class this is as good a work as can be recommended.

**The Pursuit of Holiness: a Sequel to "Thoughts on Personal Religion,"** intended to carry the Reader somewhat farther onward in the Spiritual Life. By Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D.D., Dean of Norwich.

**Brighstone Sermons.** By George Moberly, D.C.L., Bishop of Salisbury.

HERE are two volumes of sermons, both published by Rivingtons, and both likely to arrest attention. They are, however, very different. Dean Goulburn's is full of excellent matter, worth careful reading, worth buying, fit food for Christian men. The Bishop's is intended for babes, will certainly suit none else, but it is not milk: it is very far from being "the sincere milk of the Word;" it is Anglican syrup, rankly flavoured with a semi-Popish decoction. It is not worth buying, but it is an instructive sample of the sort of provision for the spiritual edification of their docile country flocks, which is likely to be furnished by clergymen of the Keble-Moberly school. The diocese of Salisbury is singularly favoured in having two such prelates in succession as Dr. Hamilton, good man as he was, but narrow, hierarchical, and weakly superstitious, and Dr. Moberly, who is learned indeed, and scholastic, and pious, but who lacks alike the breadth of sympathy and the intellectual manliness to redeem and elevate his sacramentarian superstition, and to fit him to become a useful prelate.

Dean Goulburn is a decided Churchman, almost a High Churchman, and builds on baptism as if it were a power in and of itself, a force, a cause: as if it not merely symbolised, recognised, illustrated, and attested a Divine relation and a human privilege, and sealed a holy covenant of grace and power upon the conscience of the parents (or godparents), and on behalf of the child, but as if it initiated and constituted the relation and the privilege. But even in holding this tenet of High Churchmanship the Dean avoids all irrational expositions, and all superstitious statements or implications respecting grace *ex opere operato*. And, apart from this fundamental point of baptism, and the correlative views which it implies, no writing could well be more soundly and fully evangelical, more nobly, practically, and yet exaltedly spiritual, than that of Dr. Goulburn in this Sequel to his well-known volume entitled *Thoughts on Personal Religion*. The successive titles of his chapters will give some idea of the scope of his book. We regret that we have not space to give a real analysis. The titles are—"That Holiness is Attainable," "What have We to Begin Upon?" (here baptism comes in), "The First Principle of Holiness, and How to Attain It," "The Point of Departure in the Right Course," "The Experimental Knowledge of God the End of all Christian Endeavour," "The End of the Commandment, and the Importance of Keeping It in View," "The Various Sentiments Embraced in the Love of God," "Of the Affinity between God and Man, in regard of Man's Wants and God's Fulness," "Of the Filial Relation of Man to God, upon which the

Love of God is Founded," "Of the Way in which God has Made the Precept of Divine Love Practicable to Us by the Incarnation," "Of the Love of Gratitude," "Of the Love of God as Involving Antipathy to Evil," "Of Purity of Motive," "Peace of Conscience and of Heart the Element of Holiness," "Peace by Living in the Present rather than in the Past," "Peace by Living in the Present rather than in the Future," "The Centripetal and Centrifugal Forces of the Soul," "Of the Necessity of an Occupation, and of the Right Way of Pursuing It," "Self-Sacrifice a Test of the Love of God," "Love for the Brethren a Test of our Love for God," "The Love of God a Principle rather than a Sentiment," "What Shuts Out Christianity from Our Hearts?" It is a close, excellently written book, full of spiritual sympathy and power, and full of suggestion to the Christian student of heart-work and holiness.

As for the other book, take the first passage we open on as a specimen of the whole. "And of these mysteries of God the clergy are made to be the stewards. God has put it into their hands, and into no hands but theirs, to administer them. It is their duty to baptize with duly consecrated water . . . do their best to have them brought to the font of baptism, of which they, and they only in the parish, are the rightful stewards. . . . In like manner, they are made to be the stewards of the other of the two great mysteries of God, the Holy Communion. . . . ever since the day He breathed upon the Apostles, and bade them receive the Holy Ghost, as you read in the twentieth chapter of St. John, which was the beginning of the great power of ordination," &c.

We do not wonder that indignation was kindled among the evangelical clergy at the designation of one of the writers in the *Essays and Reviews* to the episcopal office; but we are bound also to say that, in our judgment, a laxer Broad Churchman than Dr. Temple could scarcely do more harm in a diocese, or be more worthy to be protested against, than such a teacher as Dr. Moberly. And this narrow bigot, this superstitious priest, is but one among a number of men holding similar views, who are prelates of the English National Church. Personally we desire to see the maintenance in England of a national church, duly purged and reformed, but it is hard to maintain it against such arguments as its internal condition and its diverging tendencies cannot fail to suggest to observers generally. Keble, in the preface to his volume of *Sermons on National Subjects*, puts into one class, as Christians, the adherents of the various "Catholic" communions, so called, and then puts into another class by themselves Puritans, Jews, and Mohammedans, as having all some tincture of Divine truth and revelation mingling with their errors, and as proper objects for God's "uncovenanted mercies." Such views are the logical result, from the principles of bigotry and superstition which are taught by the Bishop of Salisbury.

**The Reformed Church of England in its Principles and their Legitimate Development. A Contribution to the Settlement of Existing Controversies.** By the Rev. Henry Burgess, LL.D., Vicar of St. Andrew's, Whittlesey, Translator from the Syriac of Metrical Hymns and Homilies of S. Ephraem Syrus, &c., &c. London: William Macintosh. 1869.

DR. BURGESS is Evangelical without being Calvinistic; he is broad, without being Rationalistic; he is a Low Churchman, but a student of the Fathers; he has the merit of freedom from all bigotry, without the drawback of vagueness in faith or weakness in character. We fear, in the present condition of the Church, he will find very few with whom he can heartily sympathise or closely act. On this account we feel that Dr. Burgess has the more claim on our attention, and that of our readers. Dr. Burgess' argument is that the Church has erred, more or less, on the subject of the Lord's Supper, and on some other points of grave importance, from the time of Irenæus to the Reformation; and he suggests that the ceremonies, and expressions, and rubrics, at present sanctioned and enjoined by the Anglican formularies, which form the strongholds of the Church's foes, should be removed; and he undertakes "to show that this may be done in strict accordance with the principles on which our Reformation was first conducted, by the application of enlightened reason to the teaching of *Holy Scripture* and the *earliest Fathers* on the Lord's Supper." Dr. Burgess is one of the few men of his Church who have skill to know the signs of the times. If the majority were as candid and clear-sighted as he, the English Establishment might prolong its days on the earth. As it is, we fear its days are numbered. The superstitions which cling to its formularies, and to which it clings, together with patronage, and all the abuses and corruptions which that word implies, are enough, in an age like the present, to drag down even the grand old English National Church. Meantime, to candid and truth-seeking men, we commend this remarkably candid and very suggestive volume.

**Hugh Latimer. A Biography.** By the Rev. R. Demaus, M.A. The Religious Tract Society.

No better service could easily be rendered to the cause of the Reformation, than the publication by the Tract Society of this excellent original life of the grand old English reformer. The work is done by Mr. Demaus with conscientious thoroughness, good use being made of original letters and documents in the State Paper Office and the British Museum, and in an admirable spirit of fairness, with discrimination, fidelity, intelligence, and sympathy. He admires his hero—how could any honest Englishman do otherwise?—but is not blind to blemishes in his life's history. The biography is full, but not tedious; sufficiently minute, and yet compact. We should be very glad if the

same valuable Society which has published this book, could provide us with others of a similar character, and of equal quality.

Clark's Ante-Nicene Library. Vols. XIII., XIV.

THESE volumes worthily carry on this great undertaking. The English reader may make himself acquainted with the writings of that Cyprian who did so much to stamp the hierarchical character on the Early Church. To those who are interested in the earliest controversies within the Church, which have made the word schism so important, these volumes will be of peculiar interest.

The Ante-Nicene Library is, as it deserved to be, a success. And we hope the projected selection of Augustine's works—more than a selection, indeed, for all the cream of his writings will be included—will be equally successful.

*Geschichte des Methodismus.* [A History of Methodism, its Origin and Diffusion throughout the World. From Authentic Sources. By L. S. Jacoby. Bremen. 1870.]

THE writer is an American Methodist, and at the German Headquarters in Bremen is doing a good work. He is a most estimable minister, and this book shows him to be a good narrator. His subject is a grand one, and we shall hail the remainder with even more pleasure than this. The German is pure, and a young Methodist studying that language would do well to read it as practice.

*The Prophecies of our Lord and His Apostles: a Series of Discourses.* By W. Hoffmann, D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

THOSE who have seen and heard Dr. Hoffmann in the Garrison Kirche at Berlin will expect a high treat in these discourses. It is a very precious volume; with no theory, and but little that is new; but terse, sound, and edifying throughout.

*The Homiletical Treasury.* By J. Lyth, D.D. Romans to Philippians. Elliot Stock. 1869.

THOSE who have found the previous part of this laborious and meritorious work useful, will find this portion much more so. It enters on the region where Homiletics are more at home; and the author or compiler shows also a more practised hand as well as more confidence in his work. We wish him all success.

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## II.—MISCELLANEOUS.

**Anti-Darwinism.** By the Rev. James M'Cann, D.D., F.R.S.L., &c., Incumbent of St. Jude's English Episcopal Church, Glasgow. With Professor Huxley's Reply. Glasgow: Bryce and Co. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co., and Nisbet and Co.

THIS paper, originally entitled "Philosophical Objections to Darwinism, or Evolutionism," was read in the biological section at the last meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. At the same sitting two other papers against Darwinism were read, one by the Venerable Archdeacon Freeman, and the other by the Rev. F. O. Morris. Dr. M'Cann's Essay is distinguished by the clearness and ability of the reasoning, and assuredly deserved a mode of treatment very different from that pursued by Professor Huxley in the discussion which followed. We cannot but think, however, that the philosophical objections urged by Dr. M'Cann lie, not so much against the Darwinian hypothesis, as against the special opinions of some of Darwin's most able followers. Dr. M'Cann thus defines the fundamental principle of evolutionism: "Evolution is the development of man, who is nothing but matter, from a nucleus which is nothing but matter." Now we are not sure that Darwin would allow this. He appears to think that all animated beings have descended from one living organism. He assumes that naturalists are already able to prove the existence of some eight or ten beings from which all others have been derived by natural descent. He then adds, "Therefore I should infer from analogy that probably all the organic beings which have ever lived on this earth have descended from one form, into which life was breathed by the Creator." It would not be difficult, we think, to prove that Darwin's fundamental assumption violates every condition of a legitimate hypothesis. The ascertained facts do not call for this hypothesis to explain them. Being unnecessary, it can have no place in science. Science does not permit us first to devise hypotheses and then to look out for facts to sustain them. Darwin has been guilty of the same disregard of scientific method as the geologists, who for years were engaged in arranging newly-discovered facts with a view to the verification of the nebular hypothesis—an hypothesis but recently abandoned. Even allowing the possibility of establishing the truth of Darwin's theory, what then? Must we give up what we have, more than once, in this Journal proved to be a fundamental doctrine of philosophy, viz., that every effect, change, or event, ha

been produced, immediately or mediately, by some intelligent being? Suppose we grant that Darwin has succeeded in showing that all animated beings have been derived from one progenitor, to what does his discovery amount? Simply the ascertainment of a law or rule of action in harmony with which God, from the beginning of the creation until now, has chosen to exert His power—a rule which the Creator and Ruler of the universe framed for Himself, and which, as a law, can exist nowhere but in His own infinite intelligence. Allowing, then, that Darwin's theory is fully verified, all that we need to do to bring it into harmony with the doctrines of philosophy is to substitute the name of the Great Creator for the term "Natural Selection." Even Professor Owen, a convert of Darwin's, and also a declared champion of the theory of spontaneous generation, is obliged to admit that Darwin's assertions respecting the marvelous results wrought by "Natural Selection" really involve a personification of nature as an intelligent being. Darwin is sometimes charged, but unjustly, with inconsistency in maintaining that the Creator breathed the breath of life into one primordial being. It is affirmed that the spirit of his whole work on the "Origin of Species" is as hostile to the postulate of an initial, special creation, as it is to that of successive special creations. This, however, we deny. We do not accept Darwin's hypothesis, but we hold that, whether true or false, it is not inconsistent with the established truths of philosophy. This hypothesis, in fact, relates to what is altogether without the province of philosophy. But this cannot be said of Professors Owen, Bennett, and Huxley's theories respecting the nature and origin of life and mind. We have space for only a few remarks on the opinions of Huxley.

Professor Huxley tells us that in all animated organisms, whether plants or animals, there is found a substance called in scientific language protoplasm; and that protoplasm is resolvable ultimately into carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen. All this seems to be well established by observation and experiment. Here, then, are the simple facts; but what are Professor Huxley's inferences? *First*, he concludes that in neither plants nor animals is vitality a power differing in its nature from those existing in the inorganic substances out of which protoplasm is formed, that the phenomena of life are absent from inorganic bodies simply because certain conditions of the exercise of their powers are wanting. Once introduce the complex substances, carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, into the plant, and then, to use the unscientific language of Professor Huxley, "*somehow or other*" they are converted into protoplasm. He asks, "What justification is there, then, for the assumption of the existence in the living matter of a something which has no representative in the not living matter which gave rise to it?" The impulse which led him to employ the term "*somehow or other*," should have restrained him from asking this question. Unless prepared to explain the *mode* in which the protoplasm is formed, he is

not entitled to deny that life is a power altogether different from the forces which exist in dead matter, for a denial to be valid implies knowledge. How much more philosophical it would have been to have confessed ignorance instead of resorting to such misleading expressions as "somehow or other."

*Secondly.* Assuming, and this, too, in the face of philosophical truths the most certain, that mental action is not distinct from vital action, he concludes that the very same power which in the animated organism causes the phenomena of life when supplied with other conditions, will produce thought and all the phenomena termed mental. This conclusion is so astounding, so utterly dissociated from the facts on which he professes to found his reasoning, that we give his own words: "It may seem a small thing to admit that the dull vital actions of a fungus, or a foraminifer, are the properties of their protoplasm, and are the results of the nature of the matter of which they are composed. But if, as I have endeavoured to prove to you, their protoplasm is essentially identical with, and most readily converted into, that of any animal, I can discover no logical halting-place between the admission that such is the case, and the further concession that all vital action may, with equal propriety, be said to be the result of the molecular forces of the protoplasm which displays it. And if so, it must be true, in the same sense and to the same extent, that the thoughts to which I am now giving utterance, and your thoughts regarding them, are the expression of the molecular changes in that matter of life which is the source of our other phenomena." In harmony with this he says, "I take it to be demonstrable that it is utterly impossible to prove that anything whatever may not be the effect of a material and necessary cause." Well might Dr. McCann protest in the name of the philosophy of common sense against such metaphysical crudities and absurdities. Professor Huxley's laudation of Hume is singularly unfortunate. Had he profoundly studied the speculations of Hume on the subject of Power, he would have been saved at least from the awkward dilemma in which by his own confession he is now placed. He says, "Most undoubtedly the terms of the propositions are distinctly materialistic. Nevertheless two things are certain: the one that I hold the statements to be substantially true; the other that I, individually, am no materialist, but, on the contrary, believe materialism to involve a grave philosophical error." The *terms* of the propositions materialistic, but the *judgments* which they symbolise anti-materialistic! Here indeed is something new, and yet it is not new, for we have heard before that the great use of language is to conceal thought! So long as Professor Huxley keeps within his own chosen province we are prepared to do him all honour. When, however, he ventures into the region of metaphysics, the least that we can ask is that he adhere strictly to the method of philosophy; that in this department of investigation he regard consciousness and not external observation as the source of our knowledge. We entreat him not to

waste his unquestioned powers in trying to array science against philosophy. The issue of such conflicts is never doubtful. There is in every developed mind a consciousness of certain primary and necessary judgments. All attempts to disprove them are vain, and produce only intellectual unrest in those who make them. The craving in every soul for mental harmony will in the end prove too strong for those who endeavour to unsettle the truths of philosophy. Hence it is that Atheism can never prevail but within very narrow limits, and there only for a brief period. So long as the mind is able to think rationally it must, in the presence of the events of the universe and in the consciousness of moral obligation, affirm the existence of God as Creator and Ruler. So with the primary truths in morals. Neither Mr. Mill nor any one else will ever be able to convince either themselves or others that moral desert is determined by the utility of our actions and not by our intentions or motives.

In conclusion we would call Dr. M'Cann's attention to an oversight in his application of our statements respecting consciousness. It is impossible to doubt the existence of that of which I am conscious. Say I am now conscious of a given judgment. Here consciousness simply guarantees the existence of the judgment, but not its truthfulness. The validity of the judgment must be determined by an appeal to the test of truth. We hope to meet Dr. M'Cann in this field again. He has already in various ways rendered a good service to the cause of truth. In these days of material aims and tendencies all who are capable of setting forth intelligibly a truly spiritual philosophy are under solemn obligation to use their powers as stewards of God's gifts.

Poems. By Matthew Arnold. Volume First—Narrative and Elegiac Poems. Volume Second—Dramatic and Lyric Poems. London: Macmillan & Co. 1869.

HERE is Mr. Arnold's poetry, as revised by himself. Mr. Arnold is the prophet of "Culture," and he is a poet for the cultured only. He reproduces antique philosophy; he revives Norse legends; he tunes his harp to passages of Persian hero-lore; he weaves wild dreams of things unreal and unearthly; he composes airy, delicate, half-melting, half-rapturously—indeterminate love-ditties, the scene of which is laid in foreign lands, and in which the parties sung of, if not foreign, are at least not homely-bred or typically English; he indulges in poetical philosophising, which breathes the sceptical idealism of Goethe, the nature-sympathy of Wordsworth, the sorrowful longings and regrets of Obermann: most of these parts he plays with rare ability, and with consummate power of language: but he never flings out tones and strains to make a nation listen, never even sings a song which will make itself heard in pauses of the people's work and strivings, until it wins an ever-increasing audience to gather around the bard, and take to heart his seductive, subduing,

penetrating strain. Mr. Arnold is as much a poet as a man of fine sympathy, of keen intellectual culture, of wide views, but fastidiously critical and despondently sceptical, as can be. Such poetry as an accomplished, dainty, tender, susceptible spirit, whose faith is altogether vague, whose intellect is remorselessly analytic, and whose vision of the future of this world and the next is lighted by the dimmest aurora of hope, can write,—Mr. Arnold has it in his power to write. But such a poet can pour forth no river of song; neither will he, like a living fountain, play out in frequent jets of bright and radiant minstrelsy.

"And the calm moonlight seems to say:  
*Hast thou then still the old unquiet breast,  
 Which never deadens into rest,  
 Nor ever feels the fiery glow  
 That whirls the spirit from itself away,  
 But fluctuates to and fro,  
 Never by passion quite possessed,  
 And never quite benumbed by the world's sway?*  
 And I, I know not if to pray  
 Still to be what I am, or yield, and be  
 Like all the other men I see."

These lines express the general tone which runs through the poet's serious writing. It would be unfair, however, not to add, from the same fine poem, "A Summer Night," the lines of noble aspiration with which it concludes:

"Plainness and clearness without shadow of stain—clearness divine!  
 Ye heavens, whose pure dark regions have no sign  
 Of languor, though so calm, and though so great,  
 Are yet untroubled and unpassionate!  
 Who, though so noble, share in the world's toil,  
 And, though so task'd, keep free from dust and soil.  
 I will not say that your mild deeps retain  
 A tinge, it may be, of their silent pain,  
 Who have long'd deeply once, and long'd in vain;  
 But I will rather say that you remain  
 A world above man's head, to let him see  
 How boundless might his soul's horizons be,  
 How vast, yet of what clear transparency!  
 How it were good to live there, and breathe free!  
 How fair a lot to fill  
 Is left to each man still!"

Nothing can be more musical than much of Mr. Arnold's poetry; and yet, verse could hardly be less rhythmical than a good deal of what he has published. The spondee-dactylic measure of the last poem in his second volume, entitled "The Future," is not, as we think, well adapted to our language, and, certainly, the music which Mr. Arnold brings out of it is not, by any means, always either smooth or rich. But the "Strayed Reveller" is more unmusical still, while the excuse of spondee-dactylic fetters cannot be urged in this case. We open on the following:—

"They see the Indian  
 Drifting, knife in hand,  
 His frail boat moored to  
 A floating isle, thick matted  
 With large-leaved, low-creeping melon plants,  
 And the dark cucumber.  
 He reaps, and stows them,  
 Drifting—drifting ;—round him,  
 Round his green harvest-plot,  
 Flow the cool lake-waves ;  
 The mountains ring them.

"They see the Scythian  
 On the wide stepp, unharnessing  
 His wheeled house at noon.  
 He tethers his beast down, and makes his meal,  
 Mares' milk, and bread  
 Baked on the embers ;—all around  
 The boundless waving grass-plains stretch, thick-starred  
 With saffron, and the yellow hollyhock,  
 And flag-leaved iris-flowers."

The difference between such writing as this and effusive prose seems, to us, to be hardly appreciable. Nor in his rhymed stanzas of ordinary English measures is Mr. Arnold always careful to furnish passable rhymes. In "*Obermann Once More*," for instance, one of his most recent productions, we meet with the following stanza :—

"Down came the storm! o'er France it passed  
 In sheets of scathing fire;  
 All Europe felt that fiery blast,  
 And shook as it rushed by her."

The poetical composition here is mere Philistine common-place; the rhyming of "by her" with "fire" is *not* common-place. Yet what can be more musically sweet than a great deal of Mr. Arnold's poetry? Let us but name one instance,—that very fanciful, fantastic, but altogether beautiful poem, "*The Forsaken Merman*,"—a poem too universally known and admired to be quoted by us here.

One thing more we must specially note before we end our say on Mr. Arnold. Whatever he writes, he writes pure and perfect English :—the simplest and smallest words, with the homeliest ring,—the most genuine phrases, with the surest, clearest sense—fit words and phrases wherewith to make pictures, or gently to touch the springs of feeling—are what he uses. Nor does he multiply phrases or waste words; he goes straight to his goal by the nearest way. These are characteristics of a genuine poet, which Mr. Arnold possesses in perfect measure. And a genuine poet he is, although with too little fire in proportion to his light; with faith, hope, and fervour disproportionately small in comparison with his insight.

*Songs of a Wayfarer.* By William Davies. London: Longmans & Co. 1869.

PART of this volume is hardly more than carefully composed verse. Nevertheless, a large proportion consists of genuine, musical, highly-finished poetry. Here is a sonnet:—

“The drip of raindrops through grey olive trees :  
The evening wind that breathes its soft replies  
In tenderest tones, and silvery symphonies :  
A sombre cypress bending to the breeze ;  
And, on the distant hills, a snowy fleece  
Of vagrant cloud dropt from translucent skies  
Beyond the glittering valley's thousand dyes.  
Blest is he who amongst such scenes as these  
Lingers in calm communion, free from blame,  
Bearing amidst the worldly hum and stir,  
The holy ardour of a sacred flame—  
Light of the Good, pure Beauty's minister :  
High energies and habits born of them  
That aggregate the noble character.”

And here is another :—

“Sweet nightingale, whose warbled notes are shed  
In vain my wearied sense with sleep to bind,  
Go to the moonlit muffled grove, and find  
The ivied cave where he doth hide his head,  
With madragore, and nodding poppies spread,  
Half veiled in dewy buds and tendrils twined  
With many a tolded wreath about the rind  
Of massy boles, by night and silence fed ;  
And bid him lightly come in shoes of list,  
Bringing some dream of summer flowers that wink  
Through sun and shade, where, by soft zephyrs kissed,  
The shepherd maid sits spinning at the brink  
Of a low murmuring stream when woods are whist,  
And snowy flocks come down at noon to drink.”

The “*Wayfarer*” must, doubtless, take his place among the poets of our day.

*The Scenery of England and Wales. Its Character and Origin. Being an Attempt to Trace the Nature of the Geological Causes, especially Denudation, by which the Physical Features of the Country have been produced. Founded on the Results of Many Years' Personal Observations, and Illustrated by Eighty-six Woodcuts, including Sections and Views of Scenery from Original Sketches or from Photographs.* By D. Mackintosh, F.G.S., &c. London: Longmans and Co. 1869.

THIS is an honest, sensible, painstaking book, written by a well-informed practical geologist of long experience. The subject is treated throughout in a plain and interesting manner: and as it relates to the

geology, the scenery, and physical geography of England and Wales, there is a very special interest belonging to the volume in all its parts. The effects of tidal currents and sea-waves; the forms and the origin of sea-beaches; the varieties of sea-cliffs; the various peculiarities of sea-inlets; the action of denudation during the glacial period and other periods of submergence; raised sea-beaches and inland terraces; inland escarpments and cliffs; tors and rock-basins; conical hills, table lands, plains, and valleys;—these matters, and such as these, with plans of excursions and abundant descriptive illustration, make up a capital volume.

The Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowman, by William Langland, according to the Version revised and enlarged by the Author about A.D. 1377. Edited by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A. Oxford (Macmillan's Clarendon Press Series). 1869.

THE title of this old English poem has often been misrepresented and misunderstood. It has frequently been named, even by those who might have known better, "Piers Ploughman's Vision," as if the author were some "Piers Ploughman," and the poem a description of what he saw. The true state of matters is that the work is made up of several visions, and that Piers Ploughman is one of the subjects of them. In some of them he is not introduced at all. The reason why the "Vision" has been associated with his name is because he is a more important personage than any of the others described—more important than "Lady Holy Church," or "Lady Meed," or "Falsehood," or "Conscience," or "Reason." At first, indeed, it was only the first part of the poem that was named after Piers, the second part being entitled, *The Vision of the Same (William) concerning Do-well, Do-better, and Do-best*. But the two parts were afterwards treated as one work.

The Christian name of the author, as we learn from the poem itself, was William. His surname was, in all probability, Langland. He was born in Shropshire about 1332. According to Mr. Skeat's view he was an author more nearly contemporaneous with Chaucer than has been supposed, and cannot be said to have much preceded him. Contrasting him with Chaucer, Mr. Skeat remarks with truth:—

"A comparison between these two great writers is very instructive; it is soon perceived that each was, in a great measure, the supplement of the other, notwithstanding the sentiments which they had in common. Chaucer describes the rich more fully than the poor, and shows us the holiday-making, cheerful, genial phase of English life; but Langland pictures the homely poor in their ill-fed, hard-working condition, battling against hunger, famine, injustice, oppression, and all the stern realities and hardships that tried them as gold is tried in the fire. Chaucer's satire often raises a good-humoured laugh, but Langland's is that of a man who is constrained to speak out all the

bitter truth, and it is as earnest as is the cry of an injured man who appeals to Heaven for vengeance. Each, in his own way, is equally admirable, and worthy to be honoured by all who prize highly the English character and our own land. The extreme earnestness of our author, and the obvious truthfulness and blunt honesty of his character, are in themselves attractive, and lend a value to all he utters, even when he is evolving a theory or wanders away into abstract questions of theological speculation. It is in such a poem as this that we get a real insight into the inner everyday life of the people, their dress, their diet, their wages, their strikes, and all the minor details which picture to us what manner of men they were."

The purpose of Langland's work was not to excite a social revolution nor to attack the doctrines of the Church. Its scope has been well described at length by the late Dean Milman in his *History of Latin Christianity* (vol. ix. pp. 233—244, ed. 1867); and an American critic, Mr. Marsh, describes its character with fairness when he says: "It was a calm, allegorical exposition of the corruptions of the State, of the Church, and of social life, designed, not to rouse the people to violent resistance or bloody vengeance, but to reveal to them the true causes of the evils under which they were suffering, and to secure the reformation of those grievous abuses by a united exertion of the moral influence which generally accompanies the possession of superior physical strength." Langland, Wycliffe, and Chaucer reveal to us, in different ways, the workings of the social forces of their age, and their works in turn illustrate one another.

There are no less than forty-three extant manuscripts of the *Vision*. Of the different shapes in which it appears three may be regarded as due to the author himself. These Mr. Skeat distinguishes as the A-text, B-text, and C-text. The first may be dated about 1362, and extends to 2,567 lines. The second, which, with alterations and additions, is about three times as long as the first, was written about 1377. The third, of still greater length, was written about 1380. Mr. Skeat is engaged in editing the whole poem in the three forms for the Early English Text Society. The first volume, containing the A-text, was published in 1866, and the second volume is now in the press. The little volume before us contains merely the first half of the work, that which properly comes under the title of the *Vision concerning Piers Ploughman*, and which consists of a prologue and seven passus (as the "fyttes" or parts of the poem are called). There are two perfect MSS. of the B-text. From one of these Mr. Thomas Wright printed his edition: the other is used for this volume.

The editor contributes an introduction in which all the information that is necessary is given concerning the poem and its author, a body of notes which are very satisfactory, and a glossary which is indispensable for the use of the volume for educational purposes. It is an admirable form in which to make acquaintance with Langland's work.

**Woman's Work and Woman's Culture. A Series of Essays.**

By Frances Power Cobbe, Jessie Boucherett, Rev. G. Butler, Sophia Jex-Blake, James Stuart, M.A., Charles H. Pearson, M.A., Herbert N. Mozley, Julia Wedgwood, Elizabeth C. Wolstenholme, and John Boyd-Kinnear. Edited by Josephine E. Butler. London: Macmillan and Co. 1869.

WE are told by the lady who edits this volume of essays, that they have been collected with a grave and serious purpose, that there is no aiming in them at novelty or piquancy, and that the writers, bringing to their work in each case the thought and practical experience of years, have had for their motive "to elicit and enforce truth, and to redeem the cause advocated, as much as may be, from the flippant and heartless treatment, and from the exaggerated and too passionate advocacy, to which it may have been subjected on the one hand and the other." They form, indeed, one of the most important contributions yet made to the discussion of one of the most prominent questions of the day. There are considerable advantages attending this form of publication. Among others, it secures, or at least tends to secure, the careful treatment of particular topics, by those who have given special attention to them. It gives opportunity also for the expression of careful and valuable thought upon different branches of a given subject, by those who might find it difficult to treat the entire subject with equal fulness and ability. There are, of course, some things to be said on the other side. A collection of essays by different writers must, necessarily, be without the harmony of tone and opinion which marks the thorough work of a single writer of ability. Where, as is generally the case, great latitude for the expression of opinion is allowed to each contributor, there will sometimes be a *concordia discors*: and, in any case, the critic must deal with the facts and reasoning of each paper by itself. We have not met, however, with any discordance of this kind in this volume of essays, though every contributor has written in entire independence of the others; taking his or her own line, and being responsible for that alone. The work of a single author, with which it is natural to compare it, is Mr. Mill's work on *The Subjection of Women*. As there is great agreement in some of the essays with the general principles of that work, it is only fair to state that some of the papers were already in print and all were out of the writers' hands before Mr. Mill's book appeared, and no subsequent alteration has been made in them.

There are one or two points in Mrs. Butler's introduction which are worthy of notice. At the very outset she protests for herself and her fellow-labourers against the questions treated in this volume being regarded as exclusively "women's questions," or the cause advocated as the cause solely of women. Nor are the women who are labouring especially for women therefore one-sided or selfish. "We are human first; women secondarily. We care for the evils affecting women most

of all because they react upon the whole of society, and abstract from the common good. Women are not men's rivals, but their helpers. There can be no antagonism that is not injurious to both. When women, laying claim for women to certain privileges hitherto withheld, are called self-seeking and self-asserting—terms applied to them by ladies living at ease, and ignorant of the facts of life, much more frequently than by men—it seems to be forgotten that the term “women” is a large and comprehensive one. When men nobly born, and possessing advantages of wealth and education, have fought the battles of poor men, and claimed and wrung from parliaments an extension of privileges enjoyed by a few to classes of their brother-men who are toiling and suffering, I do not remember ever to have heard them charged with self-seeking; on the contrary, the regard that such men have had for the rights of men has been praised, and deservedly so, as noble and unselfish. And why should the matter be judged otherwise, when the eyes of educated and thoughtful women of the better classes are opened to the terrible truth regarding the millions of their less favoured countrywomen, and they ask on *their* behalf for the redress of wrongs, and for liberty to work and live in honesty and self-reliance?” In a subsequent passage Mrs. Butler asks to be permitted “to remind the public, if it needs such reminding, that many of those who are toiling, praying, and arguing for the promotion of this cause, are among the happiest ladies in the land. They are among those who might, if God had permitted such a hardening of the heart, have rested content, and more than content, with the sunshine which has fallen upon their path. But it is precisely this abundance of blessing bestowed on them which urges them to care for the less happy, and which becomes a weight hardly to be borne in the presence of the unloved, unapplied existences of some others, and the solemn awakening energy of demand for a place in God's order of society, which is now arising from thousands of homeless women.”

Mrs. Butler endeavours to show that there is no real ground for the fear entertained by many people that the movement for altering the position of women will revolutionise our *homes*. To her it appears that to grant the present demands of women will tend greatly to restore the true ideal of home, through the restored dignity of women, and “through the opening out and diffusion of the home influence and character among the masses, by the relegation to women of some of the more important work of dealing with our vast population.” These two points are worked out at some length, and in a very interesting manner. If we do not always think the reasoning conclusive, yet we must praise the tone (and that implies to some extent in this case the skill) of the writing. Perhaps in the latter part of the introduction there is an excess of rhetoric. Considerable space is devoted to an appeal to the teaching of Christ, in deed even more than in word. Acknowledging the beauty of what has been said on this subject by the author of *Ecce Homo*, Mrs. Butler yet regards it as deficient and one-sided, and naturally so, as the writer “is a man and not a woman ;

nor does he thoroughly know women." The gist of her own remarks on this point may be given in one passage:—"Among the great typical acts of Christ which were evidently and intentionally for the announcement of a principle for the guidance of society, none were more markedly so than His acts towards women; and I appeal to the open book and to the intelligence of every candid student of Gospel history for the justification of my assertion, that, in all important instances of His dealings with women, His dismissal of each case was accompanied by a distinct act of *liberation*. . . . Search throughout the Gospel history, and observe His conduct in regard to women, and it will be found that the word liberation expresses, above all others, the act which changed the whole life and character and position of the women dealt with, and which ought to have changed the character of men's treatment of women from that time forward."

In the essay on "The Final Cause of Woman," Miss Cobbe discusses the generic types of feminine character. These are of two orders. The first are "the types of woman, considered as an adjective:" those, namely, which are based on the theory that the final cause of the existence of woman is the service she can render to man. Here we have woman in her physical, domestic, and social capacity; or, "woman as man's wife and mother, woman as man's housewife, and woman as man's companion, plaything, or idol." The second order of types are "the types of woman, considered as a noun;" those, namely, which are based on the theory that she was created for some end proper to herself. Here we have woman making either her own happiness, or virtue and religion her end—the selfish or the Divine theory of her life. Miss Cobbe's objection to the domestic theory is, in brief, that no woman can be truly domestic who is *only* domestic. "Domesticity as a theory of woman's life has failed in this: that by placing the secondary end of existence (namely, the making of those around us happy) before the first end (namely, the living to God, and goodness), even the object sought for is lost. The husband and father and sons who are to be made happy at home are not made happy there. The woman, by being *nothing but* a domestic being, has failed to be truly domestic. She has lost the power of ministering to the higher wants of those nearest to her, by over-devotion to the ministry of their lower necessities. To be truly the 'angel in the house,' she must have kept, and oftentimes used, the wings which should lift her *above* the house and all things in it."

We pass much that we should like to quote to come to the essayist's conclusion: "Finally, for the Divine theory of woman's life; the theory that she, like man, is created first and before all things to 'love God and enjoy Him for ever,' to learn the rudiments of virtue in this first stage of being, and so rise upward through all the shining ranks of moral life to a holiness and joy undreamed of now: what shall we say to this theory? Shall Milton tell us that man alone may live directly for God, and woman only 'for God in him'? I answer, that true religion can admit of no such marital priesthood; no such second-hand

prayer. The founders of the Quakers, in affirming that both man and woman stand in direct and immediate relationship to the Father of spirits, and warning us that no mortal should presume to come between them, struck, for the first time, a note of truth and spiritual liberty which has called forth half the life of their own sect, and which must sound through all Christendom before the right theory of woman's life be universally recognised. Let it not be said that this Divine theory will take woman from her human duties. Precisely the contrary must be its effects; for it alone can teach those duties aright in their proper order of obligation. Just as the false theories always defeat their own ends, so the true one fulfils every good end together. The woman who lives to God in the first place can, better than anyone else, serve man in the second; or rather, live to God in the service of His creatures. It is she who may best rejoice to be a wife and mother, she who may best make her home a little heaven of love and peace, she who may most nobly exert her social powers through philanthropy, politics, literature, and art. In a word, it is not till man gives up his monstrous claim to be the reason of an immortal creature's existence, and not till woman recognises the full scope of her moral rank and spiritual destiny, that the problem of 'woman's mission' can be solved. When this has been done the subordinate types of excellence to which, in a secondary sense, she may best aspire, will not be hard to discover."

Two of the essays may be brought together because of their common connection with the education question. In the first the Rev. G. Butler (Principal of Liverpool College) discusses "Education Considered as a Profession for Women." He seeks to show that women, as compared with men, are labouring under unfair disadvantages in the work of education; that to grant them more ample recognition and encouragement would be both just and wise; and that "they are not only fitted for the work of education generally, but able to supply some special educational wants which are now apparent." Miss Wolstenholme treats with great fulness of detail the subject of "The Education of Girls, its Present and its Future." The answer which Miss Boucherett gives to the question, "How to Provide for Superfluous Women," is that the main remedy for existing evils is to be found in the increased emigration of *men*, and that the objection to such a course can be fairly answered. Some of the points taken up in this essay are also dealt with in the last of the series, that by Mr. John Boyd-Kinnear on "The Social Position of Women in the Present Age," a subject of great breadth, but which here receives interesting, if only partial, treatment. Two of the papers come under the classification of historico-legal, that, namely, of Mr. C. H. Pearson, "On Some Historical Aspects of Family Life," and another by Mr. H. N. Mozley on "The Property Disabilities of a Married Woman, and the Legal Effects of Marriage." With these we may connect Miss Wedgwood's essay on "Female Suffrage, considered chiefly with regard to its Indirect Results," a very valuable essay, the object of which needs to be defined. As Miss Wedgwood herself puts it, she considers not merely or chiefly what reasons are

there for extending the suffrage to women, but what reasons are there for admitting them to a platform whence the ground slopes away without interruption to that which is common with men? In short, Do women really need a wider scope than they have already? Among the best of the essays is that by Miss Jex-Blake, on "Medicine as a Profession for Women," clear, moderate, and forcible. We wish we could say as much for Mr. James Stuart's disquisition on "The Teaching of Science," which, in style, at least, is the poorest in the volume.

On a subject which is constantly, in some of its forms, coming more and more to the front, the essays collected in this volume give a considerable amount of information, and much able discussion. They are very suggestive and very readable. They do not profess to be other than one-sided; but to learn what can be said on their side of the question, we can go to no more satisfactory source.

**The Private Life of the Old Northmen.** Translated from the Posthumous Works of R. Keyser, late Professor of History at the Royal University in Christiania, Norway, by the Rev. M. R. Barnard, M.A. London: Chapman and Hall. 1869.

A LITTLE book, not at all pretentious in manner or matter; but full of information. In seven chapters we have a full and pleasant description of the education and bringing up of youth, of the wedlock, dwelling-houses, dress, daily life and occupations, amusements, and funeral customs of the old Northmen. The habits and customs sketched are those which existed during the period when the Scandinavian peninsula had not as yet emerged from the darkness of Paganism; while at the same time the changes that resulted from the introduction of Christianity into the country do not pass unnoticed.

**Tales of Old Travel.** Re-Narrated. By Henry Kingsley, F.R.G.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1869.

MR. HENRY KINGSLEY seems to have written himself out in the novel line. It is a pity that he cannot find employment in travelling and writing travels about strange countries, and in editing or re-writing the travels of others. He has two great gifts in common with his more eminent brother, not to speak of his sister; he is a real naturalist, and he writes pure, and vivid English. This volume is happily conceived and happily executed. Here we have our dear old friend Marco Polo, and Captain Pelsart, and Andrew Battel, and Father Denis, the wandering Capuchin, and the sufferings of Robert Everard; here we have the tale of the Russian seamen in dreary durance for long years at Spitzbergen, a glimpse into the realities of the old slave-trade, and the early story of Australian discovery; we have these, and not a few other, histories of voyage, travel, and adventure, admirably set forth. The volume is just the thing for boys, and may, we will hope, tempt not a few to repair to the old original

chronicles from which Mr. Kingsley has drawn his materials. Let us, however, in parting, ask Mr. Kingsley why he has passed by the wonderful travels of Ibn Batuta?

**Tales of Old Ocean.** By Lieutenant C. R. Low. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1869.

THIS is a humbler, but not an unworthy, companion to Mr. Kingsley's *Tales of Old Travel*.—The tales are somewhat slight, but interesting and often stirring. Pirates, slavers, night attacks; Zanzibar, China, the Hooghly, the Malay Archipelago, Persia, Mozambique; the Captain of the Mizentop's Yarn, and a Christmas tale: such materials as these make up a very good book for boys.

**Debrett's Illustrated Peerage; and Debrett's Illustrated Baronetage with Knightage.** 1869. London: Dean and Son, Ludgate Hill.

WE advise all our readers to procure these famous and most interesting books, out of which not only the antiquarian and the genealogist but the student of history will learn very much. For purposes either of household gossip, social conversation, or historical study and inquiry, these volumes are equally valuable. Every library of reference must be incomplete without them.

**Pictorial Scenes from Pilgrim's Progress.** Drawn by Claude Reignier Conder. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1869.

GUSTAVE DORE must, of course, have imitators. But for the gifted French artist we could have had no volume of illustrations of the great dreamer, drawn in the style of those which are published in the splendid volume before us. The skill of former illustrations of Bunyan has been chiefly directed, hitherto, to the representation of the personalities of the allegory; Mr. Conder has, in these illustrations, given a series of pictorial dreams, which supply an imaginative background to the actors in the *Progress*. Many of these appear to us to be, not only striking, but really fine; we may mention in particular, the illustration of the Slough of Despond, Mount Sinai, the Wicket-gate (which, however, reminds one, perhaps too strongly, in some of the accessories, of Holman Hunt's celebrated picture—*Behold, I stand at the door, and knock*), "He cut his way through them all," The Hill Difficulty—though the difficulty of the steep and pathless hill is, perhaps, overdone in this picture, Giant Pope, The Shepherds, and The Country of Beulah. A few seem to us to be failures. "The River of the Water of Life" ought to have been very good, and yet, being overdone, in some respects, comes near being ridiculous. The volume, altogether, is very attractive.

Twenty-fourth Annual Report of the Executive Committee of the Prison Association of New York, and accompanying Documents. For 1868. Transmitted to the Legislature, January 13, 1869. Albany. 1869.

WE recommend a study of this volume to all interested in reformatory work. It is pleasing to find the philanthropists of Britain and of the States so closely united, as from the correspondence published in this volume it appears they are. It is a thing, moreover, to be noted, that, for ideas, principles, and arguments, American philanthropists continually have recourse to English authorities, while, in practice, they always, so far as State action is concerned, are in advance of us. In many individual cases, however, the State prisons are in a very unsatisfactory condition.

The Apostles. By Ernest Renan. Translated. London: Trübner and Co. 1869.

OF Renan's successive volumes, including his *Les Apôtres*, we have written our judgment in major and in minor articles. Here we have only to announce a translation, on the whole skilfully done, although some of the phrases in the translation show strongly the French form and colour, under the veil of words of English sound. Those whose duty leads them to study the sceptical critic of Christianity—its author and its history—will find this volume useful. De Pressensé's volume on the *Early Years of Christianity* should be read along with it.

A Rational and Scriptural Review of the Sacramental System of the Church of England: showing the urgent necessity for Reform. By William Purton, M.A., Author of "*Philokalia*," &c. London: Longmans. 1870.

MR. PURTON is truly and purely a disciple of Arnold, few of whose real followers are now left. He keenly exposes the inconsistencies and errors in the sacramental system of the Prayer-book, although not without falling into some solecisms of opinion and criticism, especially in his exposition of Biblical texts. The book, however, is able and suggestive, and will repay perusal.

The Student's Manual of Oriental History. A Manual of the Ancient History of the East to the Commencement of the Indian Wars. By François Lenormant, Sub-Librarian of the Imperial Institute of France; and E. Chevallier, Member of the Royal Asiatic Society, London. Vol. I. Comprising the History of Israelites, Egyptians, Assyrians, and Babylonians. London: Asher and Co. 1869.

THIS admirable work, a condensed, but not a meagre, manual, full of all historical learning and research, and founded, too, on a Christian

basis, has been "crowned" by the French Academy. Its translation into English gives the student a work on Oriental History which cannot but supersede, as a text-book, all former digests relating to the same objects.

**The Pædo-Baptist's Guide: on Mode and Subject and Baptismal Regeneration.** By John Guthrie, M.A. Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1869.

WE earnestly recommend this compendious and valuable book, as able, condensed, and suggestive a manual on the various questions involved as we are acquainted with.

**Chequer Alley: A Story of Successful Christian Work.** By the Rev. Frederick W. Briggs. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1869.

THE "Chequer Alley" enterprise has been fortunate to find in Mr. Briggs an historian; and Mr. Briggs has been equally fortunate in the history which he has undertaken to relate. The present is a new edition of the justly popular record of one of the most truly evangelical and deeply interesting chapters in modern Christian enterprise. Two small and appropriate chapters are added in this edition, one, of a highly cheering character, being entitled "Later Results," and the other affording a modest sketch of Miss Macarthy, the Chequer Alley Missionary Woman.

**Overdale; or, The Story of a Pervert.** By Emma Jane Worboise, Author of "Singlehurst Manor," &c., &c. London: James Clarke and Co. 1869.

MISS WORBOISE is a clever, sometimes a brilliant, writer, although too gushing and eloquent perhaps. This is a wholesome and natural story, showing how High Church principles work towards outright Popish doctrine, and towards perversion. The characters are well painted, and the story is very seasonable. We wish it may have a large circulation.

**Topics for Teachers: a Manual for Ministers, Bible-class Leaders, and Sunday-school Teachers.** By James Comper Gray, Author of "The Class and the Desk." Vol. II. Art—Religion. London: Elliot Stock.

THIS is in fact a Bible and Bible-class Cyclopædia; admirably got up, remarkably cheap, excellently compiled, condensed, and composed; invaluable for all engaged in Sunday-school work.

*The Hive. A Storehouse of Material for Working Sunday-school Teachers*—also published by Mr. Stock—is a periodical publication, sound and good, and very cheap.

*The Wesleyan Methodist Year Book* for 1870 is a new publication, of which we have no doubt that Mr. Stock will sell a large number this year, and more in following years. The book is a marvel of cheapness, and supplies a want which has long been felt. The publisher states that "whilst he would studiously avoid interference with existing official publications, he has endeavoured to supplement them with such information as will be valued by all. The names of the Local Preachers (in number about thirteen thousand), the number of Sabbath-school Teachers and Scholars, the number of Chapels and other Preaching Places in each Circuit, are all new." Each year will render this *Year Book* more perfect, and make it more widely known. At the same time it can never supersede the *Minutes of the Conference*, from which much of the matter is drawn, but which also contain a large amount of information necessary to ministers and official persons, not contained in this *Year Book*. The price of the *Year Book* is one shilling.

A Shakesperian Grammar. An Attempt to Illustrate some of the Differences between Elizabethan and Modern English. For the Use of Schools. By E. A. Abbott, M.A., Head Master of the City of London School. London: Macmillan and Co. 1869.

A VERY useful as well as interesting little book, which will be of service to those who wish to read their Shakespeare critically. As Mr. Abbott remarks, it is not the words, so much as the differences of idiom, which present difficulties to the careful student of Shakespeare and Bacon. Reference to a glossary, or a little reflection, will serve to explain the former: the latter are more perplexing. It is the object of this work to furnish students "with a short systematic account of some points of difference between Elizabethan syntax and our own." An elementary work cannot be expected to be exhaustive in character, but this little volume fully answers the purpose described.

The Characters of the Old Testament. In a Series of Sermons. New Edition.

Female Characters of Holy Scripture. In a Series of Sermons. New Edition. By the Rev. Isaac Williams, B.D., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. Rivingtons, London, Oxford, and Cambridge. 1869.

MR. WILLIAMS is a standard writer; orthodox, devout, spiritual, and very careful in his composition. These are by no means slight or slipshod sermons. Here is thought, learning, earnestness, and good style. Mr. Williams, however, is altogether High Church. His sermons are redolent of patristic lore, and show no trace of modern learning or exegetical research and study.

## BRIEF NOTES ON RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

THE Wesleyan Conference Office, 2, Castle-street, City-road, has lately published Vol. V. of the *Poetical Works of J. and C. Wesley*, containing some of Charles Wesley's most tender and most brilliant effusions, and completing the reprint of *Hymns and Sacred Poems*; the one want in this beautiful and perfect collection and reprint of the Wesley poetry is, that the highly-qualified editor (Dr. Osborn) should give his readers the benefit of editorial annotation. From the same office we have also received Dr. Osborn's *Outlines of Wesleyan Bibliography*, which furnishes a *Record of Methodist Literature from the Beginning*. It is in two parts, the first containing the publications of John and Charles Wesley, arranged in order of time, and the second those of Methodist preachers, alphabetically arranged. Only one man in the world could have provided us with this curious and highly interesting volume; nothing has been too minute to escape his research; and no Methodist gentleman can now afford to be without this volume. This dry catalogue, as it might seem to some, will be found to be piquant, suggestive, and instructive, in a very high degree. Also, from the Conference Office, we have a charming small book, entitled, *The Alpine Missionary; or, The Life of J. L. Rostan, Missionary Pastor in France, Switzerland, and the Channel Isles*; and translated from the French of its author, the Rev. Matthew Lelièvre, by the Rev. A. J. French. This is a book full of interest, very fresh and instructive, and in a high degree stimulating and encouraging to an earnest Christian. Rostan was a rare man, a French saint and apostle, a burning and a shining light. All these three volumes are models of elegance in typography and getting up.

From Hodder and Stoughton, as usual at this season, we have an affluent supply of attractive and wholesome volumes, many of them suitable for Christmas presents. *Pits and Furnaces; or, Life in the Black Country*, by Mrs. Payne, gives instruction in a very pleasant form, under a slight veil of story and dialogue. *The Franconia Stones*, by that great benefactor of the young, Jacob Abbott (comprising Stuyvesant, Caroline, and Agnes), are here in a cheap and convenient reprint, and will be welcomed as universal favourites. *Old Merry's Travels on the Continent* are a capital little book, good fruit from an old tree. *Adrift in a Boat*, by William H. Kingston, is not a very probable story, but perhaps on that account is not the less delightful reading; it is well illustrated; it is full of wreck and drifting, of boats, and sea, and ships. *Reconciled; or, the Story of Hawthorn Hall*, by Edwin Hodder, is a pure, sweet story for children. *Vestina's Martyrdom, a Story of the Catacombs*, by Emma Raymond Pitman, is well-written and commands interest by the views which it affords of one of the most affecting episodes in the life and sufferings of the early Church. *Priest*

*and Nun; a Story of Convent Life*, is a popular and somewhat sensational American tale, by the author of *Almost a Nun*, *New York Bible Woman*, &c. The Rev. J. B. Wakeley's *Anecdotes of the Wesleys*, with Dr. McClinton's Introduction, is also published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, for the delectation of English readers. It is an authentic collection. We do not often notice pamphlets, but whilst referring to the publications of Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, we cannot refrain from adding our tribute to the general meed of high commendation which has waited upon the Rev. R. W. Dale's eloquent and every way admirable address to the Congregational Union, on *The Holy Spirit in Relation to the Ministry, the Worship, and the Work of the Church*.

Few subjects are more interesting or more important to the young than the colonies of Great Britain. Messrs. James Hogg and Son, of York Street, have published a handsome volume, entitled, *The Story of our Colonies: with Sketches of their Present Condition*, which will be welcome to many English families. It takes the range of all our colonies, and is intelligently and interestingly written.



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